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TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND.

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BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HOWITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND.

FIRST STATION.

In Sicily—Excursions on the East Coast—Messina—Taormina—Etna—Catanea—Syracuse—Memories and Questions—The Giants and Jupiter—Loneliness in Messina—Diodorus Siculus—Rain and Sunshine—Glances towards the East—To Malta.

Messina, December 1st, 1858.—I have made a journey of fourteen days in the island of Sicily—days sunny and beautiful, rich in scenery and impressions, not entirely without bitterness, but still days to be preserved in my grateful memory. And now that I am once more alone in my quiet room, I will relate to you, my R——, what I have seen and heard of the Sicilian Sphinx, detaining you, however, only at such places as I myself have preserved in memory. I cannot do otherwise.

I came from Palermo to Messina in company with two of my friends who were desirous of making the journey with me. In the good steamer, the *Etna,* we

passed, during a quiet night, through the ill-reputed straits of Scylla and Charybdis, without having the slightest knowledge of the sea monsters which anciently swallowed up the sailors of Ulysses.

The day rose soft, but cloudy, over the beautiful harbour of Messina, its fine quay,—very like that of Stockholm—with its long lines of well-built houses, and many trading vessels in the roadstead, its magnificent Molo and impregnable fortress. Messina struck me as a well-to-do but very ordinary trading town, neither handsome nor picturesque like Palermo. Above the town rose green hills planted with trees; and exactly opposite, on the other side of the straits, shone, of a white-grey colour, in the faint sunshine, the town of Reggio, on the fertile but rocky shore of Calabria.

We stayed two days at Messina during almost incessant rain. "It always rains in Messina," we were told.

On the third day we set off to Syracuse. The morning was cloudy, but without rain. The carriage was comfortable, the three horses all good, the vetturino, whom we had engaged for ten days, of first-rate quality. The character of the scenery was grand and glorious through the whole of this day. We drove through orange-groves, along the seaside, the waves of which, crested with foam, heaved themselves, but without wind—as if to embrace the shore which, verdantly beautiful after the heavy rain, seemed to smile in the thundering break of the billows. And the rain no longer fell as it had done of late; the morning was fair, and the day brightened ever more and more the farther we advanced from Messina; and the sun, which was endeavouring to make for itself a path through the clouds, dyed not alone the sea, but the far-receding shores of Calabria, with the loveliest tints of purple and gold. Before

us the heavens smiled brightly, the earth diffused pleasant and fresh odours, the road was excellent, and the carriage rolled along as on a house-floor. Towards evening the peak of Etna rose into sight. It was covered with snow, and a circlet of light smoke-cloud slowly sank downward. This was at sunset—a golden sunset, full of golden promise for our journey.

We obtained miserable quarters at the village of Giardino, in *la Vittoria*. Avoid, therefore, my R——, this hotel, and drive rather to that of *Sa Gran Britagna*, which, if nothing much to boast of, will yet be better than the other. We had great difficulty in obtaining a little milk to our tea, and still greater difficulty in making the people comprehend what a teapot could be. They offered us instead, washhand-basins, water-jugs, stewpans, and many other inconceivable things.

The village of Giardino seems to be a paradise of dirt and fleas. But who could not forget the miserable quarters of one night for a morning's drive, such as the next day afforded, up the heights of Taormina, whilst the ascending sun illumined the sky and the sea with crimson flames, its earliest beams saluting the snowy summit of Etna! The words of David's psalms—the Oriental glow of which could alone respond to that of this morning—were sung within my soul as my light-footed ass bore me safely and softly up the steep rocky road, every new turn of which revealed some fresh beauty of earth, heaven, or sea.

The scene from the hill of Taormina is in every respect of a grand character. The magnificent ruins of its amphitheatre and temple in the foreground, the bold surrounding cliffs, on which are perched villages and castles like eagle-nests, the view below over the wide extent of coast, with the beautiful wooded cape of Naxos forming its central point, the remains of ancient

populous cities, the view of Etna, which increases in imposing grandeur the higher you ascend, and which with its giant-form rules this wild and beautiful region —all here is unusual and of gigantic proportion and character.

Etna from this side strikes the beholder most forcibly by its vast mass. Vesuvius has a more elegant greatness. Its pyramid is bold, but graceful in outline, and the column of smoke rises from its crater like a plume and a banner above the head of a hero. Etna is colossal. Its base and the half of its height constitute a gradually ascending upland, which consists of more than seven hundred larger or smaller tumuli, or lava-hills (some still smoking, in part fertilized, in part of a black-brown colour, in part becoming green), together with vast stretches covered with wood, fruitful valleys, and hardening lava-streams. Up aloft, on this immense cupola of earth and volcanic product (thirty-eight geographical miles in circumference), rises obliquely a blunt horn, or something which resembles a wart upon a giant's breast. That is the crater, the mouth of the mountain. It was now white with snow, and snow also lay round below the top. White clouds mingled themselves with a slumbrous smoke, which slowly ascended from the interior of the mountain like its breath.

The whole of this scene is less beautiful than grand, powerful, and various, like an historical eon. They who built the ancient great city on the heights of Taormina, entertained lofty thoughts of human power and dominion. But we now stood upon its ruins. Nature and the human mind alone stand imperishable, eternally young, eternally triumphant over all the ruins of earth.

The whole road from Giardino to Catanea is one continuous grand spectacle. The road follows all the

windings of the shore, along cliffs ever more and more precipitous. The dark wonderful rocks of the Cyclops rise out of the clear ocean-mirror on the left hand, with memories of the horrible adventures of Ulysses and Polyphemus; on the right hand you have Etna with its partly beautiful, partly gloomy imagery—the epitome of an earthly world.

We were ferried over the swift little river Kymetes, which, like a silver ribbon, winds through the green fields at the foot of Etna, and conveys its snow-waters down to the sea. We arrived early in the afternoon at Catanea, the city of Etna, as it is also called, which has been more than once overthrown by its dangerous neighbour, but which has ever had life's strength enough to rise again phœnix-like. Thus still stands Catanea, after many an earthquake, the product of Etna, and after the last dangerous eruption of Monte Rosso; and although surrounded by the blackening arms of lava-streams, more beautiful than ever, the loveliest and largest city of Sicily after Palermo. You are surprised by the number of broad streets, handsome houses, squares, and fountains, by the splendid churches, especially the cathedral, built on the site of the Temple of Minerva. You are amazed at the courage of people—or perhaps their thoughtlessness—in erecting so many fine and beautiful buildings upon so insecure, so tremulous a foundation, in laying out pleasure grounds at the foot of the destroyer who may, either to-day or to-morrow, overturn them. You cannot but think involuntarily, that the life of the day and the hour must here be so beautiful, that it causes the morrow to be forgotten, that the vineyards of Etna make people disregard the lava that seethes under them, that they must make the inhabitants of the city drunk as with sweet wine. Catanea struck me like a beautiful sultana captive in

the bonds of love at the feet of her master. She knows that he can slay her in one of those savage outbreaks of temper which are peculiar to the despot, she knows it, but the glance of his love now rests upon her, and life under its influence is so lovely!

The people were thronging the streets in gay crowds; the ladies attired in long black cloaks, partly made of silk, partly of some other material; but of so lovely a style, that they gave a peculiar grace to the figure which they enveloped from head to foot.

The following day we ascended Monte Rosso, so called from the reddish colour of its hardened lava, and the largest of the parasite volcanoes of Etna. It was the eruption from this volcano which threatened, on the 10th of March, 1669, totally to destroy Catanea, and which actually did destroy a great part of the city, its mole and beautiful harbour, which was filled with lava.

After a drive of three hours, by a good road up Etna, we reached Nicolosi, whence we rode upon asses to the red mountain. The ascent to the crater is so steep, and the lava mould so deep, that the guides were obliged to drag the animals up; and the wind here was so violent, that we only escaped the danger of being carried away from our Rosinantes by alighting, and by the help of the guides making the best of our way on foot through the lava. Arrived on the brink of the crater, you have an extensive view over a considerable number of the collateral volcanoes or hills of Etna, as well as over Catanea and the sea. Above us commenced the wooded region of Etna, *il bosco* as it is called, consisting in great measure of pine-trees; and higher still, bushes and strong-scented plants, which flourish in the lava ashes. After this commences the desert region, *il deserto,* where all life is dead, and

nothing is to be found excepting lava, ashes, and snow, which extend to the very top of the mountain. We were prevented ascending thither—which is neither difficult nor yet dangerous—by want of time, and by the cold, which at this season is very severe, and which neither I nor my young friend had any desire to encounter for the sake of seeing perhaps nothing, or even, under the most favourable circumstances, only one of those bird's-eye perspectives which of all views seem to me the least agreeable, because they make man and his works vanish quite out of sight.

It was interesting from Monte Rosso to trace the blackened lava-stream on its way towards Catanea, to see how, as it rolled along on its career of destruction, it became arrested by the hill of Montpilieri—formerly a crater, but long since transformed into a fertile oasis, with vineyards and olive-groves—how it was here compelled to divide into two branches, and by that means prevented from wholly destroying the city. There may still be seen near the Benedictine convent a lofty, blackened wall formed by the glowing torrent, which advanced forward thence, and poured itself into the sea without touching the residence of the pious fathers, which was naturally ascribed to miraculous intervention. The destruction, however, which was still caused to the city and the neighbourhood by the eruption of Monte Rosso was very considerable. The crater itself is now in great measure filled with fallen lava and masses of earth, and therefore does not appear very deep. I left Etna this time with the determination to see something more of its life if the weather permitted, on my return to Catanea, from Syracuse.

In Catanea, and on the way to Lentini, we had perfect summer and the most lovely sky. I wish I were

able, my R——, to paint for you this day's journey, and the beauty of its spectacle, in which Etna and the sea played the principal parts; above all Etna, which exhibited itself in ever grander and more harmonious proportions as it receded farther and farther into the distance, into the centre of the landscape which seemed to embrace it with caressing, reverential arms! I wish I could paint to you the loftiness of that figure which stands forth ever more solitary, ever more free, and with a more perfect outline in the midst of its environments, until it becomes completely dominant over them, like Hercules amongst the Titans; I wish I could paint the ineffable beauty of earth, heaven, and sea in the evening, as at sunset we advanced in wide sweeps up the heights of Lentini; could paint the colours of rose-red, blue, and violet which followed each other in broad ethereal bands in the heavens round the giant mountain with the snowy crown, the altitude of which was enhanced in the light, whilst at its foot the verdant, kindly earth reposed in twilight shadows, and the sea became ever stiller, ever clearer, ever of a more celestial blue! It is impossible to see anything more lovely and at the same time more grand.

The morning also was lovely on which we left Lentini—formerly an important city, now a miserable village—for it was mild and soft. Never, during my acquaintance with the Mediterranean, had I seen its billows so clear, and its smoothness so perfectly mirror-like. The beautifully situated town of Augusta, with its green woods, was mirrored in those serene depths most sweetly. The odours of the fresh morning saluted us on our way from the orange-groves, from the shrubs of wild hissop, and other strongly fragrant herbs with which the soil of Sicily abounds. The fields were as green as with us in June, and adorned

with great numbers of pale violet-grey sweet-smelling lilies, not unlike the sword-lilies of our gardens, but smaller. Well-tilled cornfields shone out of a smaragdus-green in the ascending sun; on all hands the land seemed fertile and beautiful; cactus plants of gigantic dimensions clambered up the rocks, and formed here and there hedges for the fields by the roadside; shepherds tended amongst the olive-groves large flocks of sheep and goats with soft silky hair and beautifully twisted horns.

Etna, retiring ever farther and farther into the background, soon receded wholly from view. We approached Syracuse. The landscape became desolate, the fields stony, the earth cold.

Again came mountains, or to speak more properly, rocks, with bold projecting headlands, great caves, grottoes and graves, the ruins of castles, temples, monuments; and thus we came to Syracuse, formerly an immense city comprising five cities with four hundred thousand inhabitants, now a small fortified borough-town on the little peninsula Ortygia, which shoots its point out into the sea. The country around seems cold and uninhabited. Far away to the right rises, upon a high hill, the tower which marks the site of Epipoli, the ancient castle of the tyrant Dionysius. It commands the neighbourhood, a great memory of a departed age.

In the *Albergo del Sole*, with its view of the beautiful haven of Syracuse, *Porto Grande*, we found more excellent quarters than we had yet met with during our rambles in Sicily, and enjoyed ourselves here both in refreshment and rest, as well as in forming plans for the morrow's excursions by land and water.

But—the morrow brought with it the sirocco, and that daughter of the African simoom enveloped heaven

and earth in its damp veils, threw me into a perplexity about the day's sail, and caused my friends to lose heart, or at least cheerfulness. At eleven the sun glanced through the cloud, and seemed to promise an improvement. Dear R——, have you ever been the head, as one may say, of a pleasure-party, responsible for its good or ill luck, conscious that in any case the blame and the vexation will fall alone upon you, though you may be endeavouring to do your best in every way? If so, you can understand with what feelings of silent anxiety I glanced up to the sky, which now dropped its cloudy coverings down upon our heads, then raised them and let a few sunbeams glance forth, then again concealed these behind yet thicker masses of cloud. It looked very doubtful, and who could tell whether it would mend either to-morrow or the day after, and our vetturino charged above thirty francs a day (oh, the money-prose of life!)? Therefore—courage!

"I will venture, and those may stay behind that will!"

With these words, I stepped into the boat hired for the excursion; my friends followed, and with us our learned and agreeable cicerone, Don Polite.

Four active rowers propelled us across Porto Grande, the excellent and almost circular harbour of Syracuse, where all life seems extinct, and four small vessels of war are alone lying to guard—the life or its corpse. On the other side of the harbour, exactly opposite the city, the little river Anapo flows into the sea, and our boat excursion had reference to this river, or its poetical source, *Fonte Cyane*.

Syracuse has some memories, partly mythical, partly historical, which, from their pleasantness and characteristic grandeur, are quite of a separate class to all others appertaining to the cities of South Italy. To

the former belongs the legend of the Fountain of Cyane, to the latter the names of Dionysius, Dion, Timoleon, Archimedes.

The especial object of our sail to-day was Cyane's fountain, and the ruins of the castle of Dionysius the Tyrant, which latter powerfully attracted the poetic mind of my younger companion.

We rowed up the river, which continued of a sufficient width to allow space for the working of the oars. Upon an elevation of the shore stand, in solitary grandeur, two columns belonging to the entrance of the formerly celebrated Temple of Jupiter. Here we were overtaken by a shower, but as we were just then passing a bridge over the Anapo, we stopped under its arch till the rain was over. Our boatmen comforted us by the assurance that it would not be heavy rain, that there would be "poco d' acqua" to-day. And sure enough, the clouds soon dispersed, the rain ceased, and we rowed forward up the river between green but not lofty banks, which, approaching ever nearer and nearer, soon left the river too narrow for the movement of the oars. The rowers then took to the land, and drew the boat up the river by ropes, the banks becoming overgrown with rushes and reeds; and thus we reached the spot where the Cyane unites with the Anapo, and directing our course into the former, we soon found ourselves in a grove of lofty papyrus plants, and with unspeakable joy I beheld here for the first time that beautiful water-plant—daughter of the Nile, but here contemporary with it—which, first amongst the growths of the earth, afforded to man the means of preserving his memories in writing. The large, beautiful, umbelliferous flowers raised themselves above our heads like a shadowy grove. Don Polite had several of the plants pulled up, and showed us the

snow-white substance in the stem from which the papyrus-paper is prepared. He himself prepares this paper as a curiosity. We therefore collected a quantity of these beautiful plants in the boat, and then continued our river progress through still increasing beds of papyrus, which touched our heads with their crowns. And now our little voyage was as romantic, as peculiar, as perfect as anybody could desire it. Such a scene of Idylian beauty must it have been—a succession of flowery meadows with groups of trees—in which the daughter of Ceres sported with her youthful friends, gathering flowers, when Pluto saw her and carried her away from their midst. Thus mild and thus softly-veiled must have been the air, the soft-clouded heaven, above the home of Cyane, of her who would not be consoled for the carrying away of her young sister, and who, therefore, says the poem, was transformed by the gods into a fountain—*Fonte Cyane*—which unceasingly pours her flood of tears through the surrounding region till she is met and consoled by the river-god Anapo. A number of the butterfly which we call *Jungfru sländor* (*Libellula virgo*), with their four clear dark-blue wings, flitted around the boat, and alighted among the plants on the margin of the river. Also a number of small birds flew around us with a soft twitter, as if they would not disturb the solitude of the Naiad.

We stopped in a little lake or expansion of the river entirely surrounded by the papyrus—peculiarly the fountain of Cyane, as we were told—and thence retraced our course. Soft rainbow-colours tinted the clouds; it was as calm, as still, and silent as in the sanctuary of a temple. We were met by our carriage at the point where the Anapo flows into the sea, and thence drove to a village at the foot of a rock, upon

which we were shown the ruins of a palace-like building called that of Timoleon. But whether in truth it be so or not, still, the nobly-formed portal arch, the sole remains of the building, testified of a grand spirit, and I love to fancy that beneath it passed in and out the man who, of the great men of Greece, was at once the noblest and the happiest, and who—which was still more rare amongst the great men of Greece—did not allow himself to be intoxicated with success, but remained firm, wise, and modest to the end. I know no life in ancient history so beautiful and so heart-strengthening as that of Timoleon as it is presented to us by his biographer Plutarch. Misfortune and bitter sorrow overcome by courage and patriotism, bravery and wisdom crowned with success and honour, an old age surrounded by the love and reverence of his fellow-citizens. The young men of Syracuse are said to have contended for the honour of carrying, in his old age, the blind hero and legislator to the theatre, and the council of Syracuse established afterwards annual festivals to his memory—in fact, the annals of history have few such perfect human lives to present us with, few in which good fortune seems to show itself so entirely in harmony with a higher justice. Therefore is it that I looked up with delight to the dwelling on the rock which they call that of Timoleon.

From this place we rode over the rocky, stony field on asses, up to the old royal castle of Syracuse, a difficult road, and over a country that seems smitten by a curse, so perfectly is it transformed into a stony desert. But the view becomes even grander the nearer you approach the height. You look southward over the fruitful valleys and plains of Syracuse, wooded mountain-regions, towns on the seashore, and beyond all this the infinite ocean.

There yet remain of the castle of Dionysius a great part of the foundation-walls, many underground vaults and flights of steps, some well preserved, and sufficient, in fact, to give an idea of the strength and grandeur of this work of antiquity. The view from the top of the castle-wall is magnificent, worthy of a ruler's will and a ruler's glance. But beneath the grey, damp shroud of the Sirocco-spirit in which the landscape was enveloped, the old kingly castle seemed to me like an immense monument in a churchyard. The remains of antiquity in Syracuse have less the traces of beauty about them than of death and desolation. It is thus with the Street of Tombs, not far from the castle of Dionysius. On each side the rocky walls between which you pass, yawn the pillaged burial-vaults, with wide black openings like mouths. There are scarcely any remains of theatres and temples which can be called beautiful; everything is either destroyed, levelled with the earth, or plundered and devastated. Yet was the castle of Dionysius the assembling-place, at one time, of the noblest poets and wise men of Greece. Plato, Æschylus, Pindar, and many others were honoured at its court; and Syracuse was at one time the crown of the republic of Trinacria. These memories, and that of the noble Dion, who preferred death in his own person rather than that himself should continue to punish and to slay, are the only remains of beauty to the royal castle of Syracuse.

In the afternoon we visited some of the so-called Latomiæ, those ancient quarry-prisons, courts inclosed by immense rocky walls, within which, in ancient times, thousands of prisoners lived and died. In that which is called Dionysius's Ear—and the entrance to which has the form of an ear—we listened at an opening in the upper gallery—the same from which, it is said, that the

tyrant listened formerly to the conversation of the prisoners, and endeavoured to catch the words which were whispered below. Certain it is that the sound of the voice in this gigantic vault is of immense volume, and seems to fill the whole space. A little boy amused himself by whispering within the wall, down below, over and over again, the name of Dionysius, and I heard it up aloft as if it had been whispered in my ear.

In another of these natural rock-prisons, under the open sky, the Marquis of Cazales has laid out a garden where roses, and many other flowers as well as trees, seem to flourish remarkably well. It is a kind of forcing-house, and is said to be a pleasant residence in winter, but I should not like to live there.

Syracuse possesses one of the oldest churches and catacombs in Christendom. They lie just outside the present town. The church has some fine old pillars, and the catacombs are of immense extent, which, however, is not now fully known. There are some frescoes on the walls still in good preservation. Amongst these, however, is not one single figure of the Virgin apart from Christ. I mention this for the Catholics, who maintain that the Virgin Mary is found in the oldest catacombs painted as the Queen of Heaven.

Syracuse possesses also a little museum of its antiquities, one only little room; but it nevertheless contains two treasures of unusual value, the one a statue of Venus of the highest beauty, although the head and one arm are wanting; the other, a head of Jupiter, as it is called, because it was found beneath the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, but which I believe belongs to a statue of Æsculapius, because, although the Jove-character is unmistakeable in the form of the countenance, in the fall of the hair and beard, yet there is

an expression, a touch of suffering, of humanity, and sympathy, which I have never hitherto seen in any head of Jupiter, and which, indeed, neither belongs to the old Thunder-God of Olympus nor to the tormentor of Prometheus. The head has a prophetic glance and spirit. Moses or Jeremiah might have looked thus. The name of the sculptor is unknown.

We rested in the quiet evening after our day's work. The moon was at the full, but the sirocco-veil prevented the great night-lamp from diffusing more than a pale, almost a dreary light over the landscape. I stood in the stillness of the evening in my balcony, and looked out over the desolate Porto Grande, and listened to the sounds from town and country. But there was no sound excepting the heavy breaking of the waves upon the shore, and the soft murmur of the Anapo as it flowed into the sea at the foot of the ancient Temple of Jupiter. Those dull plunging waves were to me like the waves of oblivion, the waves of centuries, which still more deeply buried the dead. The dead? What dead? Cities and realms and people who have not had the power, phœnix-like, to become renewed, to die to rise again!

When I came to Italy, when I entered Piedmont, my soul was filled with the thought, *risorgimento d' Italia.* It was to me the watchword of its present life and future fate. With this thought I journeyed to Florence, Rome, Naples, and so on to the extreme point of Italy, Syracuse. But the farther I came south, the fainter grew the sound of the resurrection cry, the less matured for it seemed the people and the country, the more dead seemed the heavenly spark, and here it appeared to me buried, deep, deep in the rubbish of antiquity and of the passing day. Is it so? Have peoples and kingdoms, like human beings, their ap-

pointed lifetime, and then must die? I hear voices from former ages, from the Valley of the Pyramids, from the hills of the East, from Thebes, Nineveh, Persepolis, Jerusalem, answer from the depth of their ruins, "Yes, all is perishable beneath the sun!" Yes, I know it. You have been great, and are now nothing more than shadows, the memory of your former greatness; and thou, Syracuse, thou who once didst combat with the greatest State of Greece, and destroy its power for ever—the power and future of Athens—thou proud Syracuse, rejoicing in victory, how silent art thou now, how insignificant, how dead—the ghost of that which thou wast of old!

But can Christian peoples and States thus die? That is the question. I believe not; I cannot, I will not believe it. The heavenly grain of corn, the grain of eternal life, which is their life, is too strong to be overcome by destruction, by decay; it may be buried deep in the earth, so deep that the dew and the sunbeams of heaven are not able to reach it for centuries, and the lava-streams of devastation may cover it; but—I have just seen the lava-hills of the volcano blossom after centuries of silent labour, and I have never yet seen a people, a State bearing the name of Christian—die.* Italy and Sicily have entered upon the life of freedom and conflict of the Christian people—the year 1848 has inscribed this in the blood of patriots; they may sleep, but they cannot die. That is their doom. It may be fraught with infinite suffering, but it may be to them resurrection and new life. I will wait and

* Poland! it may be replied. But the political death of Poland is not positive death—and it may easily be explained. Poland's noble poets, Mickiewitz and others, have lately sung the new life of Poland in the annals of humanity. "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth!" says the Gospel.—*Author.*

hope. And I turned away from the region lying beneath the shroud of the sirocco, to my companions who in their love and happiness were to me a joyous image of the eternally young, the life ever renovating itself in new forms.

Apropos, my R——, if you should at any time come to Syracuse, I advise you to take up your abode in *l' Albergo del Sole*, the best and cheapest hotel which we met with in Sicily. And I further counsel you to order some of the Syracusan muscadine wine, because anything more like Olympian nectar I should find it difficult to imagine. One seems to be drinking sun-strength. And if you should at any time make the journey which I am now making in Sicily, you would find it as well to take with you some provisions, especially bread—Sicilian bread, which you will find good in all the towns on the road—as well as dried figs, chestnuts, cold meat, *ricotta*, a kind of whey, common in Italy, and very nice; because you must be prepared, in all the houses of entertainment between the larger towns, to find little or nothing besides coffee and eggs. Milk is not to be had, because the goats are driven out to graze during the day; butter there is none at all; and if you wish to have tea, you must take it with you. We did so, and it was a little amusement to me in the evenings to prepare it for my friends and myself.

The sirocco still prevailed on the morning of the third day, but there was a little more life in the clouds, and some peeps of blue and sunbeams between them. We took a walk round the environs of Syracuse, and visited the spot—the very spot itself, you understand—where that horrid Mr. Pluto came up out of the earth with his black horses—it is a deep chasm in the earth, on the verdant plain of Enna—and carried away the lovely young daughter of Ceres. All the neighbourhood

is sweetly Idylian. It was here also that the Syracusan Theocritus wrote his celebrated Idyls. The town itself has a pretty promenade, planted with trees running along the shore, not far from the outlet of the river Aminano to the sea. Hundreds of women were busied amongst the stones in the river and along the shore, washing their clothes in the clear river-water. The cheerful scene had its poetry—of every-day life.

My last visit in Syracuse had reference to three graves. The first, that of the noble-minded German poet Count Platen, who died here. It is in a beautiful garden. Flowers surround the grave, and fresh balsamic winds whisper through the trees above; the poet could not have desired a more beautiful resting-place for his earthly tenement. The other graves lie at a little distance out of the town; they are called those of Archimedes and Timoleon. Both consist of vaulted chambers in the hill, the entrances to which are ornamented with Grecian columns hewn out of the solid rock. They lie high, at the commencement of the city of tombs, and with free view towards the city and the sea. One pillar alone, at each of the entrances of these two tombs, is all that remains in good preservation. I laid some fresh flowers in these empty tombs. I am the most stupid person in the world as regards mathematics, neither should I be of much use as a legislator; but I understand very well what it means to live and die for one's country, and what good and just laws are, I also understand, and I love to present my tribute of regard to those whose deeds I admire.

The sun shone, and we rolled away in our comfortable carriage over the fragrant earth. The Sirocco-spirit vanished before a brisk west wind, and I was glad to leave dead Syracuse and see once more the living Etna. Of this, my renewed acquaintanceship, I

will only mention that of which I became cognizant on the ascent to Saffarana, a four hours' drive amongst the volcanic regions of Etna, and of its last eruption of lava in the year 1853.

The summit of Etna, which had covered itself with new fallen snow during the night, now showed itself in the morning sun in the very brightest mood, and the drive up amidst its highlands and valleys was glorious, amidst a number of ancient volcanoes, most of which are now fertilized, and the precipitous sides of which are cultivated by the industrious peasant. For the lava here has the property, after a number of years, sometimes a hundred, sometimes many hundreds, sometimes thousands, and under the influences of the sun and the air, of becoming fertilized, and that in a higher degree than any other soil. No fruits in Sicily are so large, so juicy, and sweet as those which Etna produces. In many places we drove through streams of lava which in the year 1853 flowed over the road, and through which the road had since been cut. In some places they had surrounded solitary houses and peasant-farms, but without injuring them, and these now stood white and in good condition, in the black lap of the lava streams.

From the little town or village of Saffarana—one of the many which belong to Etna—I went alone with a farmer up the mountain, in order to approach more nearly the crater of the last eruption, and if possible to obtain a view of it. But when this proved to be two hours higher up the mountain, I satisfied myself with going merely to the nearest tract which had been seized upon by the lava, and which was frightful to behold, black hills and valleys burnt up and covered with lava—one of the realms of the black death. Nevertheless, life had here commenced its work of

resurrection. People had already planted the vine on some of the lower terraces of this lava-bed! My guide, an elderly man, sensible and agreeable to converse with, was himself the owner of a large vineyard at Saffarana. From him I learned some interesting particulars, as well regarding the cultivation of the vine in this volcanic soil, as of the life and condition of the people of the neighbourhood.

The first plant which springs up on the lava-soil, when fructified by sun and dew, is the genista, which grows up into tall bushes, with yellow, fragrant flowers. The first vegetable which is planted by the hand of man is the cactus. Its roots split the hard crust of the lava in many directions, and reduce it, in unison with air and light, into black mould. Vines are then planted in it and other fruits. The lava of 1853 was, my guide said, unusually rich in earth, that is to say, the portion of it which was first thrown out from the crater; therefore, they had already been able to plant the vine in certain strata.

In all eruptions of Etna it is a fact that the first lava contains the greatest proportion of earth, that which follows is of a harder kind, and the last of the same eruption will be totally incapable of all cultivation. I should like to know whether for ever. Whether, in spite of the sun of heaven, and the dew and the vernal air, from one century to another?

My cicerone had himself lost in the last eruption six thousand vines. Nevertheless, he was now again well off, and could, during the years when the prices of wine are high—as they are now—calculate upon an income from his vineyard of about six hundred ducats, each ducat reckoned at five francs.

Every cultivator of twelve hundred vines may obtain this yearly amount of revenue. This district was

young, having been conquered by the cultivation of a few tens of years from the lava of Etna; it had an industrious population, good priests, and *bonissima moralità*. The soil was rich, and all the inhabitants diligent and careful. The poor were here so few, that when lately a foreign priest, who had died here, desired that his body should be borne to the grave by the poor, three persons only could be found for this office, and these were cripples. I was quite unprepared to hear of such a paradisal condition in the bosom of Etna, and on the soil of Sicily. But this might perhaps be an exceptional case.

The whole of this day which we spent on Etna afforded me heartfelt interest and pleasure, from the symbolic scenes and life of the mountain. There was in the afternoon a grand representation of the combat of the Titans with the powers of Olympus, a phantasmagoria such as I never yet saw anywhere else. There rose up incessantly, on the summit of Etna, around its obliquely projecting peak, troops of monstrous mist—figures, apparitions of human beings, with heads, arms, and legs such as we fancy the giants and hobgoblins of old legends. They mounted up rapidly and perpendicularly out of the fissures and the depth of the mountain, just as if they would conquer heaven; but the wind and the sunbeams combated with them, and transformed them into the most grotesque forms, tore them limb from limb, their heads from their bodies, and dissolved them into air even before they could reach the top of the mountain. The most fantastic, partly horrible, partly laughable figures succeeded each other, as if in the most violent combat with the powers of light. The conflict lasted for three or four hours, and was one of the richest spectacles I have yet seen. It ceased towards evening, when the overthrown giants

rested in heavy chaotic masses on the sides of the mountain, and the setting sun blazed splendidly over them, whilst its beams sported with a troop of thin-legged pigmies who succeeded the Titans, and frisked in airy gambols round the lofty crater. Such was the last view which I had of the giant mountain and of the combat of the Titans.

> "Now Etna lies upon the giants,
> And Heaven smiles at their assault."*

At Catanea—properly Catan-Etna, the city of Etna—we spent a pleasant evening with a German family residing there,—such an evening as we might have passed on the banks of the Rhine or the Elbe. German family-life is everywhere alike in its domesticity and cordiality, in the attention which is paid to the education of the children, and the application of all the elements of social culture towards the embellishment of domestic life. Amongst these may be classed the cheerful evening hours with their ingenious games and their music. This family, which had resided for upwards of twenty years at Catanea, spoke highly of its air, its quietness, &c.; but complained of its summers, "so long and so hot, that they enervated both soul and body."

Santa Agatha is the patron-saint of Catanea; and pictures of the absurd legends of the young girl's martyr-history are repeated over and over again in the beautiful cathedral, partly painted and partly chiselled on the walls. They sell also a printed narrative of the same for the edification of the people, in which the disgusting emulates the monstrous and the unnatural.

The pretty little museum at Catanea of Sicilian

* Tegner.

antiquities and natural productions, collected and arranged with great industry and care by a private amateur, the Prince of Biscari, deserves the attention of every thoughtful tourist. Amongst the many peculiarities of the handsome city, there is nothing which I would so willingly introduce amongst ourselves as the out-of-doors costume of the ladies—the handsome, enveloping mantle, which is apart from luxury, that conceals untidiness, and gives dignity and a peculiar mysterious charm to the figure. This costume appears to be peculiar to Catanea. It is not to be seen in Syracuse, in which city the ladies look very prosaic.

We returned to Messina in darkness, rain, and regularly bad weather.

And now, the 6th of December, my friends having left me, I sit alone in my room at the Hotel Vittoria. It rains incessantly, day and night, with the intermission of a few hours in the morning; but the hotel is a good and quiet one, and not too expensive; and the unremitting rain allows me to remain undisturbed in my room through the entire day, and there to give audience to my thoughts; and the being able to do so, and solitude, are so much my natural life, that I feel myself, under these circumstances, as cheerful and happy as one released from bondage. And in the evening twilight—or, more properly, when my candles are lighted—a good old man comes to me, and tells me the sagas and legends which I am so fond of hearing related, and which are interpreted in my own way. This is Diodorus Siculus.

That which Snorre Sturleson is to our Scandinavian North, Diodorus Siculus is to the people of the South. As Sturleson, in Iceland, at the volcanic foot of Hecla, so did Diodorus at that of Etna, collect and note down the sagas of the gods and men of antiquity. But

Sicily lay nearer to the centre of the civilized world than Iceland; and Diodorus was able to comprehend in his glance a larger sphere of the world than the northern historian under the polar circle. Diodorus seems, before any other historical writer, to have had the plan of comprehending all the people of the earth within an historical framework, as all belonging to one family, under the guidance of a Providence common to all, and higher than any national gods. Diodorus Siculus, like Snorre Sturleson near a thousand years ago, lived in the blushing dawn of the new day which ascended over the whole earth with Christianity; and, something of its splendour diffused itself, indeed, as a bright anticipation before the glance of the wise heathen.*

He is said to have devoted thirty years of his life to his work, besides having himself visited, under great difficulties, the people and the places in Europe, Asia, and Africa, of which he writes. He is rather a compiler than an independent thinker, and is only too ready to believe what "people say," let it be ever so absurd. With the simplicity and piety of a child he retails whatever he was told about the earth, its gods and inhabitants; and many a beautiful and deeply significant saga presents itself from the phantasmagoria of that dim antiquity, rich with the oldest yearnings of the human race with regard to eternal truths. From Egypt and Arabia the Blessed, which he describes with Oriental pomp of colouring, from the enchanting islands and shores of the Mediterranean, "which are under the noonday," he lifts his inquisitive, but misty glances, towards the "Hyperborean land," the lands which are under the Bear and the north wind" (ah! how gladly would I tell him something about them), and relates

* Diodorus Siculus died in the year of our Lord 14.

gloomy sagas about the midnight sun and eternal peace. From the caves of the Troglodites to the palace of Semiramis, he endeavours to include and to find a place for everything in his mirror of the world. The achievements of the Amazons and the Trojan war are related with the same impartial simplicity and love of truth. He is, in this love of truth, an example to historians.

Amongst his collection of legends are those which belong to Sicily, and which have a peculiarly poetical grace about them. Ceres loved the island, and ruled over it. She discovered there ("found again," Diodorus says) wheat in the earth ("which of its own peculiar excellence, in connexion with the heat of the sun, produced all kinds of fruits"), and she taught the inhabitants its cultivation and its use. She also gave them laws which taught them to live peacefully and blessedly; whence she is called "Ceres the lawgiver." Minerva and Diana spent their youthful years in Sicily with Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres. "It is certain," says Diodorus, "that these goddesses were first seen there." They loved the island, rich in its sunshine and flowers, and made a dress for their father Jupiter of its flowers. They obtained permission from him that they might each one choose her own dwelling-place. Minerva chose Himera, not far from Palermo, where the nymphs of the place prepared her bath in the warm mineral waters, and where the inhabitants erected a temple in her honour. Diana selected the peninsula of Ortygia, where the nymphs presented her with the rich fountain of Arethusa, and where afterwards Syracuse was built. Proserpine made choice of the smiling meadows of Enna, at the foot of Etna, where she, as we know, was seen, and carried off by the ruler of the underworld. Ceres, out of her mind for grief,

lighted two torches at the flames of Etna, by the light of which she went out into the world in search of her lost daughter. She taught the cultivation of wheat to all such people as received her with kindness. After long wandering, she returned to Sicily, where she learned the fate of her daughter from the weeping Cyane. In her extreme wrath, she struck the earth with sterility, and refused herself to appear amongst the society of Olympus. In order to pacify her, Jupiter was obliged to allow Proserpine to return to earth. It is in the groves of Eleusis, on the soil of Athens, where mother and daughter again see each other. Pluto, however, before he allowed his wife to make the journey, gave her a pomegranate kernel to eat; and this food has bound her to the subterranean world. At length it was agreed between them that Proserpine should remain one half of the year under ground with her husband, and the other half in the world of light with her mother. This satisfied her; she returned to Sicily, and continued to be the benefactress and lawgiver of the island. And the lilies eternally blossom on the meads of Enna, and around the fountain where Cyane weeps for the friend of her youth, but no longer with consolation. Anapo has united his waters with those of Cyane, and leads her with him out to the sea, where they repose together.

Hercules came to Sicily with "the oxen of the sun," ploughed up the desolate fields, and made an offering to Ceres at the fountain of Cyane. "And still to this day," says Diodorus, "the inhabitants of Sicily sacrifice to Ceres, at the season when the seed is sown, and celebrate, during ten days, a festival in honour of her and Proserpine. It seems as if, during this festival, they wished at the same time to obtain the favour of the lawgiving goddess, and to please the monarch of

the underworld, whose voice they hear from the crater of Etna."

The pretty myth of Acis and Galatea belongs also to the legendary lore of Sicily. Theocritus has sung it in his most celebrated Idyl.

Diodorus goes on to tell us about the most ancient population of Sicily, the Cyclops, Troglodites, and many other Autochthones, and of the immigration of the historical races, Sicanes, Sicules, Phœnicians, and Greeks, who, one after the other, conquered and occupied the Sicilian soil. One sees here, as in Greece, a number of small States, which make war upon and plunder one another, until they are subjugated and brought into order by some of the strongest of the aggressive hordes. It was Greece which became the first organizer of Sicily, and the mother of its civilization. They were the sages, poets, and lawgivers of Greece who caused the republics of Sicily to flourish in emulation of their own, which caused Syracuse, Agrigent, and Taormina to grow up in emulation of Tyre, Sidon, Corinth, Athens. The most ancient kings and legislators of Sicily—Gelon, Hiero, Dionysius during the first part of his government, Dion, and many others—were pupils of the school of Greece. Sicily had temples, beautiful works of art, life and festivals, but ah! by degrees also frivolity and crimes, like the mother country.

I now leave Diodorus, who was also a worthy son of the noblest cultivation of Greece, in order to say a few words about a history of which he was no longer the witness, and about the fate of the island which he called the most beautiful and the most charming in all the world, the old legendary *Trinacria*, as it was designated from its triangular form.

Sicily followed in many respects the fate of Greece;

its States defended each other in their mutual quarrels, and was finally subjugated by Rome. The conqueror of Syracuse, Consul Marcellus, is said to have shed tears over the fate of his victim. True it is that with Syracuse fell beneath the swords of the soldiers its noblest son Archimedes, whom Marcellus would gladly have had in his power. But, more fortunate than Greece, Sicily regained its period of prosperity under the protection of Rome. It is seen to exchange the sword for the plough, and so abundant became its production of corn (owing to the protection of Ceres, Diodorus would have said), that it was called "the nurse of Italy." From this time it participated in the fate of Italy, and was not long without its own independent life, and its own unborrowed splendour. Christianity was introduced into Sicily by the Apostle Paul, who, according to tradition, remained there three days, and from this time every city in the island is able to reckon its Christian professors and martyrs. The Roman emperors visited Sicily, ascended Etna, and bade defiance to its flames; but the little light which shineth in darkness they were not able to overcome. Vandals and Goths desolated the beautiful island, but it soon began again to flourish under the Goths, and became a new kingdom, and peace and plenty again returned. New wars and new incursions of peoples, and new devastations overflowed the island, which again became a football for foreign powers.

In the year 827 the sign of the Crescent arose above Sicily in blood, and Africa hurled her savage hordes on its shores. For four centuries Sicily became the scene of contest for Mohammedans and Christians, under the dominion of the former. But even the Saracens contributed to the improvement of the island—they planted the olive and the pomegranate, and built fortresses and

castles in a style which still beautifies the cities of Sicily. The Normans at length delivered the island from the Mohammedan yoke. Tancred of Hautville performed, in so doing, astonishing achievements, and his son and grandson ruled with great honour in Sicily; the latter as its king in 1130. Sicily now flourished more beautifully than ever under him and William the Good. Magnificent churches and seminaries arose on its soil. Its fleets, successfully combating on the sea with those of the Mussulman, delivered Tyre and Antioch from their hands, and conquered many cities on the African coast. William the Good was called upon by the Pope and the Emperor of Germany to become mediator in their quarrels. The honour and respect of Sicily had never stood so high; and that notwithstanding terrible misfortunes which befel the island, owing to an eruption of Etna, 1169, in which all its surrounding cities were shaken, and Catanea totally overthrown, fifteen thousand of its inhabitants being destroyed. At Messina the sea suddenly withdrew from the shore, and then returned with a violence which threatened to swallow up the whole city; the summit of Etna sank down to Taormina.

A century later, German princes occupied the throne of Sicily. Frederick II. reigned there with wisdom and honour. He and his queen, a princess of Aragon, protected science and the arts. It was at their court in Palermo that "la Nina Siciliana," cotemporary with the great Dante in Italy, popularized the first pure sounds of Italian, the new language of the people, the daughter of the Latin tongue—Nina in sweet sonnets, Dante in his magnificent *Divina Commedia.*

After the death of Frederick and his young son, Sicily became the prey of intestine warfare, and the Pope offered the crown of Sicily to any one who would

conquer and reduce the island to peace. The Count of Provence, Carl of Anjou, undertook the enterprise, and with him the French rule was introduced into Sicily. First beloved, and then hated for its arrogance, this domination was shaken off by the Sicilian people in the bloody tragedy known under the name of the Sicilian Vespers. The Sicilian admiral Loria delivered the surrounding sea from foreign dominion.

But Sicily, however, never again recovered independence and rest. From 1412 to 1713 this island was governed by Spain through viceroys. By degrees it lost all traces of independent life. It continued, however, to be, during this time, an asylum for many distinguished Greeks, who kept alive the love for science and art, perhaps also for the spark of freedom slumbering under the ashes. The vices and pride of the Spaniards were the cause of bloody revolts. Sicily was again flung as a football amongst foreign potentates. United with Naples under King Charles III., a time of peace and peaceful prosperity ensued under the wise administration of his minister Fannucci. From this time Sicily followed the fate of Italy as the moon the earth. Shaken, like that country, by the great spiritual earthquake of France (the Revolution), and again, like Italy, obeying for a time the French eagles, it became united, in the year 1815, with Naples in a kingdom of "the Two Sicilies." But the rising of the nation for national right and independence was not lost upon the people of Sicily. That people knew itself to have had a peculiar life and a great history—it knew itself not to be one with Naples, which governed it like a guardian who did not wish that the minor should ever attain to his majority. It had had presentiments of a people's self-consciousness, and it had begun to comprehend that only a national,

constitutional government can elevate the moral condition of a people, and give the pledge for its independence, and for a durable prosperity. Sicily had obtained from Naples the promise of a national constitution, but this promise was not fulfilled. Dissatisfaction occasioned thereby led to the revolutionary attempts in 1820 and in 1848. In both these attempts Sicily was one with Italy, and the friends of the native land extended their hands to each other from the north of Italy to its southern cape. A part of the insurgents of Sicily understood, it is true, very little about what they were fighting for in 1848; but many knew it, and did not fear, at the peril of life and property, to combat for a better state of things; and how earnestly was shown by those streams of blood which flowed, especially at Messina, and by the numbers of persons who suffered, some of whom fled into exile, some of whom were confined in the fortresses of Sicily. Many nobles, many priests, were amongst them.

Sicily is now calm, but calm like Etna—at least, so it seems to me. Silently, and, as it were, sleepily, ascends the smoke out of its crater, but the lava seethes in the depth below, and the eruption is to be expected sooner or later. The people who have once had a taste of freedom will not long allow themselves to be bound, excepting from absolute impotence. Sicily has in its union with Italy a security of not always remaining merely a subservient State devoid of all independence.

December 8th.—A deafening thunder of cannon announce at this moment the festival of l' Immacolata. The bells ring in loud confusion, as if they were a little beside themselves, and all the vessels in the harbour are gaily covered with pennants and flags. This I saw to-day, in the morning, during an interval

of the rain. But now again it pours down, so that probably the processions of the Madonna cannot take place. Messina prides herself on being especially under the protection of the Virgin, owing to the following circumstance:—

After the Apostle Paul had preached the Gospel in Sicily, the inhabitants of Messina—so says tradition—learned that the mother of Jesus, who still was living in Jerusalem, and the Christians, who had congregated around her, were suffering from want, whereupon the people of Messina sent a vessel laden with corn to Mary, together with a deputation, who were to assure her of their reverence and faith in her divine Son, as well as to request her favour. To this the mother of Christ replied by a letter, in which she acknowledged the kind behaviour of the Messinians, and said that she would become their continual protector. The writing bore date *Anno Filii nostri XLII. Ind. I Nonas Junii Luna XXVII. Seria V. Ex Hierosolymis.* And below this was written, by his Holiness Pope Benedict XIII., the promise of one hundred days' indulgence to every believer each time he should repeat four lines of ave to *la Madonna della Lettera.*

The original manuscript, as any one may easily suppose, is no longer in existence. But a picture, said to have been discovered many centuries ago at Antioch, represents the Madonna with the above-mentioned writing, in Latin, in her hand. The picture was brought to Messina, placed in the principal church, and from that time *la Madonna della Lettera* has become the especial object of the worship and faith of the people of Messina, and particularly so—says the legend—since the time when, during a great famine in the city, she sent them, in a miraculous manner, a vessel laden with corn. In comme-

moration of this act of mercy, a little silver ship is carried in procession yearly, during the month of June, which has been made for *la Madonna della Lettera*. Copies of this remarkable picture are rare, but I have been fortunate enough to obtain one.

Faith, however, in the extraordinary protection of the Madonna is said to have considerably decreased in Messina since the year 1854, when the terrible cholera epidemic carried off from twelve to fifteen thousand persons in ten days, and the result of the revolution in 1848 no less contributed to unsettle it. More than one of the poor subjected peasant-insurgents were heard afterwards apostrophizing the image of the Virgin in these words:—

"Thou woman! Never could I have believed that thou wouldst have held with the royal rabble!"

Many of the participators in this revolution have since then been pardoned, many exiles have received permission to return. The people of Messina appear, for the present, to be comfortable and happy. During the continued rain they went on cheerfully with their occupations. Early in the morning, and frequently during the day, one heard, as in Rome at this season, the wild gay music of the bagpipes, with which the shepherds from the mountains come to entertain the Virgin till Christmas. In the evenings one hears also the sound of harp and guitar from the streets, accompanied by voices more or less musical, and by the lively chattering and shouts of the boys. Beggars abound in Messina at the same time with its industrious life; they are not savage and violent as in Naples, but pertinacious, sometimes intolerably so, following the stranger up the street and down the street, endeavouring to get into conversation with him, adjusting his dress, and not letting their victim escape—if one

takes the affair on its tragical side, as one may be induced to do during this weeping weather—until he can take refuge into some house or shop where they are prevented from entering. Nevertheless, they will sometimes watch for his exit thence, and endeavour, by persevering assiduity, to weary out the stranger's power of resistance.

December 12th.—Is it not from Messina that the little Swedish sailing-ship, the *Swallow*, with Captain Gollscher, has come every spring for many years, the earliest of all the swallows to Stockholm, bringing a cargo of lemons and oranges, which is speedily dispersed through the city, causing us dwellers in Stockholm to say, "Lool the *Swallow* is come! Now we have spring!" And have we not ever since imagined to ourselves Messina as the land of oranges and lemons?

And it is true they are met with here in superabundance, and are brought in daily in large baskets from the country, where they are just now being gathered in order to be packed in large chests, and sent off to the north of Europe, or they are also taken to the manufactories in the city, where the rind is pressed for the making of essences. True it is that boys may be often seen in the streets playing at ball with oranges, as with us they thre snowballs, and you may get for the small sum of one halfpenny half, nay, a whole dozen of these golden fruit. All this is quite true; but, dear dweller in Stockholm or London, thou who yearnest towards this land as to that

"wo die Citronen blüh'n
Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glüh'n,"

I should like thee to perceive here, and especially on the quay, the most beautiful promenade of Messina, the disagreeable odours peculiar to the delightful fruit, and

which causes it to play a subordinate part with regard to stockfish, oil, vinegar, leather, and many other prosaic things, the odour of which fills the air and puts to flight all poetic allusions, and then thou wouldst say to thyself:—

"Hm! It is not, after all, different here to our quays at home!"

Nay, indeed, our quay at Stockholm is, I can assure you, very much more elegant and correct than the quay here! And then the city! Yes, it has its handsome quay, and also some streets in the same direction handsome enough; but these streets run up the hill, and are not good for walking, and still worse for driving in, on account of their steepness and their Cyclopean stones, and with houses which seem built on purpose for an earthquake. No, we manage better, especially in rainy weather. Everything, therefore, taken into account, I do not advise any lover of beauty and poetry to set himself down at Messina. This city stands in the same relationship to Palermo as prose does to poetry. Messina is quite a common trading town, with little or no interest for any one excepting such as are engaged in business. A somewhat considerable colony of German families, and amongst them several very accomplished people, reside here on account of trade, and speak highly of the quietness and comfort of their life in this place. Government favours them in every way; they pay no taxes, get a great deal of money, and find amusement amongst themselves in society and music. The greater part of these colonists, however, seem to me to live with little gratitude as parasites on the soil from which they derive their wealth, spin their silks and gold. In general, the German colonist considers himself too good to have intercourse with the Sicilians.

"My German element would merely be the loser by associating itself with the Italian," replied, proudly, a young lady, possessed, as I was told, of distinguished talents, when I inquired from her whether she mixed with the Italian society of Messina. Such remarks are painful to me, for their sakes who, in blind love of their own nationality, can thus think and speak without any discrimination for the individual good qualities of other nations. Our northern people have faults and failings enough of their own to leave them no right to despise the peculiar virtues and grace of the south. The northern power is not unfrequently accompanied by the northern coarseness.

Some of the northern residents here are, in the meantime, more just, speak highly of the good qualities of the Sicilian people, of their benevolent and kind disposition, and say that they have never had any other experience than that which has been agreeable amongst the people of the country. Of those who bear this testimony are the Scandinavian Consul Clausen and his lady. I have to thank these, my countrymen, and the family of the German Consul Jäger for the most agreeable social hours spent by me at Messina, whilst I shall always remember young Mrs. J. as one of the most loveable beings in the world, in that world which has so early become to her a school of severe trial.

Messina also possesses a theatre, where they are just now giving—and not badly either—the operas of Verdi. The ballet, however, seems to be the especial attraction of the public, and in this pre-eminently the representation of airy postures and attitudes which are exhibited by a dancer of remarkably beautiful figure, and who appears on the scene almost nude, but at the same time, one must confess, preserving a marked propriety in developing all the twistings and turnings

which the flexibility and beauty of the form allow. There prevails, in the meantime, amongst the spectators as deep a silence and an attention as riveted as when Jenny Lind, on the stage, sang there a solo aria. I confess that my eyes and my soul are fascinated like the rest, because the human body, in its beauty and developed life, is a sight of Paradise—a state of perfected existence.

Thus there is no lack of pleasure in Messina, nor yet of agreeable social life. I am advised to remain here over the winter, and am assured that I shall be very comfortable. I believe so; I can see that it would be so; and I could be the same on our quay at Stockholm, and there it does not pour with rain so incessantly as here; besides, interest of another kind draws me away, draws me towards the East, and I confess that I now long to escape from this rainy Messina, in order to dry and warm myself a little in the sun at Malta; because Malta, they say, is a home of the sun, and there I am nearer—the East!

But the grey sky and the pouring rain of Messina will not cause me to forget that which its few sunny hours have enabled me to see, because, when we part from an interesting acquaintance, we ought not to do it grumblingly, but, if possible in good humour, and Sicily has been such an acquaintance to me.

One sunny day—it is now more than a fortnight ago—I drove out to the celebrated Pharos of Messina, exactly opposite to which lies the famous rock of Scylla, on the coast of Italy; between this rock and Charybdis, on the shore of Sicily, a most dangerous current used formerly to flow, rapid and wild, but no longer perilous, as in the old times. The monster which is said to have swallowed up the companions of Ulysses has now been laid by human

power and art, perhaps also by time, and steamers and sailing vessels, larger and smaller, may now be seen passing along, undevoured, over the dark-blue dancing waves. The straits between Sicily and Calabria are the narrowest at this point, and so narrow that the human voice may be heard from the one shore to the other. The mountains of Calabria around the rock of Scylla are wild and picturesque in the highest degree. A fortress has been built upon this same rock.

The highest cone of Stromboli, with its ever-flaming crater, and the Eolian islands raise themselves from the sea farther to the west. I had become acquainted with them in the light of the old sagas from the "Odyssey" and Diodorus; they were also beautiful in the light of the sun and of reality; those distant forms with the old saga-memories afforded an enjoyment to the mind which no fear of the saga's monster disturbed. But reality has also its monsters, that I know well, and has them also here, but—that day and the new moon were beautiful!

Another day I accompanied Mrs. Clausen to St. Gregorio, a height with a glorious view over the shores of Messina and the Cape of Calabria. Orange and lemon groves surrounded the height, and the golden fruit shone brilliantly from amongst their dark leafy crowns. Upon this height Goethe is said to have composed his song

"Kennst du das Land," &c.

Higher up lies a Benedictine nunnery. Mrs. Clausen was acquainted with the abbess, as well as some of the young nuns, and I accompanied her to the refectory of the convent. It was a large and handsome hall, around which stood beautifully carved sofas and benches. Two of these standing in a lightly-

grated window were occupied by persons who had come to visit the sisters who never leave the convent. One group of these visitors consisted of a young lady with her husband and little boy—a sweet picture of domestic happiness. She was come to see her sisters, both lately consecrated as nuns. Mrs. C., who had known them from their childhood, entered into lively conversation with them. One of them was a remarkably handsome girl, with eyes beaming with life-enjoyment and a mouth given to hearty laughter. She said she was "perfectly happy," and evidently she was so, and that she would not exchange her lot for that of her married sister, let that be as happy as it might. The two young nuns related with vivacity and *naïveté* all that they had to do in the convent, told about their prayers learned off by heart, and about their work—the preparation of cakes and other nice things—"all of which makes the time pass pleasantly." Yes, but—for what purpose?

The abbess came to pay her respects to Mrs. Clausen, and she was to me the best explanation of the young girls' happy state of mind in their life of confinement; for she was a noble and handsome elderly lady, with great dignity and motherly kindness in her demeanour. She was, besides, the young girls' aunt, and had brought them up; and by the side of such a motherly friend, life within the quiet convent walls—when it is united with prayer and work—may be more happy to the female soul than if solitary, or than if married in the world, in a country where the higher human worth of a woman is as yet hardly recognised.

It seems to be proved that the life of the nuns in Sicily is not to be lamented over, from the fact that when, after the violent opening of the convent by the military, during the revolutionary state of things in 1848, and the compulsory dispersion of their inmates,

they all returned thither, *without exception,* as soon as they were able to do so with security, and many declared that it seemed to her to be *mille anni* since she was absent from her conventual home. Custom, that second nature of humanity, and *the rule,* the *arbor vitæ* of this conventual life, have, when people have once yielded themselves up to them, an astonishing power to sustain and render life calm. And the longer one lives under them, the more impossible it is to live without them. During the year 1848 they did not, however, exercise their power over a number of young novices—somewhat above fifty, as I was told—who availed themselves of this year of liberty, partly to get married, and partly to return to their families. That people quarrel seriously in these abodes of peace, and that spiritual gentlemen contend, sometimes even come to blows, in their eagerness to become father-confessor to this or that wealthy nun—for there are many rich nuns in the convents at Palermo—seems to be very generally known. Scandals of any other kind one does not hear, but one hears of the more of these amongst the social-circles of the city.

At this moment the whole society of Messina is in a state of excitement, owing to a horrible murder which a man holding a high official appointment committed upon his young wife. She was of Messina, well-known and liked there, as a good, beautiful, and rarely-gifted woman. Compelled, or over-persuaded by her father to marry a wealthy suitor from Catanea, she had never been happy with him, and had expressed more than once to her confidential friends her forboding, that in some outbreak of savage temper he would bring her life to a violent end. She was already the mother of two children by him, and was expecting a third, when, having paid a visit of some months to

her parents, she returned home. One day, not feeling well, she remained in bed, when her husband entered the chamber, and approaching the bedside, raised the coverlet.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'll establish peace between us," he replied, and struck a dagger into her breast.

She died a few hours afterwards, and with her perished the unborn child.

It is said that he escaped to Malta; her little daughter, and her little son only twelve months old, were brought to her parents at Messina. All voices are unanimous in condemnation of this tragedy, and in casting the whole blame of it upon the husband, who is said to be of an extremely coarse and criminal character. But, from some words which escaped her to one of her friends, I suspect that she may not be without those faults which irritate some men more than open crime. Everybody is talking of this new unfortunate bride of Messina, and relating traits from the tragic romance which has already been enacting for several years. Even the young sisters of the convent talked about it whilst they regaled us with almond cakes and savoury meats of their own manipulation.

"It is better to live in a convent than with such a husband as that," said Mrs. Clausen.

All agreed with her, and we left the convent with a sunny impression of its life and its inmates. They are not many, and they live with great frugality and in almost poverty. The good things which they make and sell contribute means for their support.

The scenery which surrounds Messina resembles that of Palermo, but of a less magnificent character. During some hours of sunshine I was able, however, to

comprehend the beauty of its fruitful, ever-verdant hills, covered with olive-trees and cactus-plants, as well as the magnificence of the buildings in its harbour, its lighthouses and fortresses. Trade and the influence of the North European people is said to be continually on the increase in Messina.

I will here add that which I learned respecting the people and the morals of Sicily, from persons who have resided there a considerable time.

In the country, and amongst the country people, the morals are generally pure, but the men are often severe towards their wives, who on their side are admirable for their self-sacrificing love for husband and children.

"It is almost incredible how they work for them," said a lady to me who has lived here for forty years.

Not so much can be said in favour of domestic life and morals in the cities. Men and women are here not unfrequently worthy of each other in frivolity and vices. Many married couples live separately. The daughters of the family are watched like prisoners in a fortress till they are married or placed in a convent. Once married, they seem no longer to appertain to their parents, and never go near them, unless under some particular circumstances. When the father of a family dies, it then becomes the business of the eldest brother, or of the nearest male relative, to marry off the unprovided-for daughters—or to see them placed in a convent. It appears an impossibility that they should be left free or thrown upon their own resources—whether out of regard to their own, or to the moral status of the men, I do not know—probably of both. Neither could unportioned ladies maintain themselves here by their work. Marriage is regarded and treated as a matter of business, and a good, that is to say, a rich marriage, is called *un buon affáre*. All possible things

are stipulated for in the marriage-contract—the pin-money of the young wife, a box at the theatre, a carriage to drive out in, and many other things. They do not rely upon the love after marriage. Before marriage, the Sicilian, it is said, can love violently, and can for a long time *far l' amoroso* below the balcony of his fair one, with bouquets and sighs and sonnets. But when the beloved becomes his wife, poetry and love soon come to an end. It is generally asserted that the higher kind of love is unknown to the men of this country.

But I beseech of you, my R——, to observe, that I say, like Diodorus, "it is said," and perhaps many of these sayings, or *sagas*, have no more basis of truth than those which he sometimes brought forward. That which I know is, that in Palermo—the residence of the Sicilian aristocracy—personal luxury, individual blameworthiness, exceed all bounds. Gambling and the love of pleasure are the governing passions of the ladies of the higher class, and the amount which they lavish individually on their toilet is almost incredible. Intrigues, scandals, and gossiping furnish a great part of the occupation of society here, which, for the rest, is not deficient in amiability and talent, especially as regards music. Neither does pride seem to be one of their failings. During my stay in Palermo I was present at a concert given for the benefit of a needy artist, by the highest musical ladies and gentlemen of the place. This concert gave a high idea of the musical cultivation of this class, whilst some of the part-singing of these amateurs and amatrices would have done honour to virtuosos. I particularly remarked amongst the ladies, the Duchess of Volterra, a still young and very handsome lady, with a noble countenance and manners. Her singing was in the highest degree captivating, and so was also the manner in which she received the public

expression of applause, and the homage of her surrounding admirers.

The audience, which was numerous, consisted principally of gentlemen, who were only somewhat too impetuous in their expressions of applause—especially for the beautiful duchess—because they not unfrequently by so doing interrupted a concluding expression, or a *moriendo* which one would gladly have heard to the end.

Amongst the very wealthy ladies who have a passion for gambling, the Duchess of Monte Leone was instanced. She is a descendant of Fernando Cortez, and is said still to receive annually cargoes of silver from Mexico. She spends her nights at the gaming-table; at noon, when the weather is fine, she may be seen driving in her splendid equipage in the beautiful promenade called the English Park. The present topic of conversation in this society—but I perceive that I am in a fair way myself of falling into one of her bosom-sins! I will break off, therefore, and turn to that class of society where the labour for the support of life prevents the development of those faults which always, like weeds, spring up abundantly in those human souls which are not occupied by providing for their daily bread, or not cultivated for the higher interests of life.

In Sicily as in the kingdom of Naples, the people may properly be divided into the working and the spending classes of society. The working class of Sicily, properly the agricultural, is distinguished by its industry and the careful cultivation of the rich soil given to it by Providence. But this also requires incessant labour, because it bears continual harvests, having no season of perfect rest. The government of the country takes care that the farmer can never become rich, but

neither is he ever poor. The larger proportion of the Sicilian peasantry may be said to be well off. The farmer generally holds the land on the terms of paying half its product to the proprietor—some one of the grand Sicilian gentlemen—and it is only with very great difficulty that he can himself ever become its possessor. The cultivation of the silkworm is one of the principal branches of industry, and no traveller ought to neglect seeing here one of the silk-spinning manufactories. The raw silk which is reeled off from the cocoons looks exactly like spun threads of sunshine, I cannot find anything else to compare it with. They are women—for the most part young girls—who perform this work, sitting in long rows, each one with a large basin of nearly boiling water into which the cocoons are thrown, so that their gummy outer covering of silk may be loosened. The threads are collected and fastened to machinery, which draws them out with the rapidity of lightning, and winds them the while upon large reels. The work looks like play, but it is nevertheless fatiguing and distressing, from the heated atmosphere in which it is carried forward, and the almost boiling-heat of the water in which they are obliged continually to keep their fingers whilst attending to the cocoons; and this from sunrise to sunset! During the hot days of summer it is said that they are sometimes quite debilitated in consequence. Their earnings are small. The most industrious cannot earn more than two carlini a day, and the greater number still less. And yet this work is eagerly sought after, and women come from Calabria hither solely to obtain it. Here is a living image of the old injustice which is longest preserved in despotic states; *one* spins gold from the sweat and labour of hundreds. The female spinners of these golden threads were clothed

in rags. The earnings of their labour could provide little more than the necessary food for the day.

Of the spiritual food which is provided for the working classes of Sicily, I cannot say much in praise. Few amongst them can read, and these find no other reading for their edification than the legends of the saints, in which the absurd competes with the disgusting—and the prescribed prayers, the repetition of which procures them absolution for such and such a number of days. From all this it appears evident that those patriots who wished to get rid of a government which favoured such a condition of the people, and who, when they could not succeed in so doing by peaceable means, endeavoured to bring about a better state of affairs by a revolution, were guided by the highest motives and by a correct clairvoyance of the true well-being of the community. Their accordance in this endeavour with the best men of Italy, in all the Italian States, in the revolution of 1848, is to me a pledge that the question is not rejected by them, but merely deferred till the right time comes.

Since I have been again alone, I have engaged a reader to come to me in the evenings, through whom I have made a closer acquaintance with the literature and intellectual culture of the last few years in Sicily. Professor Morelli is one of those noble and beautiful human characters whom one might say are matured by the sun of the south. He is an ardent lover of the literature of his native land, and it has been a real joy to me to become acquainted by his means with some of its latest productions, above all with the new Theocritus, the delicious Idyls of the Sicilian poet, the Abbot Giovanni Melis. Nothing can be more pure, more poetically beautiful, and at the same time true to nature, or fuller of fresh and more charming humour;

see, for example, his description of winter life (*L' Inverno*) in the Sicilian countryman's dwelling. That, however, which gives my teacher a still higher interest for me is, that he was amongst the combatants for Sicilian freedom in the year 1848; that he afterwards lived in exile, and has only lately been pardoned by the King of Naples. He now endeavours, by giving lessons in language and literature, to support himself and his numerous family. He speaks with affection and great forbearance of the unsuccessful struggle and its leaders, with calm resignation of its results; but he does not speak willingly on the subject, and one can see that his soul still silently clings to the hope of a future liberation. The unsuccessful attempt, the sorrowful consequences which it produced for him and for so many, the depression of the present condition, have cast a shadow over his soul, and life often appears to him a heavy burden. But there is a season in Sicily, a festival there which he rejoices to experience afresh every year. "The time when the vine-harvest is gathered, when the hills are crowded with the vintage workers, when they stand there in long rows, singing whilst they pass from hand to hand the full baskets down the hill, or send up the empty ones, which are again to be filled with the glorious fruit, and everything is life and sunshine and life-enjoyment.—I wish every year to be able to live that I may see it yet once more!"

Thus said Morelli, with beaming, tearful glances.

It is a common saying here amongst foreigners, that the Sicilians will do anything for money. But I have just had evidence to the contrary. When I wished to leave with my teacher a pecuniary proof of my gratitude, he positively refused to accept it.

"You are a stranger," said he; "and if I have been able, during our conversation, to give you any informa-

tion which can be of service to you, it is a very great pleasure to me. I have only done my duty!"

He was firm to his resolve, and I could not prevail on him to let me fulfil mine towards him.

And now, farewell, thou beautiful, wonderful island, the daughter of Greece and "the nurse of Italy;" one day, perhaps, the mediator between them for a new union, a new life! Greece has maintained her struggle for freedom! that of Italy has to be fought, and Magna Grecia cannot always live as a slave! As yet thy heaven is cloudy and heavy—but I have beheld thy sun, nevertheless; and I have a presentiment of what the new blossoming might be.

With a little basket in my hand, filled with delicious juicy oranges—gathered by my young friend here—and some beautiful memories of nature and man, which I carry with me in the garden of my heart, I go to seek for sunshine and warmth at Malta, and there—but more of that another time!

SECOND STATION.

At Malta—Impression of the Island, its Towns and History—The heroic Poem of the Mediterranean—Daily Life—Englishmen and Maltese—New Acquaintance—Social Life—Prince Alfred at Malta—Stormy Weeks, sunny Days, and beautiful Hours—The Church of St. John—St. Paul's Bay—Progress of Cultivation—The Prosperity of the Rocky Island—A Confession—That which attracts me to the East.

MALTA, *December 18th*, 1858.—Storm and rain, worse than at Messina, but in my soul brightness and calm! Thank God, I see my path before me, ever more clearly and more certainly. The sea may hurl its stormy waves against the shore, and the cloudy heavens look as if they would fall upon my head—it disturbs me not!

How beautiful was the evening on which I left Messina, on board the French steamer, the *Hellespont*. The setting sun cast golden parting rays through masses of dark cloud on the hills of Messina, the city of Reggio, and the beautiful heights of Calabria—like fire-kisses through tears—lighting up all the higher mountain-tops, till they disappeared in the shades of night. Then the evening-star came forth clear as silver-light on the blue fields of ether, between masses of cloud, whilst a pale crimson margin shone on the eastern horizon, which seemed to promise a more lovely light in that direction than was now afforded by the western heaven. Later, however, it began again

to rain, but the evening was mild and calm. I invited the handsome Lady J——, the only female passenger besides myself on board, to a game at *Svälta Räf*, and some other Swedish tricks with cards, which amused us till it was time to rest.

With the first ray of morning light which shone red through the cabin window, I hastened on deck. Such a morning as that I had not seen for several weeks. The east, although not fully clear, was brilliant with gold, and the sea lay like a softly-heaving silver mirror. Before us lay a stretch of low, bare rocks, devoid of beauty, devoid of verdure, and amongst them white-grey buildings, which it was somewhat difficult to distinguish from the white-grey rocks. This was Malta. As we approached nearer, however, the city of Valetta rose up magnificently from its rock foundation, with its bastions, ditches, and towers. The sun shone, and the entrance of the *Hellespont* into the beautiful, deeply indented harbour had a festal effect.

I spent a few lovely days in wandering about the city, with a feeling of astonishment and joy such as I have not experienced of late; because Malta resembles no other island, and Valetta no other city in the world, and the spectacle which is presented on all sides is equally unusual, equally peculiar. One might imagine that the Crusaders had only lately left the place, and had impressed their character upon everything—rigid but sublime, a fortified church, immovable upon the stormy waves of the ocean!

Valetta stands proudly upon a lofty, projecting ridge of rock, between two deeply indented bays, Marsamusetto and Porto Grande, surrounded on all sides by fosses and bastions, and crowned on its extreme point by the fortress St. Elmo, which, with its light-house, bids defiance to the ocean waves. Those straight

streets, crossing each other at right angles, are so paved with stone that the sign of the cross, occurring throughout the whole pavement, meets the eye everywhere. Down the length of the clean, almost bright trottoirs, rise lofty, well-built stone houses, ornamental in their style, with many small projections on their upper stories, resembling many-windowed cages or balconies, in which one sees gentlemen and ladies sitting, reading, working, or looking out. The streets rise by means of easy flights of steps, almost without the interruption of green spaces, from the shore, which the sea washes, up to the summit of the ridge, where a bastion affords here and there a charming promenade shaded by trees. Up aloft, on the heights, stand splendid palaces of an older and more modern date, magnificent streets and squares. The street *Levante* is illumined by the morning sun, the street *Ponente* by that of the evening, the street *Mezzo-di* by that of noon. The great order and cleanliness of the city contrast strongly with all other Italian cities, and testify of the English spirit and rule. The buildings and shops show prosperity and vigorous life. A mingled, many-coloured population throng the streets. The pale, round, or rather broad countenance and dark eyes of the Maltese contrast with the fresh complexion and regular features of the Englishman; by the side of the Maltese ladies in their black mantle—*Faldetta* is its name—which covers the head and the upper part of the body, shines out the brilliant attire of the European ladies in every variety of colour. One sees also Greeks and Turks in their picturesque national costumes. Of beggars there are scarcely any. The city Valetta—so called after the Maltese knight, the strong, high-minded La Valette, who conquered Solyman the Magnificent, and then founded the city upon this rock—Valetta, the principal of the many cities of Malta, has 18,000 inhabitants.

And now, if you would see from these open heights a grand spectacle, cast your eyes across the deep bays with their twofold indentations into the rock, bordered with fortifications and with towns—Vittoriosa, Cospicua, Singlea, San Angelo, and many others older than Valetta, but of the same character, and each containing from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants—look into those bays, and see what animation, with the incessant coming and going of large and small vessels, three-decked ships of the line—the pride of England—trading ships, steamers of all countries, and hundreds of little boats which swarm and sport upon the waters like seafowl in those deep bays, where the tempest cannot reach, however much the waves may be agitated outside. See how waves foam and hurl themselves in lofty breakers against the bastions around the capes and bays, whilst farther out extends on all sides the vast blue sea, the infinite horizon! White sails, travelling clouds, are the only objects which you see yonder. And when from this fortress, which has risen as it were out of the depths of the sea, immovable upon its rock-foundations, you watch in an evening from its beautiful Piazza Regina, or from the ramparts of St. Elmo or St. Sebastian, the waves leap up thundering as in a storm—when you hear the mighty voice of the sea, broken by the chorus of the city bells—how different in melody to Italian church bells—and when the mighty sound of the Cathedral bell overpowers them all—you will, perhaps, perceive in these sounds, and in this spectacle, as I did, with a joyful thrill, legends of the deeds of old, the combats and the victories, the echo of that wonderful epic—the noblest of the Mediterrancan—which some centuries ago occurred on the rocks of Malta, which there broke the power of the barbarian in the west, and secured to the greater part of the islands and shores of the Mediterrancan the blessings of Christianity and civilization.

In the evening, when all is silent, and only the dull roar of the sea, like distant thunder, sounds in my solitary dwelling, I have read this history, more wonderful than any saga, and better calculated, perhaps, than any episode in any other history to strengthen our faith in the conquering power of the human will, when employed in the work of God. And if you have, like me, a noble native land, which has taught your heart to throb for heroic combat in the service of the truth and the light, for a love stronger than death, and all its horrors, then you will not be displeased that I should here recal some scenes in this epopée of the Mediterranean and of Malta.

You know, perhaps—but if you do not, you will not be sorry to learn—what the order of Brothers Hospitallers signified at Jerusalem; how, in the year 1050, this order was founded by a wealthy merchant of Amalfi, then one of the most flourishing trading towns of Italy, for the help and protection of Christian pilgrims who every year visited the Holy Sepulchre. Grateful pilgrims spread through many countries the fame of the good deeds of the Hospitallers; and rich gifts soon poured in from Europe to the Hospital of St. John in Jerusalem. When Godfrey of Boulogne conquered Jerusalem, the doors of the Hospital were opened to all sick and wounded without distinction. When peace was established between the Christians and Mussulmans, a great many knights who had fought for the victory of the Cross assumed the black cloak of the order, and placed the white cross upon their breast as a sign that they would serve God in the work of humility and mercy. But the warrior-spirit could not be subdued in these brave men; and as the young kingdom of Jerusalem was continually threatened from without by the old enemies, a thought occurred to the principal of the order, Raymond de Puy, in the year 1118, to form

within the order a military brotherhood, the swords of whom should defend its peaceful members as well as protect the Christians throughout the East. The Pope gave his sanction to this institution; and the Knights of the Cross of St. John soon made themselves dreaded by sea and land by the enemies of Christianity. The enthusiasm created by their achievements caused the youth of the noblest families of Europe to enrol themselves under their banner. The order divided itself into three degrees or classes. First came "the Knights of Justice," all of whom must be of noble descent, and have received knighthood; then came the priestly, or spiritual division; and lastly, the serving brothers. But all were bound by the same vows — chastity, poverty, obedience—and enjoyed common prerogatives before all other spiritual brotherhoods. Gold flowed in upon them from all quarters. The Knights Templars, whose aim was similar to that of the Knights of St. John, united themselves to them; but the more worldly spirit of the former led to quarrels, and later, to the separation of the two orders.

When Saladin, in the year 1187, reconquered Jerusalem, he protected the Brothers-Hospitallers, and allowed them to continue their benevolent activity on behalf of the sick and wounded in Jerusalem. The time, however, at length came when they, too, were obliged to succumb to the Crescent, and leave Palestine to the sway of the Mussulman. On the fall of St. Jean d'Acre, after a terrible battle, the Grand Master of the Brethren of St. John succeeded with difficulty in saving a small number of his faithful band from the general massacre. This remnant of the great knighthood of the Cross now wandered about the Mediterranean seeking for a new home. They cast their eyes upon Rhodes, at that time a nest of Turkish pirates, who prevented all peaceful trading and navigation of the

surrounding sea. They conquered the island, planted upon it their banner, and resolved from this point to continue the warfare for Christianity. Nor was it long before the flag of the White Cross became alike esteemed on these waters as it had been on the fields of Palestine. Here commenced that power by sea which the Order of St. John maintained till the commencement of the eighteenth century, and which broke the sway of the Moslem, and made the Order the protectors of Christianity over the whole Mediterranean.

At Rhodes, the members of the Order were divided into classes according to their various languages, and each separate language formed as it were a separate "brotherhood" within the general one. This gave rise to a noble emulation between the various peoples and groups of brothers.

The Knights of the Order of St. John, now separated from the Knights Templars, flourished greatly in their new beautiful island-realm. They fortified the city, and united themselves with the Christian princes against the growing power of the Porte; and whilst in their battles with the corsairs they continually won new laurels, the island, one of the most fertile of the Archipelago, was cultivated by its peaceful inhabitants, who lived happily under the protection of the Knights of the Cross. Rhodes was called "the garden of the East."

Mohammed II., determining to annihilate this increasing, and, to him, defiant power, armed a large force for this purpose, both by sea and land. After four months' warfare against the Knights of the Cross, the leader of the Sultan's army, Paleologus Pacha, returned with its small remains, and laid his head at the feet of the enraged Sultan. The fame of the Knights of the Cross resounded through the world. Mohammed, bitterly mortified by the result of the

war, died the following year, and commanded that this inscription should be alone placed on his grave :—

"I intended to conquer Rhodes and subdue Italy."

The Knights of the Order of St. John had now a season of rest. But in the year 1522, Solyman the Magnificent determined to signalize his ascension of the Ottoman throne by the destruction of the power of the Knights of Rhodes, and, in so doing, the Christian sway in the Mediterranean. He armed, therefore, a strong force, far superior to any other which had hitherto ventured to make war against the Order of St. John.

Philippe Villiers de l'Isle d'Adam was at that time the Grand Master of the Order, and also one of its noblest members. For six months the Knights of St. John fought with heroic courage against the superior force of the enemy. But they were left alone in the unequal conflict, and their little band decreased daily. L'Isle d'Adam was determined to fight to the last, and to let himself be buried under the ruins of the fortification. But the population of the town and of the island conjured him not to give them up to the savage pleasure of the Mussulmans, and he was finally compelled to capitulate. He did so, however, upon honourable conditions, obtained the free exercise of religion, and security of life and property for the inhabitants of the island, and free embarkation for himself and his Order, with their arms and moveables, in the galleys of the Order, as well as for any others who wished to accompany the departing brotherhood. Twelve days were allowed them for this purpose.

On the 1st of January, 1523, the Knights of St. John departed from the beautiful island of Rhodes, which they had governed for more than two centuries, and where they had made themselves both beloved and feared. Four thousand persons of the population of

the island accompanied them on the sea, where they set sail to seek again for a new home.

For five years they were seeking for this in vain on the shores of the Mediterranean, and so doing, divided their bread with the four thousand Rhodians who accompanied them. L'Isle d'Adam turned himself in vain to many of the European monarchs. At length, in 1530, Charles V. gave to the Order of St. John the islands of Malta and Gozo, subscribing the deed of gift with his own hand—*Jo el Rey*.

The Knights of St. John found their new home to consist of a naked, sterile group of rocks in the Mediterranean. The Phœnicians, Carthagenians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, had one after another taken possession of and ravaged these islands. Their population, the Maltese, was evidently of an Arab origin; but, since the time of the Apostle Paul's landing and preaching on one of these islands—in the Scriptures Melita—had been converted to Christianity, and were acknowledged as the best seamen of the Mediterranean. They provided themselves with grain from Sicily. Their only defence against the pirates was the little fortress of San Angelo. There were no trees in the island, excepting some carobas—St. John's bread, as they were called—which rose here and there, dark green, upon the stony fields, the legumes of which, and a small supply of cotton, were the only products of the islands.

It was with no good will that the Knights of St. John fixed their abode upon the naked, rocky island. They cast back longing glances towards the beautiful, fertile Rhodes, and even made an attempt to recover possession of it. But they were unsuccessful, and led by a good Providence, whose plan as yet they did not understand, L'Isle d'Adam determined to establish his Order at Malta. For this purpose great works were immediately undertaken.

The Grand Masters who succeeded L'Isle d'Adam followed out his plans, and with every new chief of the Order, new and strong fortifications arose round the deeply indented harbours of Malta and the fortress of St. Angelo. By this means were built the fortresses of St. Elmo, St. Sebastian, St. Michael, and many others; whilst within this city of fortress-walls and batteries arose, one after another, the splendid towns of Burgo, Singlea, Cospicua. And during this whole time bloody battles were being fought with corsairs from Tunis and Algiers, and not unfrequently, also, with the flag of the Porte.

A ship laden with treasure from Europe for the Seraglio of the Sultan being captured by the Knights of the Cross, Solyman the Magnificent, in his anger at this bold action, determined resolutely to set about the annihilation of their power, and accordingly he sent out a strong force for this purpose under the command of Mustapha Pacha, with which the celebrated Barbary chief Dragut also united for the purpose of storming Malta.

The Grand Master of the Order was then called La Valette. He was a man of spiritual influence as well as of war—one of those rare characters who alike rule the powers of matter and the souls of men. He strengthened the fortresses of Malta, he fired the brethren of his Order to fight, conquer, or die the death of martyrs for the sacred cause of the Cross. They all took the holy sacrament in the church of San Lorenzo, and consecrated their weapons to the holy warfare. The Knights and their people constituted a force of about eight thousand men.

On the 18th of May, 1565, the Turkish fleet, of one hundred and thirty sail, and thirty thousand men, approached the ramparts of St. Elmo. The combat which now followed, during three months, belongs assuredly to the most important which history has chronicled, both as to its character and its results.

Miracles of bravery were performed on both sides. But the savage attacks of the Mussulmans and the corsairs were compelled finally to succumb before the firm wall of determination and steel which were again and again opposed to them by the defenders of the Cross. These fell, but they did not give way, and new combatants took the place of the fallen.

Two episodes in this unequal warfare are intensely interesting. The one is the fight and the fall of the garrison of St. Elmo. The heroic men, all of whom were for the greater part already wounded and exhausted, consecrated themselves in the night, in the chapel of St. Elmo, by the holy sacrament to that death which they met at their several posts, whilst the banner of the Crescent was elevated on the tower of St. Elmo.

The second episode relates to one man—La Valette. From his stronghold in St. Angelo he saw, without being himself disheartened, the fall of St. Elmo, and then the succours which he had sent thither cut down by the Turks—saw his beloved nephew, the pride and joy of his old age, and his dearest friend, lie as a corpse at his feet, and was unmoved.

"All my brethren," said he, "are my children; all are alike dear to me!"

The death of the martyr did not seem to him a cause for mourning. When he saw the number of his followers ever diminishing more and more, and famine increasing around him, and the insolent enemy sent to him an officer with terms of capitulation, he ordered him to be hanged, as a means of deterring the foe from any further attempts of this kind. The rock-foundation of Malta was not more firm than the character of this Knight of Malta. Always the same, always brave-hearted, he encouraged his followers both by word and example. Such inflexible steadfastness is

in a general way victorious. The first great advantage to the Christians in the conflict was the fall of Dragut, the chief of the corsairs, the power of this bold leader being very great over his followers. By degrees, the unequal struggle became more and more on a par. The Mussulmans at length gave way before the energy of the Knights of the Cross. Auxiliary troops arrived from Sicily in aid of the Brethren, and in September, 1565, Mustapha Pacha was driven from Malta with the remains of his army. The meeting between the new friends and the old garrison was one of great joy, the emaciated forms of the latter sufficiently proving the hardships that they had undergone, whilst their eyes beamed in the consciousness of the victory which their courage and their perseverance had won.

It was greater in its consequences than they themselves were aware of; for by this means the power of the Mussulmans was for ever destroyed in the Mediterranean. Solyman, the Magnificent died before he was able to carry out his plans of vengeance against the Knights of Malta, and with him the banner of the Crescent began to decline, and has declined ever since on the horizon of history.

Two years after his great victorious fight, La Valette laid the foundation-stone of the city on the Cape of Monte Suberra, which now bears his name and—his stamp. The ancient hero stood on this occasion surrounded by his whole order in full state, saluted by the sound of trumpets and by an infinite rejoicing of all the surrounding people.

The banner of the Knights of St. John no longer floats on the fortresses of St. Elmo and St. Angelo. The Grand-Masters of the Order, L'Isle d'Adam and La Valette, have long since passed away into silence; but their work still remains, a glorious monument to their heroic achievements, and the Knights of the Cross

protect at the present day, by their former deeds, the people of Christendom in their peaceful progress on the sea.

The heroic actions of La Valette seem to have raised the Order of St. John to its highest altitude and object. Grand-Masters who succeeded him, built, it is true, new fortresses at Malta; but they were not able to maintain the spirit of the Order, which, during the years of peace which followed, sank ever more and more.

When the French Republic, in the year 1798, under the leadership of Bonaparte, cast their eyes on Malta, well aware of its importance as regarded its power over the Mediterranean, they found there strong fortifications and a splendid town ready built to their hands, but only a few knights who ventured to defend them. These were soon overpowered and the fortresses and people of Malta passed over to the power of the French.

The French conqueror used his victory with discretion. In a week's time he had organized, to the satisfaction of the population, a new government of the island. The French made themselves in the first instance beloved, but afterwards hated by the Maltese, who then united themselves with the English to besiege the fortress. After two years of heroic defence it was compelled to submission, and Malta, as well as Gozo, and the little island Comina, were in the year 1800 surrendered by the inhabitants to England, on the conditions that they should enjoy the same rights as her people. Since then the sister-islands have flourished under the English laws, and have attained to a great degree of commercial prosperity, and the flag of England has assumed the charge once held by the Order of St. John—that of defending the Mediterranean. It is in good hands.

December 24th.—A glorious summer-day! like those

which we sometimes have in Sweden at the beginning of September.

In company with the young and amiable Anglo-Maltese, Dr. Pisani, as cicerone, I have visited the oldest towns of Malta on the other side of Porto Grande, Singlea, Cospicua, and Vittoriosa, as well as the fortress of St. Angelo. These towns, which are fortified, are as well-built and handsome as Valetta, and almost as populous. The houses in Vittoriosa seemed to me still more splendid, and the casemented balconies to have a more joyous appearance. How they shone out in the bright sunshine, these towns, and how beautifully the blue waves of the sea played to-day around their golden-yellow, rocky shores, and around the innumerable vessels, large and small, which lay quietly, with all their colours hoisted, in the deeply indented bays! How delightful it felt to be rocked in a boat on those dancing waters in the cheerful sunshine—how amusing to watch the active, busy life of the people as exhibited on the quays and streets of the shores. It was just as if everything and everybody were celebrating Christmas Eve, and as for me, this sunny day was the most beautiful of Christmas gifts.

On the bastion of St. Angelo there is a little chapel containing the grave of L'Isle d'Adam. On the wall inside is this inscription:—

"Virtue conquers fortune."

The statue of L'Isle d'Adam shows a remarkably noble, gentle, and grave countenance, very like the head of Christ. The appearance of La Valette, on the contrary, has nothing attractive; it indicates, however, an inflexible force of will. We visited his former residence in St. Angelo. A handsome young lady of the English type received us, and invited us in. Entering, we heard the cheerful sound of youthful

voices, and we found a dozen children assembled with beaming glances around a Christmas-table with candles, gifts, and fruits. It was the young lady who had here prepared a joyous Christmas-eve for the children, who were not her own. She was the wife of one of the English naval officers, the commander of the island.

We were conducted by this lady into La Valette's parlour, his bed-chamber and garden, all remaining as much as possible in the state in which the old Crusader left them. The high-vaulted parlour, with those deep-set windows, from which he watched the fight of St. Elmo, had, beyond all the rest, a grand old-world character. It is evident that these warriors of the Cross did not forget their own noble shields, neither their own worldly greatness. But be that as it might, they fought a good fight for a holy cause. It was in the shelter of the old hero's castle and laurels that now a young and lovely woman and a flock of happy children celebrated the Christmas Eve without any dread of the enemies of Christendom.

The church of St. John is a noble monument of the temporal and spiritual importance of the Knights of Malta. Everywhere shine out the stars and the eight-pointed cross of the Order. The floor is laid with the shields of the knights in mosaic. These shields represent many symbolical figures, and decorations for the most part of a gloomy character. So are likewise the inscriptions. I have been struck by two. The one below a clock, the finger of which points to midnight; it runs thus:—

"Venit hora ejus
Veniet et tua."

The second represents a helmeted head, the gloomy countenance of which is seen behind a grating, and says:

"La morte e la fine d' una prigióne oscura."

The magnificent palace or auberge, however, which the various nations included in the Order built, each one for his own nation as its club, takes a more cheerful view of life. They are both elegant and splendid, and of a noble, simple style. Amongst them, the remarkably well-preserved *Auberge de Castille* is particularly observable.

January 12th, 1859.—I have not made an entry in my diary for three weeks; not for lack of subjects worthy of observation—Malta has supplied me with interesting matter for thought and heart far beyond what I could have expected or anticipated—but because I was perishing with cold, because the tempestuous cold weather during the whole time, in connexion with the coldness of the room, where fire is an unknown thing, have made me rigid and indisposed for writing. Now, when I shall probably leave Malta in a few days, I am resolved, spite of everything, to take up the thread which I let fall, and give an account of the time just past.

Whilst I was suffering from the cold in my solitary hotel, the Swedish consul Zimelli, a Maltese, but English in his manners and turn of mind, and an unusually agreeable man, invited me to his house, where his two sisters reside with him, and that in a manner so simple and cordial that I could not do other than accept an invitation which promised me society at home in the evening, and the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the domestic life of the Maltese. I removed, therefore, to his residence near the fortress of St. Elmo, and can even now see the English flag floating from the tower, and the sea beyond heaving its heavy waves as high as the great range of hills—ugh!

I participated in the family pleasure when, with

the new year, Consul Zimelli was appointed minister of police at Malta, and every day I enjoyed their quiet domestic life. The elder of the sisters was, like the brother, most frequently out in the evening, whilst I, who did not wish to go into society, remained at home alone with the younger Miss Zimelli, an agreeable, quiet, very pious lady, and much devoted to religious exercises. The family is Catholic—as are all the Maltese population of the island—but of that class of Catholics who can live on good terms with Protestants. We conversed and read together in the evenings. When the weather was tolerable, we sometimes spent the day with other acquaintance. And now a word respecting these.

I had come to Malta without knowing a single individual, and without bringing with me a single letter of introduction. My intention was merely to spend a few days in seeing Malta, and then to proceed further. To my surprise, I soon found myself surrounded by friends, who made my stay interesting through their own personality, and by the circumstances with which they made me acquainted. Let me, amongst my friends, mention first, and with gratitude, the Scottish preacher, Mr. G. Wisely, who, with irresistible kindness, conducted me from the church where I heard him preach, to his house, where ever after I felt myself as much at home as with a brother. I do not think that I have ever known a more amiable and agreeable divine, one in whom the rich involuntary well-spring of nature has more permeated the conventional forms of life and the rigid dogmatism peculiar to the church in which he is a teacher and an excellent preacher. In this respect he resembles the distinguished English author the Rev. Charles Kingsley, whom, at the same time, he so remarkably resembles in countenance man-

ners, and expression, that he continually, again and again, reminded me of him, personally unknown to him as he was; although he, of course, entertained a warm admiration for him as an author.

I spent many charming hours with this amiable and gifted man. He took me, one day, to a religious meeting of the High-church party; amongst whom I occasioned great scandal and opposition by asserting that the Unitarians might be the best of Christians. The good Mr. Wisely alone did not contradict me, though he did not seem quite satisfied with the discussion. Another day I accompanied him to the English seminary for the conversion of the Jews and heathen. I was here much pleased by the well-conducted institution, and the English missionary spirit of which this is the work. What good this institution may effect I cannot, however, decide.

Amidst storm and rain Mr. Wisely took me, on a third occasion, to see Mr. Evers, the richest tradesman, and, at the same time, the most liberal, most benevolent private man of Malta; one of those fine characters peculiar to the present age, which I wished that a skilful pen would portray in the grandeur of its public, and the unassuming simplicity of its private life. The gifted German author Freytag, in his novel *Soll und Haben* (Debit and Credit), has only painted the reverse of this noble type. I take a little pride to myself in being the niece of a man of this class. My grandfather was the author of his own fortune; and whilst his vessels traversed the seas of every part of the globe, knitting together foreign lands, and bringing their products to our own shores, he himself lived in the simplest manner (I preserve his little silver watch, the only one he possessed, as a precious relic). No one in necessity, let him be of what class he might, if

he were but deserving, went away from him unaided; and whenever anything was proposed for the public good, he was ready to assist, and that often anonymously. And I know more than one Swedish merchant, still living, who resemble him.

Such a man is Mr. Evers.

Mr. Evers is also one of those so-called "self-made men." I was surprised to find him so agreeable in conversation. But he had been a considerable time in America; and we had topics of common interest as regarded the great New World. Besides, I saw in his eyes a spark of the fire of genius which enables the human being to find everywhere on earth and in everything subject of interest. Mr. Evers's villa is situated on the shore, at about an hour's distance from Valetta. The weather was dreadful; the waves came up as if about to swallow the shore and its dwellings; but within the home where I found myself, and where the father of the family seemed to bask in the circle of his eight children, and their apparently equally happy and amiable mother, it was good to be; and willingly would I have accepted the invitation to return thither, but for the weather.

I have also to thank Admiral Codrington, and his most agreeable lady, for many charming hours, for the pleasure of being able thoroughly to see those great docks, and other English naval works at Malta, as well as enabling me to see more nearly an amiable young prince. For Queen Victoria's second son, Prince Alfred, arrived at Malta at the commencement of January, and was festively received, and heartily welcomed, for his mother's sake. He is a pretty lad of about fifteen, very small for his age, but well made, with the manners of a gentleman, and, at the same

time, simple and unassuming as any other mother's well-educated son.

At the ball which was given to him by the citizens of Malta, and of which my host was one of the stewards, the little prince and a young Miss G——, with whom he liked to dance because she was his size, were undeniably the prettiest couple possible, for he danced extremely well. On the evening before his departure, he came to Mrs. Codrington's box, where I also was; and I could not but admire his great tact, and his simple, unpretending manners and conversation. He has a good and sensible head, and his hands show that he does not shirk his midshipman's duties on board his vessel. His governor, a young officer with large, clear, kind eyes, seemed to possess a perfect control over him.

Nor must I omit to mention in this place, two young countrymen of mine who enabled me to spend some hours very pleasantly. The one, by family and heart my countryman, though in the English service, and captain of a splendid ship-of-the-line—the *Commander*—lying in the harbour at Malta. Captain von Kantzow took me to see his beautiful ship—a city in small, floating upon the waves, where everything is as orderly and as clean as in a drawing-room; for the rest, he delighted me by his genuine cordiality and his feeling for his country. May he be as happy as I wish him, as I know that his honest and good heart deserves to be.

The second, a son of that Captain Gollscher who has for so many years sailed with the corvette the *Swallow* for oranges from Messina to Stockholm, resides in Malta, where he has made his fortune in the shipping business, has married a lady of one of the oldest and best families of Malta, has his own house and three

little boys—thorough little Swedish boys—and who, after twelve years' residence on this southern island, has remained in heart and in appearance a perfect Swede. I was invited by this, my friendly countryman and his pretty dark-eyed Maltese wife, to meet some Maltese gentlemen and ladies at dinner—very sensible gentlemen and very pretty ladies—and here I tried on *la faldetta,* and ate of the beautiful dishes and fruits of Malta. For upon the naked rocky island people live well, and all the delicacies of the east and the west are here brought together. Malta even—and especially Gozo—produce in their small inclosures splendid vegetables, and amongst them a cauliflower, the head of which I believe is finer than I ever saw one before.

Receive my thanks, my generous countryman, for all your kindness, but especially for the drive which you took me to Citta Vecchia and to the Bay of St. Paul. I shall never forget them, nor the effect of that day! It was a day of sunshine and calm and the sweetest fresh air, after many days of storm and rain. How I enjoyed it, and the grand views of the bright blue calm sea! Grateful tears involuntarily start to my eyes! Besides—desolate, it is true, was the ancient city, Citta Vecchia, but what a peculiar character was there about its buildings, castles, churches, fountains! And the people who were moving about there, the women who fetched water from the wells, their costume, and even their water-vessels, had something about them so peculiar, and, as I could fancy, so Oriental. It gave me indescribable pleasure.

Citta Vecchia lies high, commanding a magnificent view, the principal beauty of which is the vast etherial space and the blue sea. The rocky ground of Malta, outside the towns, is divided into small inclosures surrounded with stone walls, in which the

industrious inhabitants sow grain and plant all kinds of herbs and vegetables. They bring the soil, sometimes whole shiploads, from Sicily, and spread it over their rocky fields. During very dry years they even fetch water thither from the fountain of Arethusa. Malta has no springs nor fountains, nothing but cisterns; this cistern-water, however, is remarkably good. From the highest point of Citta Vecchia you see, on the northern horizon, a cloud-like elevation rising out of the sea. That is Sicily with Etna.

The statue of St. Paul stands upon a height above the Bay, in which, it is said, he suffered shipwreck. How beautifully verdant are the shores of this bay now becoming, how charming and attractive appeared to me the whole of this coast, sweeping inland as an amphitheatre. I cannot understand, however, why they do not plant trees there and lay out public walks and drives in the English style. St. Paul's Bay might thus become one of the most beautiful places for public pleasure in walking and driving.

Since that glorious day I have never beheld the sun shine on Malta, and I am obliged to give up many excursions on account of the weather. Amongst these is one which I especially regret not being able to make, to the ruins of what is supposed to have been a Phœnician city, *Hagiar Kim*, the streets of which, with Cyclopean walls and stones, it is said, are still to be seen.

Malta possesses also a small museum, very small, it is true, because the latest robbers of Malta—the English (I beg a thousand pardons !)—have carried off all the antiquities of the Island which they were able, and that was not little. What remains, however, the director of the Museum, Mr. Vasallos, has arranged in such a manner as to give a kind of review

of the history of the island, in the monuments of the peoples, who, one after another, erected upon it their altars and habitations. Thus you see there a Phœnician altar, on which myriads of stars surround palms and other symbols; also statues of the Cabiri, "the great gods" to which they sacrificed, and which look hideously ugly and stupid. From the Saracen period Malta has merely one single marble gravestone with a very long inscription, recording the grief of a sorrowing father for the loss of his daughter. Everywhere and in all times has the human heart loved and suffered.

The most interesting antiquity of Malta, in the meantime, is its language, which is a mixture of Phœnician, Arabic, and Hebrew, with the later addition of many Italian, French, and English words. Arabic seems, however, to be its principal root, and I was obliged, in fact, to learn a few Arabic words in order to make myself understood by the servants of the house. Thus, I now ask for bread by the word *hops*, or *chops;* water, by a pretty word, *elma;* and I return my thanks by saying *katterherak!*

The wealthy Maltese in the towns assimilate themselves more and more to the European cultivation, and those Maltese who have been brought up in England become altogether like Englishmen with dark eyes and dark brown hair. Nor does the English educational spirit allow the higher class of Roman Catholics to be behind them in intellectual attainments, and I have become acquainted with a learned and sensible Jesuit, Miss Zimelli's confessor, who was at the head of a great educational institute in this city for young ladies. And learning did not seem to be measured out there by a niggardly hand.

I have just been present at a theatrical representation given in Italian by the higher class of young Maltese.

It was one of the excellent comedies of Goldoni, and was very well played to a numerous audience of ladies and gentlemen. But none of the young actresses were handsome. It is very rarely that one sees in the streets of Malta a handsome face under the faldetta. The beauty of the face here consists in its soft roundness, the delicacy of the features, and in the loveliness of the dark eyes. The complexion is always quite colourless, and the expression grave. A smile on this countenance resembles a sunbeam in the night. The faldetta gives a gloomy character to the figure, but at the same time a kind of mystical grace. The men, however, of the working class seem to me especially ugly with their broad and sallow countenances.

January 14th.—In the morning the French steamer is expected, which goes hence every fourteenth day to Egypt and Palestine—though it is rather uncertain whether it can arrive in this storm—and in the morning I shall, if possible, go with it to Egypt and Palestine.

I shall not tell you, my R——, what I wish to see there, neither what has induced me so greatly to extend a journey which was originally intended merely to embrace Switzerland, as well as to dare the difficulties and dangers which in these countries must be encountered by a solitary traveller like myself, who is perfectly unacquainted with their language and manners. This I shall not tell you, because I do not properly know it myself. One thing only I know, and that is—that I must go thither.

Dear R——, have you at any time, during your life, heard a voice—but not a human voice—which has exclaimed in the innermost of your being, "Go there!" or "Do that!" Have you on your twilight path seen before you, or rather within you, a light—but not of the light of earth—which pointed out to you clearly the

path you were dubiously seeking? In that case, but not otherwise, can you understand the inner voice, the inner light which admonishes, which compels me to make a pilgrimage to the old holy eastern land, the original home of man—the home of his first and of his second birth.

"What dost thou expect to find there? What dost thou expect to be able to give to others therefrom?" These questions I have honestly asked of myself, even as you may do. I cannot answer them.

But to see those places where that which is highest in the ancient life of the human race sprang up, blossomed, and bore seed for after races, and where the primeval memorials of nature and art still testify thereof—to lose myself for a time in these places, and with all my heart and soul and strength to become absorbed by these memories,—this I know cannot be without results for the soul and its life, especially if it the while be guided by a steadfast longing and love. This conviction is mine. It will be my compass in the storm on the raging sea, in those foreign lands, amongst those savage people on my solitary journey. People are talking just now a great deal about the dangerous state of these countries, about murders and robberies; but I cannot feel any fear. A secret joy and a secret hope are in my heart.

The sea heaves and swells so that one is almost afraid to look at it, and the storm rages, but I shall set forth. The fear of God and courage will carry one through the world; and the pyramids and Palestine are well worth venturing for.

THIRD STATION.

In the Harbour of Alexandria—Voyage, and Voyage Companions from Malta—The Princess and the Professor—Storm and Stillness—The Plague and the Protest—I shall not see the Pyramids—But I shall see Palestine—Especial Destiny—A Conversion by Means of David Strauss—The Syrian Sea—Arrival in Palestine—Jaffa.

On board the Borysthène, Harbour of Alexandria, Jan. 18*th*, 1859.—"Thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither!" Thus I seemed to be addressed this day from the Nile, and from the land of the Pharaohs. For the plague, it was said, was there, and no one who set his foot on its soil would be allowed afterwards to enter Palestine without having beforehand passed through the quarantine regulations which the Turkish Government has established in all its ports, and which it is said to be impossible to pass through with life and health—at least for European ladies. Neither could I travel through the Great Desert alone; besides which, the road is now said to be so insecure, in consequence of Bedouin robbers, that no European ventures to undertake it. I have no choice left me between Egypt and Palestine. I *must* see Palestine, and therefore I must give up Egypt, although it is with reluctance that I

deny myself the sight of the Nile (the lotus-decorated cradle of Moses), the colossal temples of the valley of the Nile, the Desert and the Pyramids—those great monuments of a great, peculiar worship, and of a great history. But it must be so. I see it clearly, even in the unexpected chance—or rather providence—... which makes smooth my road to Jerusalem, and enables me, without any great difficulty, and without danger, to attain to the principal object of my journey.

But before I proceed on this subject, I must say a few words about my voyage from Malta.

On the morning of the 15th, the French flag was seen floating on the splendid steamer, the *Borysthène*, in the harbour of Malta; the sky was clear, and the sun shining. The wind, however, still blew strong, and the waves rolled high, but in a direction contrary to the wind and waves of the preceding days. The careering clouds and the foaming billows were now directed towards the east. It did not require one to be superstitious to know that this was a good sign. My polite and friendly host, the consul, now rather the minister, Zimelli, accompanied me to the shore, whilst my excellent friend Dr. Wisely took me on board, and there introduced me to an elderly and somewhat corpulent gentleman, whose countenance indicated a frank and honest character, whilst it was at the same time the most speaking mirror of good-heartedness and merry good humour. He was Professor Lewison. Of Jewish descent, but a convert to Christianity, he was now a subject of Russia, and a professor in the University of, I believe, Petersburg. Learned researches had led him to Jerusalem, where he had resided a year, and where he had undertaken the translation, and even the printing of the Samaritan Bible. In order to obtain printing materials he had

been to Paris, and is now on his return to Jerusalem, in company with a Russian princess, Shahovskoy, who is desirous of making a pilgrimage to the holy places, and whose protector during the journey he has undertaken to be. All this I learned, partly from Mr. Wisely, partly from the Professor himself, as we conversed on the deck, and whilst the vessel lay at anchor in the harbour of Marsamusetto.

"We shall probably have good weather and a most prosperous voyage," said the Professor, as he looked up to the eastward-flying flag; "and we, all of us most important people, with our various plans, of the greatest importance to the world, may regard ourselves as safe," added he, with a hearty laugh.

The anchor was heaved, the wind blew, the vessel steamed away eastward, eastward. But I gazed westward, because Valletta upon its lofty headland stood out, ever more magnificently, with ever sharper outline, and its peculiarity of character ever more clearly shown—an image of the Knight of Malta fully armed. Now he seemed to bid defiance to the waves, now and ever more to stand there ready for combat, the Grand Master, the hero, the old, high-minded La Valette!

When the splendid figure had disappeared in the distance, and I again turned towards the East, I saw standing upon the uppermost deck of the vessel a tall, young, and handsome lady with a green veil fluttering round a little fancy straw-bonnet, which did not conceal the rich plaits of brown hair fastened in the neck. This was the Princess Shahovskoy. She had left her husband and little daughter in Paris in order to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her appearance indicated high spirits and great kindness of heart. I did not, however, see much of her during the earlier days of

our journeying together, as she and some other persons, as well as the Professor, occupied first-class places, whilst I was of the second class. It was the first time that I had ever found myself in this position on board a steamer. But the difference between the prices of these two classes was so great, that I did not consider myself justified in going in the first when I should be sufficiently well attended to and comfortable in the second, as I had been assured would be the case. If in this respect I found myself disappointed, I was at liberty at any time during the voyage to remove into the other cabin. I therefore went down amongst the second-class passengers, though I must confess that it was with a little self-humiliation. But I never was troubled with very much pride, and the little which occasionally visited me had long since been discarded by love to the Christian ideal. Besides, I was now a pilgrim on my way to the Holy Land, and it was not therefore exactly the time and the occasion to think very much of one's own little honour and dignity. It seemed to me almost a pity not to have an opportunity of making some small sacrifice.

Everything, however, is excellently arranged for the second-class passengers on board the *Borysthène*—table, accommodations, attendance, company. Nay, as regards this last, it was more amusing than was likely to be the case amongst the few persons composing the first-class passengers, and afforded me an agreeable diversion amidst the somewhat nervous anxiety which the continuance of the storm and the violent swaying motion of the steamer produced in me, like a moral sea-sickness. The *Borysthène* is a screw-steamer, and this kind of vessel is disagreeable for passengers in stormy weather. The thundering blows of the waves against my cabin window, not

unlike cannon-shot, rendered it impossible for me to sleep at night, whilst the rolling of the vessel made it impossible to walk on deck. Besides, the sea was so black, so crowded with white foamy waves, that it was frightful to look at. We saw neither a sail nor a steamer for three days. Although the wind was favourable, and we went with all sail set, at great speed, yet the storm was so violent, that a huge wave not unfrequently swept over the deck. The dining-table was spread under barricades, every plate, every dish, and every bottle standing, as it were, amidst fortress walls.

The company, however, were all in good spirits, even those suffering from sea-sickness. It consisted of four young Americans, one of them a clergyman (a thoughtful and amiable young man), several French people, Catholic brothers and sisters of various orders, who were going out as missionaries to India. The superintendent of the Sisters of Mercy, who had come from her seminary in some city in India—the name of which I do not recollect—to Paris, to enlist new recruits, was returning with four young sisters, who were remarkable for their good temper, gentle manners, and for the calmness with which, during the storm, they worked and conversed together. Most of them were pretty, all looked blooming and agreeable.

"Madame la Supérieure" herself was miserably ill, and most admirable from the patience with which she bore sufferings that seemed as if they would be the death of her. It was a long time before she would consent that the physician of the vessel should visit her, and administer such means as would allay the dreadful cramp-like agonies which she endured.

In company with the Sisters of Mercy, and to the same missionary post, were travelling two Carmelite

monks. The one was the leader of the whole party, a man with splendid eyes, one of those dominant spirits whom one should be forced either to love or to —hate, if one were obliged to live under their sway. The other—who had the management of the money—looked, according to my thinking, like "Judas who had the purse." I should not have liked to meet him alone in a wood. A third, the youngest of the Brothers, was —a child in the expression of his countenance, and in his tone of mind. He had only lately given up a cheerful career in life and many attached relatives to become a Carmelite monk. He talked and laughed incessantly. The Brothers came frequently to the Sisters' cabin door, to inquire how "*la Supérieure* was."

"My sister, take a cup of bouillon!" I one day heard the Carmelite monk of the dominant will say. "I *desire* you to take a cup of bouillon!"

The sick woman returned her thanks, said "*yes*," but could not take it.

Two *Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes*, in black dresses, were also going out as missionaries to India. Their expression was so kind and fatherly, that one could not do other than feel confidence in them.

"Do you not feel afraid on this your first sea-voyage, and in this storm?" inquired somebody from one of them.

He laughed cheerily; "God has sent me," he replied, "and He will carry me through."

The behaviour of this man is in every case marked by piety and good sense.

In the strongest contrast with these Brothers were two Capuchin monks, who were on their way to Jerusalem, and who seemed not to trouble themselves about anything but their own good living. They

were sent from Rome and rather resembled animals than anything else.

In addition to this party at the dining-table were the second-class officers of the vessel. They liked to talk about ladies and marriage. One of these civil officials gave it as his opinion at table that ladies were not easy to get on with, and that marriage was not always a paradise. He was met by the observation, that *he* could not exactly be considered as an example for married men; on which he looked somewhat flabbergasted. *Le second*, a lively, witty little officer, would like to have a wife, and was determined, he said, that in his house she should not want for any good thing which she had enjoyed in that of her parents'. A third in command, somewhat older than the others, said that he had only one thing against his own marriage, and that was, that he had not been married twelve years before, so happy had he been during his twelve years of wedded life. He might have had a lucrative post on a vessel which went to the East Indies, but he preferred remaining in the Mediterranean service, merely because it allowed him to spend a few days with his wife at Marseilles.

"If she were not so prettily behaved to me"—*si gentille pour moi*—said he, "I should not have remained at this post."

I should like to cast a glance into his home, and see the good husband's reception by his lively little French wife.

Besides myself, in the cabin where I had my berth, was another little Frenchwoman, also happy in her marriage, and who was now travelling to her husband in Alexandria. She was sea-sick, and could not raise her head, but this did not prevent her relating to me her life's romance, and how pleasantly people could

live in Brittany, and how cheaply also, and what plenty there was of milk, and eggs, and butter at the time when she lived there. But that was many years ago, and I suspect that things are now otherwise. Railways, which help to convey all kind of wares to the great cities where there is the best market for them, must of necessity enhance the cost of living in small towns and in the country. The little lady was a Frenchwoman of the amiable class who unite much kindheartedness with natural vivacity and good sense.

Listening to such conversation, and variously discoursing with myself, my nervous anxiety passed away by degrees, and I was able, by holding fast by the table, to read, and to forget the storm and everything else, over Alexander Vinet's excellent work on Pascal and his writings. The wind continued to be favourable, and I perceived a certain rhythmical cadence in the swaying motion of the *Borysthène*. Tremulous as if with the ardour of conflict, it roared onward through the waves, like a living resolute being.

Towards the evening of the third day I heard some of the crew whispering together about something which had given way in the machinery, and saw people also taking up the floor above the screw. It seemed clear to me that if anything were seriously wrong we should all be lost, because no boat could put out in a sea like this. I so livingly presented to my mind the moment when I should embrace the dark billows, that it made me calm, and I slept soundly for the first time during three nights. When I woke again it was morning, and all was still. We were slowly advancing outside the harbour of Alexandria, which we were unable to enter, on account of shallow water, till daylight; and the waves which had so often awoke me by their

thunder, were now sportively splashing my cabin-window. It was like the most delicious music.

When there was sufficient daylight, the *Borysthène* was piloted into the harbour, and I saw the sun rise on a new quarter of the world. The coast of Africa rose, yellow, low, and sandy, out of the clear blue sea. It seemed very like that of Malta, but of a yellower colour, and the city of Alexandria presented some large buildings and confused masses of houses behind a forest of masts, which concealed the greater portion of the town and its roadstead. A palatial building, very like a crystal palace, the walls of which seemed to be composed of window-glass, lay close to the roadstead outside the city: it was, I was informed, the summer palace of the viceroy's seraglio, and the constant residence of a portion of his harem.

What life there is in the harbour! What a variety of vessels, boats, nations, costumes, brilliant in colour as the Oriental sun! And how picturesque those Oriental figures! Our vessel is very soon surrounded by crowds of boats and people. Here comes one manned with about twenty rowers in military uniform, altogether white, in red caps with blue tassels: they are come to fetch away the Dutch Chargé d'Affaires and his lady, and cleave the waves with long oars and military measure. A tall figure stands in command at the stern; he wears a turban, and has a silvery white beard flowing in waves to his girdle, which consists of a silk shawl brilliant with all the colours of the rainbow, and out of which glance forth pistols and other weapons; he has a sabre by his side, and holds in his hand a tall silver-mounted staff, which appears rather as a staff of command than as a walking-stick. Other boats convey men in rich attire—gold- and silver-embroidered pelisses and turbans of all colours, white, green, and

parti-coloured. The countenances have a handsome, grave character, the noses are large but well-formed, aquiline; the eyes dark, of an oval cut, with strong, sharply defined eyebrows; the countenance oval, long, and thin rather than plump. Of women none are visible. These splendid figures are strongly contrasted by others of a very different character, which fill the boats here and there, and are for the most part rowers. Their clothing and turbans are of an earth or tobacco colour, their countenances are more round and very dark. They are Fellahs or Fellahins, as the labouring and agricultural class of the people are called. Amongst the throng which surrounds the vessel, and which endeavours, even by violence, to clamber up into it, offering their services or their wares, are also Moors, Negroes, people of all colours and in all costumes, a part of them in tatters, but always picturesque. The sun aids in draping them.

In one boat, quite close to the vessel, stood a solitary Fellahin. He had thrown off his cloak, and turned towards the rising sun, earnestly repeated his morning prayers, frequently throwing himself prostrate in the boat, the bottom of which he touched with his forehead. However much noise and confusion there might be amongst the others in his neighbourhood, it disturbed not his devotion.

I had brought letters with me from a kind American cosmopolite in Rome, as well as from other friends, both for Alexandria and Cairo; I now merely waited till the crowd of worldly and spiritual travellers should have left the vessel, in order myself to go quietly on shore. I intended to spend a week in Alexandria, and then proceed by railway—only six hours of time, as I was informed—to Cairo, where I would pass the winter, and towards spring make the journey to Jerusalem; if

possible, in company with some English or American acquaintance. Such was my plan. I was now, however, surprised by the intelligence of the plague having broken out in Egypt, of the Turkish quarantines, and of all the difficulties which any one landing here would have to encounter on their journey to Palestine. As to the plague, I had no fear for myself, but I had a very great unwillingness to be shut out from the Holy Land.

The Russian Princess, who had also wished to visit Egypt, was met by the same difficulties, and determined, in consequence, to give up Egypt and to continue her journey direct to Palestine. And when she learned that I had come to the same decision, she kindly offered, through Professor Lewison, that I should make the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem in company with her, and under protection of the escort which the Russian authorities would provide for her. It was an offer too good not immediately to decide my movements. I should by this means reach Jerusalem without danger of the Arab robbers, whilst the kindness of Professor Lewison, and his knowledge of the Hebrew and Arab languages, secured to me a protector which, for the first time during my journeyings, I felt it best not to dispense with. His goodness and his prudence, of which I have had more than one proof during the time we have been fellow-travellers, together with the agreeable manners of the Princess, made me thankful to accept the offer.

And now everything is said and done. In the morning, or rather the night, we continue our journey by the *Borysthène* to Jaffa—a voyage of four-and-twenty hours—and I have to-day seen for the first and last time the land of Isis and Osiris. I cast longing glances across to the yellow sandy hills, where long trains of

camels are slowly moving onward, and where in the neighbourhood of Alexandria shine forth shadowy, green parks. I would so willingly, so willingly see somewhat more of that wonderful old country! But it is not to be, and perhaps it is best as it is. Instead of remaining this winter stationary at Cairo, I shall now be at Jerusalem; instead of my soul being occupied by many objects, I shall devote all my powers to the study of *one*—the only one necessary for me, and for all.

On board the Borysthène, January 19th.—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament proclaims his handiwork!"

It is not in the power of words to describe the beauty of the day and the scenery. We steamed over the Syrian sea towards the east, towards the land of the morning, and in what light? I think I never before saw the sun so glowing, so bright, never before beheld so pure the colours of heaven and of ocean. The sea is dark blue with light curling waves, raising here and there their small foam-crested heads, like white lilies out of the deep. One might say that the sea was in blossom. The air resembles that of a beautiful May-day in Sweden. Some scattered clouds, which now and then gather above our heads, sink more and more towards the west, whilst the eastern half of the heavenly vault is bright as the brightest diamond. We see nothing but sky and sea; but the light-blue sky above the dark-blue sea seems so gentle, so calm and peaceful, as if there could never again be tempest. And the air, the light!—I have not passed such a day for weeks, never a day under such a glowing sun—so it seems to me.

We left the harbour of Alexandria in the morning. The yellow shores of Africa were bathed in sunlight during the full hour that they still remained in sight.

Standing on the upper deck with my map of Egypt and Palestine in my hand (that of Dr. Phillips), I contemplated, with the Princess, the receding celebrated sites; Aboukir, the scene of the great naval engagement between France and England which immortalized Nelson; Rosetta, at the embouchure of one of the channels of the Nile, formerly famous for its prosperity and bath, now a fading rose, like so many other Oriental flowers. Fever prevails there, and the houses, deserted, fall into ruins. Yet still are the gardens of Rosetta beautiful, and they shine out green amongst the white houses on the shore, between the sea and the Nile—the Nile which I cannot see.

I have remained the whole day on deck; have conversed a little with the Princess, who is natural and handsome, pious and unassuming, and with the Professor, who is full of humour, kind, and clever; but I have been for the most part silent, with a sense of devotion in presence of the grand, glorious natural scenes of the day. Words cannot express what have been my feelings. I have not been able either to read or to write, and I now pen a few lines solely that I may repose for a moment from the overflowing sense of life. To be voyaging in this manner, in such an atmosphere, under such a sky—I see a fatherly eye glancing upon me from it—and to voyage to the land whence arose the spiritual Sun of humanity—it is almost too great a happiness!

In the Evening.—We see Palestine. It lies before us on the eastern horizon, like a lofty cloud-veiled land; and seen in the clear moonlight above the light mist which rests upon the sea, it looks as if floating in the air. We advance towards it very slowly, because there is danger from the shallows along the shore, especially in the uncertain moonlight. We could not in any case

land before morning. We must remain through the night outside the dangerous roadstead of Jaffa, which has no harbour. Thank God that it is so calm.

It is now eleven o'clock, and through the whole day the weather has been exquisite—full of solemn grandeur. Such was the spectacle of the sunset. The scattered clouds, which had gathered towards the west, arranged themselves into symmetrical figures of temples and palaces, with arcades and colonnades—one might say the structures of Oriental temples. The sun sent to us his last beaming glance through a lofty portal of golden cloud. It looked just as if it were going down into the palace. When these golden forms paled in the west, the full moon stood aloft beaming upon the eastern heaven. The evening was splendid.

I walked upon the deck in the clear moonlight with good Professor Lewison, who related to me the history of his conversion to Christianity. He must have been the first man who became a Christian by means of David Strauss, the critical author of *Das Leben Jesu,* but so he related the affair. Lewison was a rabbi and theological teacher in a Jewish high-school in Germany when the celebrated work of Strauss came out. The talk and excitement which it occasioned induced the learned rabbi to read the book; this reading induced him to study those writings which it criticised. He now read for the first time the Gospels and the writings of the Apostles, and became so convinced by the life of Jesus, which he there found portrayed, and above all by the personal character with which they presented Him, that he became a Christian in faith and profession. And few Christian thinkers seem to me to have comprehended more ardently or more deeply the heart of the Christian doctrine than this converted rabbi.

Still later, I went alone on deck, and saw through the windows of the saloon, which is on deck, the handsome Princess, seated at the tea-table, by the light of the gas, in conversation with the Professor and the captain of the steamer—a very little man, no taller than myself, but a clever little man and commander—pleased myself with the beautiful picture, with my own freedom and peace, with the great night-lamp above my head, and the prospect eastward. To-morrow I shall see it much nearer. To-morrow!—Can there be a more delicious feeling than that of unspeakable gratitude!

Jaffa (*Palestine*), *20th of January*.—The crimson of morning was not earlier in the firmament than was I on deck to watch it ascend over Palestine. The sight could not have been more beautiful: a fire-coloured cloud, which took still more and more the splendour of the light, arched itself like a beaming bow over green hills adorned with palms and other trees. Close upon the shore lay, on high ground, a group of grey stone houses, roofed with low cupolas, and palm-trees rising up here and there amongst them. It was Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and one of the oldest cities of the world. (Its founder is said, I believe, to have been one of the sons of Noah.) Afar in the background, and bounding the horizon, a lofty dark-blue chain of hills arose, as level along their top as a wall. They were the hills of Judea, above which the sun soon ascended in splendour. Far to the left, a considerable ridge of mountains descended from the land down towards the sea. It was Mount Carmel, between Samaria and Galilee. Still farther inland, in the same direction, appeared a lofty, snow-topped mountain, the name of which I could not learn; it was supposed to

be one of the mountains of Samaria round Nablus—the ancient Sichem—Ebal, or Gerizim.* And beyond the lofty blue wall of mountain on the horizon lay, still to us invisible, Jerusalem.

Soon after sunrise the vessel was surrounded with boats and turbans, or red fezes. The son of a Jewish innkeeper of Jaffa conducted me and some of my fellow-passengers on land. He was obliged to use considerable manual force to make way for us through the inquisitive throng, mostly boys and girls, dressed in the Oriental style, and many of them in rags, which massed themselves into a thick crowd like a swarm of bees. Arrived at the gates of the town, we were obliged to force our way through a crush of camels, asses, and their drivers. At length the throng of men and beasts became less; and after clambering up wretched flights of stone steps, through narrow and dirty streets, we reached the house of the Jew Brudner, where it was very agreeable to refresh myself with a good breakfast of coffee, rice, eggs, and bread.

From the roof of the house the stranger enjoys an extensive prospect over the town, the surrounding gardens —very celebrated—and the circumjacent plains of sand. Because, immediately where the palm- and orange-groves, which have been planted by man, cease, there commences the desert and its sand. The sea on the west, and the mountains on the east, form the background of this vast panorama, in the contemplation of which, in the enlivening, cherishing light of the sun, I passed a great part of the day.

* From the form and position of the mountain, I am now convinced that it was Mount Hermon, which, nevertheless, it is asserted, cannot be seen from Jaffa. But the day was unusually clear, and I can see with extraordinary precision to a great distance.—*Author's note, added later.*

Accompanied by one of the young sons of the house, who is a native of this place, and, speaking German, was able to answer my many questions, I have made an excursion outside the town-gate on the road to Jerusalem, and visited some of the large gardens.

It is a remarkable spectacle which is presented by the market-place, or place of resort, outside the town-gate. I had seen at Malta the Oriental, on a visit in Europe, wandering in apple-pie order along the streets. Here I saw him at home, with his everyday manners upon him, and quite at his ease. And here, in the general thoroughfare from the harbour to Jerusalem, all kinds of Oriental people seem to have come together. You see them of every shade of colour and variety of costume, selling, buying, smoking, walking about, sitting, or lying in the sunshine, on the warm sand or green turf, amidst great piles of golden fruits, sugar-cane, dates, cakes, and many other things, surrounded by hedges of cactus, or under huge fig-trees. Copts, Abyssinians, and Nubians were here assembled with Turks, Arabs, Jews, Russians, Armenians, and Greeks. In the meantime, caravans with camels, asses, and horses pass along in procession either to or from Jerusalem. It is enough to make one's brain dizzy. There are here also a number of women in their peculiar masquerade costume. There go groups of Turkish ladies, enveloped from head to foot in cloaks of white woollen stuff, and countenances covered by an impenetrable gauze veil, some black, some yellow, some of a flowery pattern. They assemble together on a height near the town, upon the bare turf of which one sees some white monuments and columns. It is the Turkish burial-place of the town, and as it is Friday (the Turkish sabbath), the women are going, according to custom, to visit the graves of

their friends or relatives. And woe to the Jew or the Christian who should venture amongst these ghost-like figures around the graves. Here pass along women from Egypt, who cover the nose with a kind of shield fastened by a ribbon across the forehead, and reaching down over the mouth. This nose-covering is hung with small silver coins and other finery, with which they also border the forehead and sometimes the whole countenance, which, with the extraordinary nose decoration, takes the form of a snout. This ornamented snout has a hideous appearance, especially as such portions of the countenance as are visible are very dark of hue. Others—white women—go about without veils, with flowers and trumpery finery in their hair, and the bosom wholly uncovered, which does not look more beautiful. Others, again, have the lower part of the face, as high as the tip of the nose, covered up, whilst the unimpeded eyes gaze around full of vivacity and curiosity.

There were amongst the men many magnificent figures, some of them in splendid costume, who were mounted on handsome horses; others there were sitting in groups at their ease, by the tents or by the heaps of fruit, talking and smoking their long tschibouks. The many-coloured turbans and girdles, the splendid silk shawls thrown loosely round the neck, the infinite variety of figures and splendid colouring in this picture, over which the sun shone in full summer power, made it for me dazzling and captivating at the same time. I should like to have seen it again and again, day after day. The camels, which lay in long lines on their knees in the sand, or passed in procession one after the other along the road, bearing their heads so loftily, and looking so grand and dignified whilst they carried their immense

burdens on their backs and bowed their knees obedient to their driver's command, even if he were merely a little boy, amused me greatly; so did also the novel cries and sounds uttered by men and beasts.

The celebrated gardens of Jaffa are portions or sections of a vast park which extends in a semicircle round the south-eastern side of the town. Lemon- and orange-trees, date-palms, figs, pomegranates, and many another Oriental tree and shrub, grew there without either plan or order. In the midst of these, the princes of vegetation, one now and then comes upon a humble cabbage-garden or little turnip-field. Paths there are none—the ground is as uneven and full of holes as the Italian Mazzerias around Naples. It is a kind of poetical wilderness full of golden fruits, but where it is impossible to walk without stooping or making a path for oneself between the branches of the trees. We were accompanied by a pretty, dark-complexioned Arab girl, whom I asked, through my interpreter, how old she was. She replied that she did not know, that "she did not count years." She might, I fancy, have been ten or twelve years old.

I will relate two scenes from the domestic life of Jaffa which I witnessed, but which did not speak well for it.

I saw in one of the narrow streets of the town a tall girl lying down on her face before a house, crying and making a lamentation. A woman with the look of a fury rushed from the door of the house and dragged the girl in by the bare feet. The girl kicked and made a resistance, lifting up her head in so doing, and revealing a countenance which seemed to me handsome, though disfigured with blood which ran from the nose. The fury-like woman, who had retreated in-doors, now again came forth with a great stick in her hand, and

lifting up the young girl, dragged and pushed her into the house, where I suspect the unfortunate was treated to a beating. Nobody in the street seemed to regard this scene as anything unusual, or as in any way deserving their attention.

The second scene I have just witnessed from my window.

Exactly opposite is a Turkish dwelling with a piazza, under the broad shadow of which a Turk in a green turban has been promenading with majestic steps, with his tschibouk in his mouth. At no great distance from him are two windows, from which I saw some female heads peep forth. As twilight came on, the shutters of one of these windows were closed, but the other remained open—I presume, contrary to the commands of his highness, the master of the house, because all at once I heard sounds as if somebody's ears were being boxed, shrieks, loud voices, partly quarrelling, partly lamenting; I saw at the same time the grave Turk moving his legs about very much as if he were practising the exercise of kicking; the shutters were hastily closed, the voices were silenced or suppressed. I fancied I could still hear them lamenting and complaining behind the closed shutters, and the Turk in his green turban and quilted silk caftan was again walking in solitary majesty on his piazza, smoking his long pipe. I asked my cicerone to-day what might probably have occasioned this scene. He shrugged his shoulders and replied, that "it was best not to trouble oneself about one's neighbours."

It is evening. My good Professor has just been to pay his respects to me. Firstly, the Princess will to-morrow, at noon, leave this place and proceed to Ramleh—a little town on the road to Jerusalem—

where we shall pass the night. The road thither—that is, from Ramleh—is both heavy and dangerous, a journey of ten hours. This, and the fact that the journey must be made on horseback with Arab saddles—that is to say, men's saddles—make me secretly tremble and ask, "How is it to be done?" I have, without, of course, being able to try them, engaged the two horses which they have brought here for me, one for myself, the other for my luggage. They are both ugly, but I am assured that they are safe and accustomed to the road. I am promised two boys also as leaders of the horses, and—I prepare for the journey, not without anxiety, but without any doubt.

They still point out in Jaffa the house of the tanner where Peter had the wonderful vision or dream which opened his eyes with regard to God's call to all men without distinction of persons, and which led him, the Jew and the Christian apostle, to the house of the Roman, the heathen Cornelius. I do not believe that this is the very house, but very probably the circumstance of its being now and for many years inhabited by a tanner, has given to it its name and celebrity; but I firmly believe in the truth of the words with which the vision inspired Peter:—

"Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him!" And he is led by Him from the one elucidation of truth to another, like good Cornelius.

With this faith in my soul, I enter upon the ancient soil of Asia, and contemplate its manifold races.

If I were but at Jerusalem! They talk a great deal about the difficulties and dangers of the way, of many travellers who have fallen with their horses and broken their arms or legs! Even the Professor ——

FOURTH STATION.

In Jerusalem—Review of the Journey from Jaffa—Our Caravan—My solitary Journey—New Dignity—The Beauty of the Atmosphere and the Landscape—Arrival at Ramleh—Fatiguing Day's Journey—Arrival at Jerusalem—The Pilgrims and the Holy Sepulchre—The Mount of Olives and Gethsemane—The Jews' Day of Lamentation—Divine Service in the Evangelical Church—Ramble through the Valleys of Hinnom, Kedron, and Jehoshaphat—Bethany.

JERUSALEM, *Jan. 24th*, 1859.—

> "I lift my hands rejoicing
> To God's hill and house!"—

unspeakably thankful to have arrived safely in Jerusalem, to be able here in a quiet dwelling to rest from weariness and danger, and with a glance free as a bird to look around me spiritually and physically.

I am in Jerusalem, I am living on the Hill of Zion, on King David's hill, and from the windows and roof of my loftily situated dwelling—the Hotel Rosenthal—I can look over the ancient memorable city—the home of the greatest memories of humanity, the object of so many bloody combats, so many pilgrimages; the subject of so many songs of praise and lamentation; the symbol for all times—in the light of the Apocalypse—

of the city of God, which the human heart is ever seeking, towards which all the wanderers on earth are yearning, though they may not give to it the same name! Because we all yearn towards a home of light, of freedom and perfection, and there is, in every human breast, a voice which silently cries:—

"JERUSALEM! JERUSALEM!"

But the holy glorious city which the Seer of Patmos beheld descending from heaven, prepared as a bride for her husband, brilliant with noble pearls and precious stones, with the pure river on the shores of which the tree of life bears twelve different kinds of fruit, for the healing of the nations; the city in which also the glory and honour of the nations are introduced, in which all the pomp and beauty of the earth is assembled, where there is no more night, neither any weeping nor death, neither anything which can do evil, because the Lord God Almighty is Himself the temple therein and the light therein, and the nations and all who are saved shall walk in His light,*—that Jerusalem is a long, long way from the earthly Jerusalem into which I will conduct you, if you will accompany me on my journey thither from Jaffa, on the 21st and 22nd of this month.

"To horse!" such was the terrible command which I obeyed with beating heart, yet with determination, as I took my seat, in man's fashion, on the Arabian saddle. But, oh! my astonishment and delight. I find myself, when seated, as comfortable and as much at my ease as if in an arm-chair (and as I never before found myself on an English lady's-saddle, mounted on an ass), and the stirrups—as large as a

* Revelation of St. John, xxi. 22.

pair of shoe-soles—are very convenient as supports to my feet; in a word, I sit so perfectly at ease on my Rosinante, that I myself can hardly comprehend it. But the Arab saddle is very easy, and is provided, both back and front, with an elevated support, which serves as a something to hold fast by as one clambers into one's seat.

The good Professor was very much amused to see me riding "like any other fellow," and laughed heartily. It was one o'clock in the day when we passed out of the gate of Jaffa into the throng of Oriental figures, men, women and children, camels and asses, on the road to Jerusalem. The sun shone intensely hot. We found the Princess and her escort waiting for us under a large fig-tree, which, standing just where the road turns, spreads out its broad, shadowy, and huge branches. From this point our train got in motion. First, rode the Princess, in an easy and picturesque riding attire, very becoming to her magnificent figure, attended by two gentlemen of the Russian consulate. Then came four well-armed Arab horsemen, or kavasses, the Professor, myself, and the horses with the baggage, all somewhat helter-skelter.

The road for about an hour continued between aloe-hedges and gardens, in which beautiful Oriental trees and fruits grew luxuriantly; then we came to sandy plains and hills where there was not a trace of vegetation. At this place, just at the commencement of the desert-region, the boy, who had hitherto walked beside my horse, suddenly disappeared; consequently my horse, now left to itself, without the cry of the driver, fell behind. Soon after this catastrophe, the second boy, who had charge of the horse with my baggage, also disappeared, and the horse with him; after which I soon lost sight of all my fellow-travellers,

and found myself quite solitary with my Rosinante progressing slowly along the sandy desert by the side of a dismal little lake, the shallow waters of which were made muddy by a violent wind which was now rising. It was not a very pleasant situation, especially as the wind drove the sand in eddies, and I could not see a single trace of any path. My honest Rosinante, however, seemed to know the road, and endeavoured without doubt, though very leisurely, to make its way towards some lofty sand-hills whence a train of camels was advancing towards me. Arrived on the hill, I found Abhul Kavasse, the chief of the escort, a Turk of such a good and honest appearance and manner as to awaken entire confidence, looking after me, and from this time he took care that the train continued in some degree all together.

We rode over the Plain of Sharon, some parts of which were uncultivated, and here and there scattered with small villages, where palm-trees rose above the cupola-roofed grey stone houses. Large herds of goats and sheep were tended by shepherds on both sides of the road. The dark-blue mountain chain of Judea rose continually before us; but it was not until the following day that we entered upon its passes and stony deserts. The road across the plain was firm and good, although there was not any road, properly so called. Turbaned figures on horseback, on foot, or on camels, alone or in small companies, frequently met us, and mostly with a friendly greeting. The day was glorious, and the whole of this day's journey would have afforded me the greatest pleasure if I could only have felt more secure in my equestrian skill and in my Rosinante. But it was probably an old cavalry-horse, and when the kavasses rode past, clattering their arms, it made all kinds of side-leaps and curvettes,

which frightened no little a poor unaccustomed horse-woman like myself. At the same time it was sluggish, and required continual driving. It had in it nothing of the Arab horse excepting its nice feet and its easy action. I obtained, however, praise for my equestrian skill from the kind Professor, who had a brotherly solicitude about me.

Towards evening we came within sight of the palms and minarets of Ramleh, which seemed to give us a kindly welcome, though, as yet, from a great distance. It was evident that we should not arrive before twilight. I was not in the most comfortable state of mind, sitting on my freakish horse, now sluggish and now all too vivacious; but the indescribable beauty of the evening, when the sun sank behind us in the west, the pure colour and serenity of the vault of heaven—which I cannot compare to anything but blue light—the radiant alternations of colour on the mountains before me, and all round the horizon where they melted into each other like the tones of beautiful music, the forms of the palm-trees which stood grouped here and there, and the unspeakable deliciousness of the air—that glorious characteristic of the East, with which I now, for the first time, became acquainted—which I could, however, appreciate—I drank it in with my glances, I inhaled it with my breath, into my deeply-moved and grateful heart.

The Princess, young, strong, and accustomed to riding, and who, besides, was mounted on a fleet-footed steed, rode far ahead with her two gentlemen. The Professor and I, with the others, came more leisurely afterwards. Just as twilight began to darken we rode through the gate and narrow streets of Ramleh.

I was lifted safe and sound from my horse by honest Abhul, but it was at first with difficulty that I could

either stand or walk, so stiff was I with my ride. The stiffness, however, went off in a few minutes. Our quarters were in the Greek convent of the town, where we found the Princess already established, and sitting in a large, warm, and well-lighted apartment, with divans around the walls. Just opposite to her sat a tall old man with a long beard and a grave countenance. It was the Archimandrite, the prior of the convent. A crowd of gentlemen, or servants, in various Oriental costumes, filled the room on the side where the door opened. One of them, dressed like a Bedouin, and with a variety of arms in his girdle, stepped forth and greeted the Professor with beaming glances, who in his turn welcomed him with the cordial exclamation—

"O Ali, my Ali!"

It was his former dragoman from Jerusalem, who had come hither to meet him.

We were regaled with preserved fruits and fresh water—an Oriental custom—as well as with some remarkably good Cypress wine, which was handed round to us by a very pretty Greek—notwithstanding her close envelopments—probably the Archimandrite's servant. After this came an excellent supper, in honour of the Russian Princess. And when this was over she kindly offered me her arm for a promenade on the lofty stone terraces of the convent. The starry heavens were magnificent. Orion beamed above our heads. But I looked around in vain for the Great Bear—our Charles's Wain, which careers so proudly across the starry heavens of Sweden. It seemed to have vanished. At length I discovered its hindmost star-wheel, which seemed to be ascending with difficulty above the horizon.

The night—I shall not say much about its deliciousness in that Oriental bed, which seemed to me full of

cabbage-heads and *piccole bestie.* I was glad when I heard, yet before day dawned, the voice of the Professor, which summoned the camp to break up. And when I came out of my dark cell, behold! there laughed the morning star just opposite to me, so bright, so brilliantly beautiful, that it seemed heart-invigorating.

We drank coffee *à la Turque;* that is say, very much sweetened, black, and strong, without milk, in little cups: after which we returned our thanks for the hospitable accommodation of the night, for which we could not offer payment. The Princess, however, as she gracefully bowed over the Archimandrite's hand, which she kissed, whilst with the other he made the sign of the cross on her forehead, stole into it a gift *per il monasterio,* which he did not hesitate to receive.

It was not yet broad daylight when we were all once again on our horses, and now I found myself quite at home and comfortable in my Arab saddle; my Rosinante had also become quite rational, and gained ever more and more of my confidence. We still rode over the Plain of Sharon—*valley,* as it is also called, is an incorrect term—and the mountains of Judea rose before us, ever nearer, and, as it seemed, ever higher also. The morning light dyed the little clouds that floated dreamily above the sunrise of rosy red and gold. The light flashed up above the edge of the dark-blue wall, and the sun sprang up clear as lightning. It was magnificent, but its blaze dazzled me, and an icy wind began to blow from the mountains. It was, however, a trivial inconvenience.

This road is in rainy weather extremely difficult, because the horses become fixed in the clay ground, which is worked up into a sticky mass, so that it is scarcely possible to get along; and such weather is not rare at this season of the year. The heavens were now

bright and beaming, and the ground dry and firm. For two full hours we rode over the plain, extensive and uniform as prairie-land in America, evidently fertile, but only here and there under cultivation. During the whole way we met, as we had done on the preceding day, people both on horseback and on foot, and sometimes trains of twelve or fifteen camels laden with people and goods, some of whom were coming from, others going to Jerusalem. The great variety in the costume and physiognomy of the people—a number of women also were amongst the travellers—indicating that they belonged to dissimilar races, made the spectacle entertaining.

The road between Jaffa and Jerusalem is much frequented from Christmas to Easter, especially by Christian pilgrims from the Turkish and Russian provinces, who then go on pilgrimage to the Holy City. There is consequently, particularly during the day, no danger from robbers at this time, for the great Bedouin Sheik, and former chief of the robbers, Abugosch, whose property and village lie upon this road, has bound himself, at the risk of his head, to be responsible to the Sultan for the security of the Christian pilgrims on this road. Besides, he has, it is said, become the friend of the Christians through one of his wives, whom he took during his imprisonment in Turkey. He was there condemned to death on account of his many murders, but having received pardon through the interference of the Christian consuls, and on certain conditions, he is now converted from the most dangerous enemy of the Christians into their protector. Nevertheless, one of our Arab horsemen rode every now and then on his fleet-footed steed with his drawn weapons, over the hills, around our little caravan, to ascertain whether any danger threatened it; which was very amusing to wit-

ness, because these Arab horses represent some kind of four-footed birds flying away over hills, bushes, and hollows. The greatest peril of the way, for the present, is lest the horses, in clambering up the hills, should stumble and fall, and thus the rider receive an injury. It is an accident which has frequently happened, and which befell the Professor only last autumn on his way to Jaffa. But they praise the safety of the horses, and lay all the blame upon the dreadful roads.

The sun began to be burning hot after we entered the mountain-passes, and in that portion of the road which is especially difficult. It was certainly very bad, but not nearly as dangerous as I had imagined from the descriptions which had been given to me, especially as the horses really have the talent of goats in clambering up and down amongst the rocks. My Rosinante behaved incomparably well on this occasion, and I began to feel myself all the safer upon him, though so very weary that I was glad to dismount and rest for awhile during breakfast.

Our halt was made in a wild desert tract. The Princess sat at the foot of a heap of stones, and distributed to her fellow-travellers, with her own beautiful hand, bread and cheese, eggs, and meat, together with wine in a silver cup, out of the stores which the convent had provided for her by the way. The Arabs, the while, stood around us immovable with their horses.

After half an hour we remounted, not again to rest before we reached Jerusalem. The Arab-boy, Dahud, who conducted my baggage-horse—my second Arab attendant had altogether disappeared—and a few of the kavasses now and then, struck up an unharmonious screaming song, which I yet liked to hear, because it showed that they felt at their ease. To this music and the shrill admonitory cry to the horses, *Yeah! Jeh!* we

proceeded up and down amongst mountains and hills which here and there were overgrown with brushwood, but for the most part bare and covered with stones. The horses picked their way as well as they could, and it was the safest also to leave them entirely to their own discretion; my Rosinante, however, was the while strongly tempted by every little green bit of vegetation, and the Professor's shout *Vorwärts, Vorwärts!* obliged me, both with the cry *Yeah! Jeh!* and by the blow of the stirrup, to urge onwards my sluggish or wearied beast.

The Princess rode ahead with the gentlemen; the baggage-horses and the guards followed. We soon lost sight of them. The Professor and I, conducted by Abhul, were left behind, which was all very well as far as the quietness and tranquillity of the journey were concerned. The Professor was in his best humour, and called me *Sitti*—the Arab term for a lady of consideration—*Fredrika;* whereupon I called him *Kavasche* (gentleman) *Basilio,* according to the Oriental custom of addressing a person simply by his baptismal name. Kavasse Abhul, the responsible leader of our caravan, when he heard me addressed as Sitti Fredrika, asked the Professor if I were a relation of the "Sultan of Prussia, who was named Frederick?"

"Yes," replied the Professor, gravely; "yes, a distant relation of that Sultan!"

He then related to me my new dignity, and was indescribably amused at the fancy. As a distant relative of the King of Prussia I continued to go on my way, and from that time received considerably more attention from Abhul. This handsome and stately man, Abhul, had already escorted above ten thousand pilgrims to Jerusalem, and had obtained, in consequence, a medal of honour from the Sultan.

The sun was burning hot, not a breath of wind was

to be felt, and the way became more and more hilly and difficult. I endeavoured to keep up my courage; laughed at the Professor's merry fancies; listened to his learned explanations of old names and places; to his lectures on the art of riding amongst these steeps, how one should lean back in descending them, and forward whilst they are being climbed; I gave the Arab salutation, *Marhabbah!* (peace be with you) to the Arabs whom we met, and who generally most kindly returned the greeting; but, spite of all, I began to be inconceivably weary. Sometimes, when we had reached the heights, vast prospects opened over the plain which we had passed, and the sea beyond, which was enlivening for the moment.

When we were at no great distance from Abugosch, the village where the celebrated Bedouin Sheik of the same name has his residence, some of the Professor's friends came riding towards us at a brisk trot, together with one of his faithful Arab servants. The joy of this meeting was great on both sides. In the pleasure of conversing with his friends, my good Professor, who had been the whole day urging *Vorwärts, vorwärts!* now himself fell behind; and *Sitti Fredrika* was committed to the care of a Mr. Thiele, the superintendent of the German hospital at Jerusalem, and who now was to conduct her safe and sound to the Holy City. He himself would come on afterwards.

The Professor is somewhat corpulent; and probably, after his former fall from his horse, was not very courageous in riding, however merry he may appear to be, or really is. God bless the kind man, however, for the real brotherly care which he took the whole way of the hitherto to him unknown—*Sitti.*

It was quite alone that, following Mr. Thiele's horse at some distance from Abugosch—which looked

like a regular robbers' nest—that I advanced up to Jerusalem. And up, and for ever up, we went along gradually ascending hills covered with round stones; the whole country was a regular Arabia Petrea. Jerusalem lies high—nearly three thousand feet above the sea—and the road seemed to become steeper and more difficult as the day drew towards its close. Mr. Thiele urged me to push on, because the gates of Jerusalem were closed early, and we were yet a long way from the city; and I urged forward my horse, which only would go at its own slow pace. The clouds during the day had gathered above our heads, which was an advantage to us, because they mitigated the oppressive heat of the sun; but towards evening they became thick, and threatened rain.

Again came a hill, and again another, and still a third—and yet there was no Jerusalem to be seen—should we ever reach it? And the region around was colourless, and bare, and stony, as if under a curse. And now a fine rain began, with wind from the west; and the sun, at his setting, threw a radiant bow across a beautiful valley—the valley of Calonia—on the left of the road, which lit up the high land before us. It was quite encouraging. Then came a steep ascent between rocks, really dangerous. The Professor had prepared me for it, and recommended me here to dismount, and ascend it on foot. But Mr. Thiele advised me rather to remain on the horse, and I obeyed, because I was obliged to do so, as I had no chivalric Abhul at hand to lift me, like a child, off and on my horse again. And all went well in the end, although the road, which sometimes lay along abysses, and was hardly broad enough for the horses' feet, did not inspire a feeling of the greatest security. In this way we reached a charming dale planted with orange-trees — a little

paradise in the midst of the desert. Then came again a long hill to be climbed, and when it is climbed—

"Look! there is Jerusalem!" exclaims Mr. Thiele.

And I see before me, across the plain, to the right, a lofty, grey, dentated wall, within which rise a minaret, some grey towers and cupolas, a convent-like building, and some dark cypresses. The rest of the city is concealed by the descent upon which it lies. That is Jerusalem! Behind the city ascends a lofty, olive-covered height. That is the Mount of Olives. To the right, far off in the background, extends a long, dark, purple-tinted chain of hills. Those are the hills of Moab, on the other side of Jordan. The grey walls and towers of Jerusalem stood up clear before this dark background. The city looked wonderfully silent and sorrowful—like a shadow amongst shadows! Yet there rested above it a soft light from the sunset sky. I could have fancied I heard the soft prophetic words—

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people! Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem," &c.*

The lofty plain over which we now rode was desolate and uninhabited. My horse, which had a sense of his approaching quarters, now began to trot on so vigorously that it was with difficulty I could check his ardour. On the last little ascent to the city he tripped, and fell to his knees for a second, but recovered himself without damage; and without farther misadventure we rode into Jerusalem through the still open Jaffa-gate, having already met various persons in the European dress who inquired after Professor Lewison, who seems to have many friends here. Guards surrounded this gate, and a comfortable watch-fire burned within.

* Isaiah, xl. i.

Five minutes later, and I was at the quarters which were prepared for me. Mr. Thiele had here the kindness to lift me from my horse, upon which I had now been seated for ten hours, and to conduct me into the house, for in the first instance I could neither stand nor walk unsupported. And how delightful it was to be here received with the most considerate care by a kind hostess, to refresh myself with a cup of excellent tea, to have a warm bath for my wearied limbs, then to go to rest in a good bed, and then—to know that I had safely arrived in Jerusalem!

This thought kept me joyous and full of gratitude during a severe attack of headache, consequent upon the fatigue of the journey, and which continued through my first Sunday in Jerusalem.

The Princess had spent the whole of the first night of her arrival in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I have not yet seen it. It is not to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre here that my pilgrimage has been made, nor do I look there for the Holy One.

"He is not here; he is risen!" said the angel at the sepulchre.

I am the only guest in my hotel—a perfect labyrinth of small stone houses, steps, and terraces—but this gives me the advantage of the entire enjoyment of the large saloon and its expansive view, as well as being able to ramble about the labyrinthine castle undisturbed.

I can look, from the terraces or the roof, over the whole city, with all its chief points of interest—the Holy Sepulchre, and the magnificent Mosque of Omar, standing on the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon; the hills around the city; the Mount of Olives, on the summit of which is a Turkish mosque, and in the background the dark chain of the hills of Moab. A few palm-trees raise their beautiful crowns above the

grey stone walls of the low cupolas. The most prevailing trees, which here and there, break the monotonous grey, are cypresses. One beautiful tall date-palm whispers beside my chamber window. Olives and fig-trees grow upon the hills around the city, but these also are sparsely scattered. Very different must the neighbourhood of Jerusalem have appeared at the time when King David and the Prophets sung there the glories of nature, and derived thence beautiful symbols for a future kingdom of peace, joy, and perfection. Now these hills look naked, and, as it were, peeled, and the city is like a collection of sepulchral monuments.

But—to-day the heavens are arched high, and clear blue, above the earth, which seems waiting for spring; the air is fresh and delicious; hundreds of sparrows are twittering on the roof, and to me there is a solemnity in having my abode upon the hill, where the poets of Zion poured forth their immortal songs, which have ever since, and to this day constitute the most spiritual songs of all spiritual poetry; songs from which the sacred hymns of all Christian peoples are derived; which still, at the present day, strengthen, comfort, and console the wanderers on earth, whether beneath the snowy heavens of the Polar Circle or the burning sun of the Tropics, everywhere on earth where the human heart learns to know itself, life, and its highest necessity—God!

The 25th.—I have to-day visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is situated at only ten minutes' distance from my residence. Luther may be quite right when he says:—

"God cares as much for the sepulchre in which the Lord lay, and which the Turks are possessed of, as he does for all the cows in Switzerland."

"But it is befitting men and Christians to feel differently. Is it not a dear privilege to go to the graves of our beloved, to decorate them with flowers as a sign of our faithful remembrance of them, and by these to remind us of what the departed were to us? This is natural, lovely, and right, as long as we do not merely stop at the grave, but accept it for what it is, the last earthly resting-place of the beloved before the morning of his resurrection, for the spot whence his dust speaks to us of the transitoriness of life, and of life's higher purpose. The grave of my Saviour, of my greatest Benefactor, the chamber in which my Lord and Master lay, could not be indifferent to me, even if I did not seek for Him—not even his dust—there. But I had read critical inquiries of learned and even of pious men as to the probability of the Church of the Sepulchre being, as it is declared, built upon the ancient Golgotha, and they who denied it seemed to me to be correct. And this belief became a certainty when, from my terrace on the Hill of Zion, I contemplated the place, whence I saw towering up the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre. Because, the royal Jewish residence, there is no doubt, stood upon Mount Zion; how, then, could one believe that "the place of a skull" lay in such close proximity to the royal abode, that the kings and queens of Judah should continually have had it under their eyes? Besides, the Holy Scripture says Christ was crucified outside of the city wall. I am not aware that it has ever been questioned as to whether that portion of Jerusalem which is called the Hill of Zion be actually the old Mount Zion or not, but the old foundation, and its situation with regard to the Valley of Hinnom and other localities, place it beyond a doubt. If, however, the place where the Church of the Sepulchre now stands

should have lain outside the city wall, then the city, which in the time of Herod was large and populous, must have been precisely in this important quarter—that of Zion—quite unnaturally narrow. It was thus, without the slightest faith, that I went to the sepulchre of Christ—that I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The way thither led through narrow, miserably-paved streets, where a number of pilgrims of all nations, together with Arabs, Turks, Jews, asses, horses, camels, caused a confusion and crowd through which it was not easy, and sometimes even it was dangerous, to pilot one's way. These streets are full of small shops and booths, where Armenian traders sell rosaries, candles, Jericho roses, and many other things which may attract pilgrims. The street which leads most directly to the Sepulchre church is called Via Nazarini. Outside the narrow gate of the court sat a great number of beggars, whether Mussulmans or Christians I know not. It was not without difficulty that I succeeded in passing through the gate and down a flight of steps, where a troop of the Turkish guard violently pressed forward through a crowd of pilgrims and sellers of rosaries, crosses, and all kinds of ornaments, who had encamped themselves on both sides of the way, and there spread out their wares. The court —a large, well-paved court—was also filled with these dealers, both male and female, and with their wares spread out upon the ground. Massive buildings reared their walls all around.

Let us now proceed through these old, venerable gates, to the chief building at the lower end, towards which the pilgrims direct their steps; lights glimmer within through the darkness.

The light, four tall wax candles, in candelabra, burn

around a marble slab or stone, which lies at the lower end of the dark vestibule. The pilgrims fall down and devoutly kiss this stone, which is said to be the one upon which the friends of the Saviour anointed his body with fragrant herbs and spices. The pious pilgrims press upon it again and again their lips and their foreheads. This over, a part of them go to the left, into the Church of the Sepulchre, and the rest to the right, up a lofty flight of steps which leads to the place of the crucifixion—Golgotha. We will follow the latter.

Hast thou ever, when reading the simple but affecting narrative given by the Evangelists of the scene on Golgotha, or, it may be, whilst listening to Haydn's graphic oratorio, *The Seven Words,* received a very deep impression of the character of this scene? Hast thou then, in spirit, seen the three crosses on the height, the guards, the disciples, the mother of our Lord, the crowd? Hast thou been brought to perceive the melancholy, deepening silence, the increasing darkness, amidst which fell the few words of the crucified—that wonderful discourse which penetrates the powers of heaven and of hell—that last cry, and the earthquake by which the veil of the Temple was rent? Hast thou felt and comprehended the unspeakable grandeur of the whole scene? Then wilt thou, when standing on the Calvary of the Holy Sepulchre, experience a painful sense of astonishment at the sight of the many-coloured lamps, and all the glitter and trumpery show which surround the unlovely image of the Crucified. Thou wilt merely see in it a childish spectacle of a tasteless and false character. Devotion or edification thou wilt not perceive in it. Yet, nevertheless, I experienced a certain emotion, a certain degree of edification, upon this Calvary, owing to the evidently deep devotion of the pilgrims. How

they came, these men and women, youths and maidens of all races of people, and in all kinds of costumes—wealthy rajahs in gold-brocaded, fur-trimmed pelisses—poor shepherds in goat-skin coats—and threw themselves down before the Crucified, and kissed the earth at his feet again and again! After which they went and kissed the place, and the painted pictures which were hung around. Moreover, it was quiet and silent up there; no one spoke, no one laughed or otherwise occupied himself than by his devotional adoration. All was done with the deepest earnestness, and the earnestness might be read upon every countenance. The peculiar illumination, which, owing to the dark-red and orange-coloured lamps, had a something bright, pleasing, and gloomy at the same time, and which did not yet destroy the effect of twilight, produced a very deep effect upon these children in spirit, little accustomed to this world's spectacle. It had to them a graphic effect.

You are shown here, through various apertures and holes, the place where "the real cross stood;" where the rock was rent—and you can put a stick down into the chink—and many other arrangements and decorations; all of which give—at least to me—the effect of petty contrivances. It was painful for me to linger about them, and I returned down into the vestibule. The sunshine streamed in through the open doors into the court, and lit up a group of Mohammedans in turbans and with long pipes, who sat smoking at their ease on a lofty divan under an alcove, on the left of the entrance. They were the guards of the place, and seemed to watch, not without amusement, the pilgrims who entered, making busily the sign of the cross over breast and forehead. We will now accompany these into the Church of the Sepulchre.

It is a large, beautiful rotunda, with a cupola which

reminds the traveller of the cupola of the old Pantheon at Rome. That, however, is still well preserved, but here the daylight enters through large, broken openings in the roof. I had long since noticed these neglected dilapidations, which may be seen from a great distance, and to my astonishment heard that they were of an old date, and that there was but little prospect of their speedy repair, because the Christians of the Greek and the Catholic churches disagreed as to whom the duty belonged, as well as to the right to the roof, which they could not agree to repair together. At the same time it is evident that rain and snow may enter to a great extent through these apertures, damage the church, and cause much inconvenience to the pilgrims. In the centre of the large rotunda is a chapel, or more properly speaking, a temple, built of marble, originally white, but now yellow through age. Massive wax-candles, in lofty massive silver candelabra, burn before it, and paintings and coloured lamps adorn its portal. There, it is said, is the Holy Sepulchre. Around the entrance sit and stand a number of pilgrims, some of whom are lame, blind, or crippled; and at certain times it is quite at the peril of life to attempt to enter, because the chamber is small, and there is no mode of exit excepting by the entrance, whilst the pilgrims force their way in like savages—which they sometimes are. I succeeded in getting in when the chapel was almost empty. In the ante-chamber, or the so-called Chapel of the Angel, stood a woman in a nun-like costume, who was making the sign of the cross without any intermission, incessantly bowing the body the while—I have heard that the sign of the cross will be sometimes made in this manner to the number of three hundred thousand, in ceaseless succession. And this is regarded as meritorious. The cross-signing nun seemed to be one of the

unwearied in the art. When, after a quarter of an hour, I returned out of the Sepulchre-chamber into the Angel's Chapel, she was still standing there, bowing and crossing herself.

You see in the chamber of the Sepulchre, besides a number of coarse pictures, a sarcophagus or stone-coffin, covered with a simple polished stone, and lit up by a number of lamps. This is said to be the Saviour's coffin. Three men entered whilst I was standing in the room. Men from the desert would not have had a more savage appearance; their forms and limbs were unusually large and coarse; their features strong and gloomy. They took off their fur caps—one of them had his head shaved and only one long lock of hair on the top—and bowed themselves and kissed over and over again the cold stone, and pressed against it their foreheads with an expression so earnest, so profound, that—it affected me.

Have we proved our wisdom by banishing from our rational Protestant Church every outward sign of devotional love; by standing rigid and stiff, where the Catholic and Greek Churches bend their knees and apply their ardent, adoring lips? I have my doubts on the subject. Yet the impulse of the spirit must be free, and not bound by custom and superstition.

The pilgrims usually ascend some steps from the sepulchre into a large, pleasant half-choir decorated with gilding, paintings, and a number of precious ornaments—the Greek Church proper. Here they kiss a large round marble-ball, which they call the *Navel stone*, said to mark the very centre of the earth. Small burning candles are also placed around it. After this they go and kiss many figures, statues, and places round the walls. The statues have all the same rigid, uniform character. The bishops have the same demeanour, the same noses and mouths,

and all lift their hands in the same way, with the thumb placed against the third finger. The Empress Helena seems here to be the ugliest of all the empresses.

I will not conduct you any farther around the many passages, galleries and chapels within the church, nor into the church of the Catholics there, because it contains nothing remarkable, and I am afraid that you are already tired of wandering about. We will again go out into the Rotunda, where a procession is being formed, and where we see priests, with crosses, lights, and banners, singing as they conduct the troop of pilgrims who accompany them round the Church of the Sepulchre and then out at the side of the vestibule. We will, however, linger a little while after them, partly to avoid the throng, and partly that we may give a little more attention to the singular figures which stand here and there along the walls of the church. They are dark in colour, and most of them enveloped in white long mantles or veils. They are children of Egypt, or of hot Abyssinia, Copts, Ethiopians; they are standing or sitting in the separate small chapels which belong to their various races, and seem to be deeply engrossed by some mummy-like species of devotion, and resemble mummies much more than living humanity. The Oriental asceticism is a sepulchral kind of life, and the Greek Church is still itself in a chrysalis state—a mummy on a grand scale. But within it dwells a sphynx. When will it burst its chrysalis?

And now we have had enough of the Church of the Sepulchre for to-day. Let us go out into the open air and the light. But, my R——, let us not, after all, look back with scorn upon the place where uncounted millions of our fellow-Christians have sought for, and seek, and find edification and consolation. Let us bear

in mind that this place is to them what the Scriptures are to us, a book in which they read the history of the last moments and the last conflict of our Benefactor. And let the place where He suffered and where He was buried be here or a little distance away, what does it matter? The drops of His blood have fallen upon this earth; His last sigh has been breathed forth; and in this earth His body has lain—in order to consecrate our resting-chamber in the bosom of earth to a new hope; it is enough to make this earth dear to our hearts and worthy of our regard, to make Jerusalem a Church of the Sepulchre above the holy grave. It ought not to offend us that one particular spot, before all others, should bear its name and become consecrated to its memory. Let us merely wish and recommend that above the entrance to the Sepulchre should be placed, in golden letters, the words—

"He is not here; He is risen!"

January 27th.—Even if all the sacred spots in and around Jerusalem should be criticised, and doubts raised as to their being such as tradition states them to be, even if the critic went, like the plough through the ground of Jerusalem, and overturned it all, streets and palaces, temples and towers, so that what is now still standing there should be proved, for the most part, to be built upon the ruin-heaps of the old city—and such is the state of things—yet, after all, there is near Jerusalem one spot, a celebrated spot, which neither plough nor critic could remove, nor the eternal peace of which they could ever disturb. This is the Mount of Olives. It rises by the walls of Jerusalem like an everlasting altar, with its equally everlasting memories both of words and deeds. And deeply have these struck root in the breast of humanity! It still bears aloft, as it did two thousand years ago, its peaceful olive-crown

towards the bright firmament of heaven; and merely for the sake of wandering up to this height, and thence contemplating the surrounding scene—merely for this, I say, would it be quite worth while to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

I made the ascent yesterday for the first time, accompanied by the learned and kind Mr. Hefter, one of the ministers of the Evangelical Mission in Jerusalem. We went out by the Zion Gate, one of the most beautiful of the city gates—built in a heavy but noble style, and followed the wall round the Hill of Zion—the height of which is first properly appreciated when seen from the valleys lying below—to Mount Moriah, the former site of Solomon's Temple, now of the Turkish harem, and great mosque El Sahahrah.

Down in the Valley of Kedron, between the city and the Mount of Olives, lie a number of small gardens and enclosures for the growth of vegetables, which are cultivated by the women of Siloam and sold in Jerusalem. The low grey houses of their Arab village are seen upon the rocky terraces of the bare mountain on the other side of the valley. We descend the hill of Moriah by a long and serpentine footpath, cross the dry bed of the brook of Kedron, and then begin the ascent of the Mount of Olives. But stay! In the first place, we pause at a garden lying at the foot of the mount, surrounded by a lofty grey wall which incloses it in a square, and above which the olive-trees look forth. It is Gethsemane.

A group of Mohammedan ladies, with their closely-veiled countenances, yellow and red morocco-leather gaiters and slippers, place themselves with us outside the iron gate, desiring likewise to enter the garden. The gate was opened by a bearded, gloomy-visaged Franciscan monk. We gain admittance, but the

Mohammedan ladies are obliged to stay outside. Within we find a small, carefully-kept garden, with paths bordered with rosemary, arbor-vitæ, myrtle, wormwood, and many other symbolical herbs. Cypresses, wild roses, and passion-flowers ornament various other parts of the garden, but its highest and ever most memorable ornament and monument are, after all, its olive-trees. Some of these are of such an aged appearance, that one involuntarily asks whether they might not be the same as those under which our Lord passed through his spiritual conflict, and prayed during the hour of night, and the anguish of which no human thought can estimate. It is one of the peculiarities of this remarkable tree—the olive—that it is immortal. It can stand green and fruit-bearing from one century to another—nay, even as I have been assured, during thousands of years; and when it falls from age, or when it is cut down, the strongly vital roots send up new shoots, which grow up into fresh trees. The tree of many centuries old is known from the circumstance of the trunk dividing or splitting, and thus forming as it were a mass of separate stems, which are merely held together at the root and at the crown; which is, in consequence, neither less verdant, less beautiful, nor less prolific in fruit. Many of these very aged trees present most extraordinary growths and forms. I have never seen any tree which has so much of the human physiognomy as these very ancient olive-trees. There are here, in Gethsemane, two or three especially which one cannot look at without being really affected by them. The strong cleft stems, partly twisted, partly furrowed and marked, as if by deep thought and tears; the rich shadow which lies beneath their mighty outspread branches, full of leaves and of fruit—now bitter, but when ripe full of delicious oil—oh, these trees! I

felt as if I could have knelt before them and embraced them, could have pressed against their bark my lips, my heart, and——but there were many people in the garden, and I was ashamed of giving way to my feelings. A little troop of children, conducted by a Catholic sister of mercy, were walking along the garden-paths, together with some gentlemen and the master-gardener, "Frater Antonio," who was doing one little thing or another here and there. He fetched me some flowers and cypress cones, and behaved towards me like a kind, benevolent old man.

This garden belongs to the Catholic Church. The Greek Church has another unimportant place at a little distance, which it asserts is the true Gethsemane—the garden of herbs by the Mount of Olives, where the Saviour was accustomed to go with his disciples. The place is not known very distinctly; but the road, leading directly down from St. Stephen's gate in Jerusalem, across the brook of Kedron, passes close by the Catholic garden. This circumstance, and the great antiquity of the trees there—and no such are found in the garden of the Greek Church—incline me to believe that this is the true old garden of herbs, or that it at least was situated in this direction. It is true that Josephus says, in his history, that during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus all the trees were cut down, for nine or ten stadia round the city, for the preparation of the machines used in the siege. But we know already that olive-trees cannot be exterminated in this manner, that they have the power of springing forth anew; and the apparently great age of the few trees in this place proves that more value is set upon them than upon any other olive-trees in the neighbourhood. Why so? Probably because the first Christians possessed and handed down the knowledge of the place where they

grew being really the garden of herbs—Gethsemane, and that these trees have been for ages regarded as holy. For the disciples also of Mohammed venerate the memory of Jesus. I shall return again and again to this spot, peaceful and secluded as a church, but where the trees and the herbs speak with a more affecting pathos than any human words.

We continued our way up the Mount, which has many landing-places, as it were, and terraces, the greater number thinly covered with trees, partly fig-trees, and partly olive, but for the most part a kind of hawthorn, now leafless. The turf was green, but not cultivated. The paths wound often steeply upwards. It required above half an hour before we reached the top. There are on the summit some large and beautiful olive-trees, some cultivated fields, and a view, which, however, is only fully commanded from the gallery of the minaret of the Turkish mosque, which stands on the highest point. It is an expansive and an astonishing view, unlike anything else on earth. Below us, to the west, lies Jerusalem, with its churches, mosques, and cupola-roofed houses, encompassed by the valleys of Hinnom (Gehenna), of Kedron, and Jehoshaphat, and beyond lay hills and uplands, partly planted, but more generally naked and bare. Highest amongst these, on the Mediterranean side, is the hill which contains the grave of the prophet Samuel, and which is distinguished by a mosque. It is called Nebbi Samuel by the Arabs. From its summit may be seen, it is said, the Mediterranean, and it is, perhaps, this hill which shuts in the view from the sea. North of Jerusalem, outside the Damascus-gate, we see beautiful olive-groves and the road which, crossing the green plain, goes to Nablus, Galilee, Cæsarea, Lebanon, and Damascus. To the south extends the desert of Judea, a melan-

cholv expanse of dark-brown hills, highest amongst which rise, like extinct volcanoes, those upon which lie the castle and the grave of Herod. It is a savage, dangerous tract of desert, where only some wild plants and some wild Bedouin tribes can live. It extends to the Dead Sea, which shines out like a clear blue river between the black waves of the desert and the lofty barrier of the Hills of Moab, which bounds the view on the east. Along this barrier extends northward from the Dead Sea, a dark, deep, wooded valley. It is the bed of the Jordan. But the water of the river is concealed by the thick brushwood of the banks. One could spend whole hours in contemplating this panorama, certainly the most remarkable in the world, both for its memories and its peculiarities, and for the beautiful bright beaming heaven, which stretches above in incomparable splendour.

On the highest point of the mountain and near to the Turkish mosque, is a little chapel, marking the spot on which, according to tradition, the Saviour stood when He, for the last time, blessed His disciples, and was parted from them and carried up into heaven. Round the chapel may still be seen the broken columns of a large rotunda which formerly arched over this place. A tradition, equally stupid as clumsy, points out a kind of footprint, as of an immense giant-foot, in the rocks upon which the chapel is built, as the last footstep of our Lord on earth.

Be the historical accuracy of place whatever it may, it seems, nevertheless, lying between the desert and the cultivated world, between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, in the central point, in short, of all the parts of the earth, to have been the right place for the utterance of the world-wide command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The sun was declining to his setting, and it was necessary for us to hasten back, if we would reach Jerusalem before the gates were closed for the night. We were, therefore, obliged to decline the offer of coffee from the respectable Sheik—a tall, handsome old man—and could merely take a cursory view of the mosque, which he opened for us. It is an empty rotunda, with a niche or alcove on the south-west, towards the point where Mecca lies with the grave of Mohammed. Turned towards this niche (Kyblé), or holy chamber of the Mohammedans, this people perform their devotions.

The Arab village on the Mount is miserable; the people have a poverty-stricken and savage appearance; the children are dirty. Some Arabs replied in a friendly manner to the greeting of Mr. Hefter, and told him, in passing, of the sickness or death of their relations. They seemed to regard him as a good friend. But we were obliged to hasten away down the hill and up Mount Moriah; so that we finally had to run, and only just arrived as a guard on the hill before St. Stephen's gate looked round him, and calling to the lingering pedestrians, bade them hasten. We luckily arrived in time before the gate, and long and wearisome was our wandering thence through the throng of people and animals along the narrow and ill-paved streets up to our abodes on the Hill of Zion.

January 28th.—It is Friday, and Friday is the Lamentation-day of the Jews in Jerusalem. I went accordingly at four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Hefter and the young daughters of Bishop Gobat, to the place of lamentation, a street in the Turkish quarter, near the great mosque El Sahahrah, on the site of Solomon's Temple. One side of the street consists of a very lofty wall, which incloses

the Temple square, now the Turkish harem. One portion of this wall is considered to be the remains of the Temple of Solomon, and certain is it that the stones in the lower part are of immense proportions, and of a careful polish and masonry, unlike the stone building of later times, and especially the Saracenic, which the upper portion of the wall exhibits. By the side of this giant wall stood upwards of fifty persons, men and women—the latter in a separate group—lamenting and talking in a loud voice, in Hebrew, with their faces turned towards the wall. The men bowed and twisted their bodies incessantly from side to side, as they read aloud from books which they held in their hands. The women, enveloped in long pieces of white linen, which served them both as mantles and as veils, lay or bowed over the large stones, the corners of which projected here and there from the wall, kissed them and pressed their foreheads against them, making the while a low lamenting wail. Many seemed to me to be weeping in good earnest. The Arab children looked on them with laughter, yet without their being disturbed thereby. I felt myself ready to weep with them, because their sorrow in this place is with very good cause, whether as regards the past or the present. The Jews are heavily oppressed in Jerusalem, and constitute its poorest population. After these Jewish women have wept and made their low bewailing for some time, as if by the dying bed of a beloved friend, they go, one after the other, silently away, having folded around them the wide white veil, which neither conceals the countenance nor yet the upper part of the turban-like head ornament, upon which it is fastened. This costume is remarkably noble and becoming. It also appears to me that all these women have noble features. Some of them were young, and remarkably handsome. The men

remained there some time after the women were gone, and became every now and then quite excited, raising their hands and exclaiming with a very loud voice, in amongst the broken joints of the stones, "Jeruscholojim! Jeruscholojim!" and many other words of lamentation. Most of them were poorly clad. Some had taken off their shoes, and stood in their stocking-feet before the holy wall.

The belief of the Jews is that the Shekinah, or Spirit of God, fled away, on the burning of the Temple, from the consumed altar to the wall, which still remained standing, and that it lingers there still, either slumbering or petrified, and will so remain until a certain day, when it shall receive new life, and again exalt the people of Israel and its sanctuary. They believe that their prayers and lamentations will hasten the advent of this day, and this belief gives them courage to come hither every Friday to lament and pray, although in so doing they make themselves a spectacle and an object of ridicule, both to Christians and Mohammedans. I felt depressed and affected by this faithful memory, by this steadfast and determined hope. More than a thousand years have passed since the destruction of the Temple, and the children of Israel still lament there and hope for its resurrection. Is it altogether vain? Is there no prophetic presentiment at the bottom of this imperishable faith?

"When the sick child is dead," observed Mr. Hefter, "people no longer lament and pray that it may be restored to life. But so long as life remains in it, they weep and pray that the child may be given back to those who love him so dearly."

Jerusalem and its Temple will be restored, say the Scriptures, but it will be in a sense very different to that which its blinded sons and daughters imagine.

"Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me; weep for yourselves and for your children!" Such were the words which, above eighteen centuries ago, were addressed to them. And they have wept here ever since. Wonderful—and terrible!

Sunday, January 30th.—Divine service in the Evangelical Church—the Church of Christ—on the Hill of Zion. The congregation sang the one hundredth psalm of David, *Laudate Dominum.* Both words and music glorious! What were my feelings on hearing them sung here I cannot describe. The little church is beautiful, the windows in the Gothic style, and the proportions harmonious; it also appears spacious enough for the present small congregation of Evangelical professors in Jerusalem—probably two hundred persons—mostly German and English, also with some converted Jews, Armenians, and Arabs.

Bishop Gobat preached from the words, "Thy kingdom come," and expressed some good thoughts respecting the connexion between the coming, or history of the kingdom of God (a kingdom of mercy and love), and God's government of the world on earth. Even as to the days of creation—see the first chapter of Genesis—a sabbath succeeds, in which all is peace, all is holiness; so is the kingdom of God which follows the historical conflict of the world, but by means of the regenerated humanity. Moses and the prophets have, in ecstatic vision, spoken of this before the time of Christ. After Him—the Founder of this kingdom—His work was continued by His apostles and their successors. So far all was right. But what this kingdom of God properly was, remained indistinct in the declaration of the preacher. The glorious, richly symbolic descriptions given of it by the Hebrew prophets—a distinguishing and altogether peculiar trait amongst

these seers—St. Paul's comprehension thereof in the manifold spheres of every-day life, and the concluding magnificent and perfect apocalyptic vision of the same, in the descent of the New Jerusalem, were left indistinct, misunderstood, as they still are, by the greater number of teachers from the pulpit. Bishop Gobat is, for the rest, a man of good, if not of great talents. The congregation has the appearance of a number of well-educated and well-intentioned Europeans of the middle class, without any distinctive peculiarity. The Bishop and the foreign consuls constitute its great notabilities, and come to church marshalled by Turkish kavasses, or guards of honour in splendid costume, who march gravely before them with long silver-ornamented staffs in their hands. Two of these kavasses march before the Bishop, or his family; also before the English consul the same number; but before the consul of Prussia, only one. This ceremonial, which produces a very splendid effect, together with the costumes of the Arabs and other Orientals who belong to the congregation, give to it a certain peculiarity. The church stands in an open, sunny position on Mount Zion, with a large open space in front of the façade, on each side of which stand the residences of the English and the German preachers—that of Mr. Hefter with a little garden, and from the roof a lovely view of the Mount of Olives. The Bishop, who resides a little farther off, and who is supported by the English and Prussian governments, is the head of the Evangelical congregation at Jerusalem. The little church has only been completed within the last few years. When the foundations were dug, it was necessary to go down forty ells through rubbish before firm ground could be reached. How many royal castles and courts must have contributed to form this depth of *débris?*

It is now some evenings since, on the occasion of a domestic festival at Bishop Gobat's—his birthday, in fact—I became acquainted with the greater number of the German residents here, which produced on me a very agreeable impression. I had much pleasure in conversing with the Prussian consul, Mr. Rosen, a very clever and interesting man in conversation, and also on other subjects, with two deaconesses from Kaiserswerth, who superintend the hospital and schools here—agreeable, amiable young women! I chanced to get into a little controversy with the Bishop, who was for many years a missionary in Abyssinia, because he maintained that the Queen of Sheba, who came to Solomon in a spirit of noble homage, and from a desire of knowledge, was "black," or at all events "black-brown."

I have this evening received a visit from my excellent Professor *Kavasche* Basilio, and have enjoyed his conversation, whilst he drank a cup of tea and smoked an immense tschibouk, on what we ought, and on what we ought not to look for in the Bible. More enlightened and more orthodox than many of the so-called Protestant Bible-Christians, he does not look there for models of virtue, or of morals, knowledge, or statesmanship. He does not look there for perfect prototypes in cultivation whilst in a state of historic development. That which he looks for, and that which he finds in the Bible, is the history of a people who, under God's especial guidance, through Providence, and by heroes educated for the work, shall be led to the highest spiritual and temporal completion—to the perfect freedom of the children of God; a history which is therefore *the history of history*, and typical for all people. Its latest hero is also the Saviour, the Perfecter, and the Redeemer of mankind. In Him is all accomplished.

All men are sinners, all are weak and full of failings. None are holy, none are good but God alone, and Him whom He hath sent—Jesus Christ.

Many things which Professor Lewison told me regarding the faith and doctrines of the Greek Church, led me to believe that in this chrysalis slumbers the larva of a beautiful winged Psyche.

January 31*st.*—I made an excursion to-day, in company with the young daughter and one of the sons of my hostess, through the valleys of Hinnom, Kedron, and Jehoshaphat. These valleys, which surround Jerusalem on three sides, have each its own peculiarity, and its own group of historical memories.

We left the city by the Jaffa gate, also called, that of *God's friend,* or Abraham's gate, and down into the Valley of Hinnom, which commences in the west, and extends southward round Jerusalem. It consists of a higher and a lower valley. Dismal and filthy muddy pools here and there, remind me of those burning pits of Gehenna where anciently children were offered to idols, and where afterwards the filth of Jerusalem was burned, the ever-ascending smoke of which became a Judaic symbol of the eternal torments of the ungodly. Farther down the valley we came to heights crowned with beautiful olive-trees, and especially to the lofty terrace on the right hand, which is called Aceldama, or the Field of Blood, and which is said to be the same as that which was purchased as a burial-place for the thirty pieces of silver which the repentant Judas returned to his employers. The rocks which form the boundary of the field, whilst they follow the course of the valley, appear to have been used for the purposes of burial from the most remote times. On all hands one sees the yawning entrances of tombs. Below them, however, the field is

deliciously green, and produces the most lovely olive-trees.

We turned southward, round Mount Zion, which rises to the left, alongside the southern wall of Jerusalem, and so came down into the Valley of Kedron, across the brook of which the steps of the Saviour often passed. It is now dry, and is so the greater part of the year, sometimes the whole year through when there has been a failure of the autumn and winter rain. People fear that it will be the case this year. Yet the ground here must be kept moist by subterranean springs, because the little vegetable inclosures cultivated by the women of Siloam are deliciously verdant. There is also an unceasing supply of water in the fountain of Siloam, to which you descend by a steep flight of stone steps, and where you continually see Arab girls and boys filling thence their vessels or their pouches of goat-skin. The heights sloping down from the Jerusalem side along this valley are fertile, scattered with fig and olive-trees, and are also covered with gardens producing every kind of vegetable. It is believed that the ancient royal-gardens were situated here. In the southern extension of the valley stands a stone fountain, called Job's fountain. We turned away from this, and from the tree on which it is said Judas hanged himself —a poor deformed tree, which was so hideous, and looked so unfortunate, that one could easily understand how this memory came to be attached to it—and so entered the valley of Jehoshaphat. On our left stands Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's Temple, and where now stand the mosques El Sahahrah and El Aksa. On the other side of the Valley of Kedron we see the wretched stone huts of the village of Siloam, which can scarcely be distinguished from the grey rock

terraces upon which they stand; but the bright-coloured costumes of the Oriental figures which show themselves here and there, on the roofs or in the doorways, give a picturesque effect to the village.

A little brook runs across the road, and we stood to drink at a fountain a little further off, I also for the purpose of looking at the Arab women, who come here to wash their vegetables. Two of them were handsome, and would have been still more so, if they had not been so tattooed with dark-blue pricks and patches. Their remarkably well-formed hands and wrists were covered with silver rings and bracelets; their nails were dyed with cinnabar-red, which did not look amiss, seen against their dark bronze-coloured skins. Cows and calves and camels, which were being driven home, stopped at the brook to drink; it was a confused but very picturesque scene. I asked a remarkably lovely little girl her name, and found it to be Hassum, or the Beautiful.

The channel of the Kedron runs through the Valley of Jehoshaphat; and it is evident, by its deep bed, how strong and violent the current must be when swelled by winter rains. The valley is a deep ravine or chasm between Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives; and whether its name be a memory of the great king of Judah, Jehoshaphat, or whether it expresses the judgment of Jehovah, is a question on which the learned are not agreed. Certain however it is, that now, and for long ages since, both the Jews and the Mussulmans of Jerusalem believe equally that the resurrection and the last judgment will take place in this valley, and therefore both races regard it as a matter of great importance to have their places of sepulture on the slopes and terraces of this valley. Their souls—so it is said—must travel, otherwise, hither underground, from what-

ever spot they may be buried in, that they may be present at the day of judgment.

The whole slope of the Mount of Olives is thickly covered by small flat stones, which mark the graves of the Jews.

The Mussulmans have reared their white stone monuments on the lofty terraces, through the whole length of the walls of Jerusalem. These monuments seldom possess any beauty, but they are much more pretentious than those of the humble Jews. A little stone pillar, or a kind of altar decorated with tasteless ornaments, is the usual style of these sepulchre-monuments; whilst here and there a white cupola or miniature mosque elevates itself above the resting-place of some holy man. The graves are unenclosed, trodden open both by man and beast, and are often ill-kept, the greater number falling into ruins.

But now again to the Jews' side of the valley. Towards the end of the valley northward, present themselves three remarkable, but very ancient monuments, which are called the tombs of Absolom, Zachariah, and St. James. The peculiar and extremely ancient style of these monuments, as well as the fact that the two former are monolythic structures, constitute their most remarkable characteristics.

A little stone bridge crosses, at no great distance from them, the bed of the Kedron. On the other side lie the sacred places of the Christians, Gethsemane, and at some distance the chapel where the mother of Jesus is said to be buried; from which cause this part of the valley is called also by the Arab, Wady Sitti Maryam, Lady Mary's Valley. A little before we reached this chapel, with beautiful marble steps in the front, and within the usual tawdry tinsel parade which distinguishes the Christian Greek Church, we turned

aside to the left, again to ascend Mount Moriah by a steep and difficult path. But still down in the valley we met many Arab women and girls, who were fetching water in their vessels from Sitti Maryam's Well, a well which never fails of water, and which is industriously visited by the women of Siloam. Many of these, especially such as were quite young, were handsome, had splendid teeth, lovely eyes, and a vivacious though half-savage expression of countenance. They replied cheerfully and in a friendly manner when addressed in their own language, which my young companion spoke as her mother-tongue. They were all tattooed on the face with dark blue points, and richly adorned with silver necklaces, bracelets, rings, and earrings, whilst bandeaus of silver coins passed over the top of the forehead and down to the cheeks.

Higher up we saw some ghost-like, closely-veiled Turkish ladies lingering round the graves before the gate of St. Stephen. A dervish in a green turban —the sign that he is of the race of the Prophet—sate there and repeated prayers like a praying-machine. We fell into conversation with an old Arab, who politely and emphatically told us that Christ, at the general judgment of the world, would stand upon one of the heights to the south of the valley, but that Mohammed would take his place on the wall of Jerusalem;—he showed us the exact spot—an ancient broken stone pillar which projects from the wall—and here he would judge all mankind. Fine threads, fastened to earth would extend upwards, and on these the arisen souls must walk away after judgment. The wicked would fall down into Gehenna; the righteous go forward along the airy bridges into the paradise of the blessed.

February 11*th.*—A glorious day! After an early

breakfast-dinner, I made an excursion with the Rosenthal family to Bethany. We were accompanied by a young Armenian, a friend of the family, and a courageous horseman, who had such perfect control of his white Arab steed, that it was a pleasure to see him. The sky was bright and clear, and the air such as it is with us in June. We went up the hills to the right of the Mount of Olives, leaving its verdant terraces on the left hand, and had on the right the desert of Judea with its dark volcano-like hills, and its billowy, dark surface. The road to Bethany is good, leading over high country, and affording free, expansive views on all sides: sometimes it winds amongst hills, on which grow olive-trees, which produce a lovely effect seen against the unspeakably beautiful clear blue sky.

After about half-an-hour's walking in the direction of the Moab chain of hills, which shone out before us of a soft purple colouring, we came in sight of the Dead Sea, which spread out at their feet its blue watery mirror, and soon afterwards a little village of grey-stone houses on the terraces of a rocky hill. This was Bethany, the home of Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus, and where Jesus loved to tarry.

The race who now inhabit the huts of Bethany have assuredly but little resemblance with the former inhabitants of that brother and sister home. They are ferocious Arab families, with all their disorder, rags, and filth under much outward finery. We were soon surrounded by men, women, and a number of children who stretched forth their little hands and begged for *Bachschish*. A stately old Arab, of venerable appearance, and who seemed to be the sheik of the village, offered himself to conduct us to the grave of Lazarus. He accordingly led us to a rock at a short distance from the village. A low door in the rock leads to a flight

of somewhat above twenty steps hewn in the stone wall. Below there are several chambers, one of which is called the Tomb of Lazarus, and the two beside it those of Martha and Mary. Not a ray of light penetrates the darkness of these tombs, so that, in order to see at all, torches are necessary. Archæological gentlemen have raised strong doubts as to the genuineness of this tomb, not merely as to its belonging to Lazarus, but principally as to the time when he lived. But I am quite indifferent about it. Whether it were exactly here or there is of little importance to the spiritual mind. That which constitutes the interest of Bethany to me is its scenery—is that here, amongst these rocks, in this neighbourhood, a circumstance occurred which revealed the heart and the power of our Lord. The important fact regarding this place is, that here Jesus wept at the grave, and that the bonds of death proved themselves to be fragile before the hand of Him who "is the Resurrection and the Life." "But why did he weep over the dead when he went to call him forth from death?" many may ask, as I myself formerly asked, in ignorance. I will now reply; the tears of our Lord had not reference to the moment. He who bore in his heart all the wants and sorrows of humanity, felt at that moment all the sorrow, all the bitter anguish which death occasions on earth. He saw them in the weeping sisters and friends of Lazarus, and he groaned in spirit and was troubled, and wept with them, with all, for all who henceforth would weep at the graves of their beloved. If the Lord be accepted in the highest sense—namely, as the sentiment in the heart of God—then there is an infinite consolation for humanity in the Divine sympathy which caused Him to weep. The miracle of the re-awakening of Lazarus to life may be doubted. It seems to me of subordinate

importance in comparison with the fact that Jesus wept with them who wept at the grave, and that he spoke the strong and strengthening words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c. These words, however, would have seemed, indeed, to the disciples of our Lord, and to the friends of Lazarus, as empty boast, if they had not been sealed by the awakening of the dead. According to St. John it was this powerful expression which aroused the attention of the High Priests and called forth their fear and hatred of him. For me, the tears of Jesus have sanctified the soil of Bethany.

Leaving the rock-tomb, we turned towards some large olive-trees, under which we seated ourselves in Oriental fashion to rest for awhile. A group of turbaned men, for the most part tall and handsome figures, stood talking near us. Little Arab girls brought us both water and milk in small red clay pitchers. Men and women and children afterwards collected in a ring behind us, and so remained standing, keeping up the while an incessant lively chatter with shrill voices. I have seldom taken part in a more noisy meal. The children and the young girls were handsome, some of them were possessed of real beauty. Their laughter and their glance had something fascinating in them. Their nails were dyed red, their heads hung over with small silver plates and coins, however ragged their petticoats might be. During our meal of milk and bread the young Armenian exercised his Arab charger before us and around us, to the great delight of the Arab assembly.

The village of Bethany consists of a few dozen of stone cottages, nearly all of wretched appearance, with the exception of one, in which is collected a quantity of sculptures and bas-reliefs in marble, found in the

place, and which prove that Bethany had once its period of greatness and refinement. This dwelling is called the house of Mary, the sister of Lazarus.

On our return to Jerusalem we took the road over the Mount of Olives. On this road, not far from Bethany, begins an extent of valleys or glens between the hills, which are richly planted with apricot- and almond-trees. They must present an enchanting appearance when they are in blossom, towards the end of March. At this time the trees were bare, and the turf under them naked and grey. The road lies tolerably high over these valleys, sometimes along a very narrow ridge between them, and the views over the Dead Sea and the surrounding country are always extensive and peculiar.

At one place on our way we saw a young girl approaching, smiling at us with white teeth and rosy cheeks, under an immense burden of corn-stubble which she was carrying on her head.

"Couldst thou carry such a burden as I?" said she, in passing, with a smile, to my young companion.

"My mother has not taught me," replied she, according to the mode of Arab speech, which implies that for everything which a person is not capable of, the blame must be laid upon the mother.

Coming upon the Mount of Olives from this opposite side, the view of Jerusalem suddenly astonishes the eye. It was upon this road that the people scattered palm-branches before the feet of the Saviour, and sang Hosanna; it was at this place, amidst the exultant shout of the multitude, that our Lord, in the view of Jerusalem, beholding another sight than that of victory and gladness, wept over the city, and prophesied its downfall.

The sun descended in splendour behind the formerly

magnificent city, which now stood there like a penitent clothed in sackcloth and ashes, so grey, so depressed, so insignificant its appearance. We saw the Turkish guard standing upon the hill outside St. Stephen's gate, and calling, "Make haste! make haste, the gate will be closed!"

As we were hurrying down the Mount of Olives, we met an Arab with two well-dressed women. The elder of these said to us, smiling, with a kind and merry countenance:—

"You'll be too late! They'll shut the gate against you!"

"If they do," replied the young daughter of my hostess, "I shall come and lie down with you!"

"Oh, if you do," replied the woman, cordially, "I shall lay you in my eyes!"

A beautiful figure of speech, expressive of a hearty welcome. The elderly and the young woman who thus conversed were old acquaintances.

It was only with difficulty that we reached the city-gate in time.

FIFTH STATION.

Every-day Life—Rambles and little Scenes outside the Walls of Jerusalem — The Garden of Nicephorus—David's Tomb—Spring Flowers—The Tombs of the Kings—Scopas—The Sheik's Wife—Visits to various Harems—Conversation with Arab Ladies on the most important Subjects—Pious Ladies—A Happy Wife and Mother—Black Slaves in the Harem—Woman in the East—The Gates and Population of Jerusalem—My new Home.

February 7th.—It is Sunday, and the morning is sunny and beautiful. The flags of the consuls, with their eagles, lions, and stars, on their many-coloured fields, wave in the wind over the grey walls and roofs of Jerusalem—an agreeable interruption to this uniformity of colouring. The vast vault of heaven arches itself in bright blue over the hills, the soft wavy outlines of which form the horizon of Jerusalem on every side excepting the east, where the purple-tinted chain of Moabitish mountains beyond Jordan present a grand barrier-wall to the eye, which is ever anew attracted to them, partly from their splendid colouring during the changing periods of the day, and partly from their innumerable clefts and rumples, so to say, because the whole of this chain resembles, seen from this distance, a rumpled silk dress; and the eye loves to penetrate into the deep folds and to

discern here and there, upon the projecting higher points, human dwellings and villages. To-day, however, they cannot be seen for the mist. May this betoken that which the people of Jerusalem so highly need—rain!

"How shall we ever get our cisterns filled?" say the anxious people.

The hills even seem to be crying out for rain, lying, as they do, white-grey and bare in the dazzling sunlight, shaded only here and there by a few olive-trees.

My every-day life is becoming, if not exactly gay, at least agreeable and quiet. The families of Bishop Gobat, and of the English Consul, Mr. Finn, to whom I had letters of introduction, have received me with great kindness; the same also with the family of Consul Rosen, to whom my kind friend *Kavasche* Basilio introduced me.

I have spent more than one evening very agreeably in the quiet family-circle of Bishop Gobat, listening to Merle d'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," which the Bishop himself is reading aloud. After the small and cheerful Swiss supper, equally simple as good, the day is closed by the reading of a chapter in the Bible, and by a long prayer from the Bishop; but which I have never yet found too long, because he has unmistakeably gifts for prayer and great inward experience. This it is which leads him to dwell with such strong emphasis on completion ("make us complete"), on perfectness, for one and all of us poor, quarter, or half, or at most three-quarter Christians.

I go out every day for an hour, and most frequently on the roads and hills around Jerusalem, principally out of the Jaffa-gate, where the guard is stationed and a throng of people are always moving about. I do not venture alone to any great distance from the city. After the horrible murder, some months since, of a

well-known and much esteemed elderly English lady, Miss Greecy, and the increase of daring Arab robberies in the neighbourhood, it is not advisable for any European to take solitary walks.

At the Jaffa gate you will see the Turkish soldiers—who in costume and bearing are the most slovenly of all soldiers—walking with arms on their shoulders, or sitting knitting stockings—a very good custom—or warming themselves at small fires. In front of the gate, and under the archway itself, there is nearly always a considerable throng of people, horses, asses, burden-bearing camels, fruit, firewood, and vegetable sellers, Arabs on horseback, caravans of pilgrims, and so on. Every salesman delivers to the guard on duty a small tribute from that which he is carrying in, whether it be fruit, vegetable, or whatever else it may be. Firewood—the boughs and roots of the olive-tree—are thrown in a heap, and this heap increases considerably during the course of the day. I observed, however, that the fruit and vegetable dealers did not by any means give of their best wares to this levy, which goes, if I am not mistaken, for the benefit of the city-guard. Immediately outside the gate stands, on the right hand, a large coffee-house, where, the whole day through, one hears the noise of dice and card-playing, and where one sees, on the spacious terraces, splendidly attired Armenians and other Christians of the Greek Church, drinking, smoking, and gambling, whilst the disciples of Mohammed, on the outside, enjoy themselves by merely smoking and drinking coffee in small, very small cups. The bustle of two-footed beings and quadrupeds extends for a considerable way beyond the gate outside. Camels take the chief place amongst the latter, and, whether they lie down, walk, or stand, I never am tired of watching their comic, pretentious,

and—stupid countenances, and grand style of demeanour. The varied and many-coloured population, with its peculiar costumes, furnished also a spectacle of which one cannot easily grow weary.

Outside the Jaffa gate the ground slopes down to the valley and plain, which is intersected with roads and footpaths in every direction; some pass through cultivated fields, now growing green, but which are trampled over without any regard both by people and cattle, others through burial-places, which are also equally disregarded. The road on the Damascus side is made use of by the Europeans of Jerusalem as an evening promenade, and the young Arabs love to display their horsemanship in the hilly fields around.

One sees on the Jaffa road, towards the west, people always passing either to or from Jerusalem. There lies by the roadside, not far from a beautiful terebinth-tree, an extensive Mohammedan burial-ground, unenclosed and without guard, and which is filled every Thursday by shrouded figures, who, in yellow half-boots, slippers, and pantaloons hanging in heavy folds towards the ground, stroll about or sit for many hours amongst the graves. They are Mohammedan women, who, according to custom, visit the resting-places of their departed relatives every Thursday. Nevertheless, I never see a flower upon these graves, or anything which indicates a loving remembrance of them. And if a monument fall into ruin, there it lies.

On the left of the Jaffa road, a tolerably broad valley, now becoming green with young corn and bordered with olive-trees, extends towards the Valley of Gehenna. The road to Bethlehem goes through this valley, which is terminated by the magnificent Greek Convent, Amar Elias (the holy Elias). On the other side of this valley, just opposite to Jerusalem, rises the hill, or ridge, of

Nicephorus; on which lies a garden, called the Greek Garden, after its founder, a Bishop of the Greek church. It is beautifully laid out, with tree-planted alleys, marble cisterns containing water for man and beast, and is open to whoever chooses to enter. This is my chief place of resort, for it is within sight of the guard at the Jaffa gate, and one has here a glorious view over the fields of Jerusalem, as far as the richly coloured mountains of Moab. From this spot I sometimes hear the Arab drum, *tamtam*, sounding over the plain, and see a caravan with some traveller of distinction winding slowly across it towards Jerusalem.

Down in the valley, and up on the heights around, little groups of women may be seen every day in their white drapery, sitting on the ground under the olive-trees. They are the small harems belonging to the Sheik, or Arab Effendis (gentlemen of rank), who are thus taking their pleasure in the spring sunshine. Sometimes a man will be with them, and almost always some children, as well as one or two black female slaves; sometimes a little white lamb. A pitcher containing some refreshing potion and a basket of oranges seem to belong to the occasion. Sometimes the wind lifts the snow-white veils from the ladies' heads, and reveals their yellow, red, or green silk head-gear, which give to them the resemblance of immense flower-beds rising up out of the ground. Sometimes, and most generally when I have approached such groups, I have been kindly saluted by them, and more than once invited to take a seat with them. Yesterday I encountered on the road such a veiled company of ladies, who surrounded me with great curiosity, and began to chatter away; veils were opened, and white fingers with red-dyed nails were put forth to examine my dress, my shawl, and in particular my black-lace veil and my parasol. Many

questions were put to me, to which I had little or nothing to reply, and with friendly demonstrations I endeavoured as quickly as possible to disentangle myself from the inquisitive ladies. Many of the women in these harems seem to me to be old, some very young, and remarkably pretty. These hastily veiled themselves when they observed that I was noticing them, and waived off any approach with their hands.

A little way outside the Zion gate stands a beautiful mosque, with its minaret, surrounded by a few dozen houses with cupolas and terraces. It is *Nebbi Davud*, David's grave—a place which is held in the highest veneration by the Mussulmans; so much so, that a Christian or a Jew could only set his foot within it at the peril of his life. Many Arab sheiks, as well as dervishes, have their dwellings around the grave, and I have seen more than once the venerable men, in their long attire, on the roof or terraces of their houses, occupied in prayer, which with them has always the appearance of deep devotion. I see every Friday morning a troop of these dervishes passing my dwelling, and muttering their prayers as they are on their way to perform their worship in the great Mosque of Omar.

There is a burial-place for Armenian Christians not far from Nebbi Davud. Large flat marble stones, with inscriptions and symbols of the deceased's occupation during his life, distinguish these graves. For the rest, one meets with burial-places all round Jerusalem. An actual necropolis environs the old royal city. A number of lepers are usually seen sitting between the Zion gate and David's grave, their little village lying just within the wall by this gate. But I will speak another time about this most grievous bodily plague of these poor children of the East.

February 10th.—Yesterday we had some good showers, and to-day, as if by magic, the ground is beginning to grow green on the hills and in the valleys. The white enveloped groups of women now sit "in the green," and the whole city pours out like a swarm of bees into the delicious spring air. I have botanized on the hill of Nicephorus, have gathered a pretty little Draba, a small forget-me-not, not unlike the one which grows with us, and our little yellow spring garlic, called here "the Star of Bethlehem" by the Christians, as well as some other yellow flowers which I have not before seen, and the names of which are unknown to me. The Arabs lay here and there, with their long pipes, asleep on the grey stones of the garden; little groups of pilgrims sate sunning and regaling themselves with oranges, which are now very abundant and delicious. The air is delightful with the odour of flowers; butterflies flit about over the sun-warmed earth, and the little citizens of the world, the sparrows, raise their voices noisily in the yet naked trees. The great line along the horizon of Jerusalem, the hills of Moab, are clothed by the light in a garment of purple velvet; not a breath of air stirs—it is a scene of still life, of Eastern splendour and delight.

February 20th.—The great events of the last week were an excursion to the Sepulchres of the Kings and a visit to some Mohammedan ladies of high rank. On the former I was accompanied by the two young daughters of Bishop Gobat, and by the agreeable and learned pastor Hefter, who was our kind escort. One of the Bishop's kavasses accompanied us as a guard, whilst an ass carried our small provision-basket, for we were to be out the whole day.

The weather was glorious for a pedestrian excursion, neither too hot nor too cold, the already burning rays of

the sun being tempered by scattered clouds. We took our course northward over stony hills sparsely covered with olive-trees. After walking for a good half hour, we came to a kind of square rock-fortress with an arched gateway towards the east, but both the gateway and the wall of the fortress were evidently more than half imbedded in the earth. Within the stronghold, on the left hand, are a number of chambers in the wall. Traces of columns hewn in the rock, and a remarkably beautiful frieze, with bas-reliefs representing clusters of grapes, wreaths of flowers, and palm-branches, distinguish the entrance to the so-called Sepulchres of the Kings; but whether they belonged to the Kings of Judah, or to some noble race of a later date, is not known with certainty. We were obliged to creep on hands and feet down into these subterranean burial chambers, and even that not without difficulty. But our labour was richly repaid by the view we obtained of many well-preserved final resting-places. Massive stone doors lay here and there on the ground half buried in the soil. Triangular-shaped niches, carefully hewn in the rock, showed the places where lamps had burned before the dead. The smoke might still be seen in various places on the wall. The chambers were, for the most part, spacious, and one could see in the walls the places where the coffins had stood. But as regarded the dead who had here reposed, nothing was known.

From the Sepulchres of the Kings we ascended the high hill on which stood formerly the city of Nob, whose priests were slain by Saul. Some cisterns and large heaps of stones are now the sole remains of the ancient city. We afterwards ascended other hills, which looked as though they were formed entirely of ashes. And so, indeed, they are; but whether these ridges of ashes be the ashes of sacrifice or caused by

the soap-making in Jerusalem, is a question on which the learned are not agreed. I like to believe the former, partly because it throws a poetical veil over these monuments of ashes—which is very needful—partly because hills of this nature appear to be met with near Mount Gerizim, at Nablus, the ancient Sichem, and nowhere else in Palestine; and thus merely in the only two places where the Jews regularly offered sacrifice.

We next ascended the eminence called Scopas, from a Greek word which is said to mean view; and the view from this point is, indeed, very remarkable. Scopas is the highest point of a series of hills which, on this side, extend in a half circle around Jerusalem, and along which one ascends, as on a lofty ridge, to the Mount of Olives, its highest point, and, so to say, its goal. You have from this height one of the most beautiful and most complete views of Jerusalem; whilst, on the other side of the Scopas ridge, you see in the foreground small Arab villages and olive plantations amongst hills; farther away, the melancholy Desert of Judea; and beyond, the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab. The atmosphere was not sufficiently clear to enable me to distinguish these fully; but for that reason all the more splendid and gloomy, at the same time, was the light thrown upon the region around the Dead Sea, from a sky which, with its masses of black cloud and bright rays of sunlight, reminded us of the day when fire and brimstone were rained over Sodom and Gomorrah. To-day it only cast dark shadows on the earth and some drops of rain.

On the Mount of Olives we took possession, by the Sheik's permission, of a room in the tower, near to the minaret—a large, light room, which seems fitted up purposely for the enjoyment of strangers, as I believe the whole tower is; for you are here perfectly at your

ease, and have a splendid view over Jerusalem, its valleys and heights. But of this I have already spoken, and would now merely mention how, from our eyrie, we were able quietly to contemplate the beautiful temple-square of the Harem, with its mosques and plantations on Mount Moriah, just above the Valley of Kedron—that square so strictly forbidden to our feet, but which from this point our eyes could fully command,* as also the palace of the Pacha, near the Harem's square, and many other remarkable places in the city. Mr. Hefter read aloud the memorable prophecy of Zachariah, chap. xiv.

After we had dined from the provisions and fruits which we had brought with us, I made, with the two young girls, a visit to the Sheik's harem.

A clever managing sort of lady of about fifty, very like one of our good Swedish citizen's wives, received us kindly, giving to each of us a bouquet of newly-gathered sweet-swelling narcissus and to me also a beautiful Provence rose. She then conducted us to her own apartment, around which were placed divans, and we began to converse—that is to say, the Sheik's lady and the two young girls, who perfectly understand and speak Arabic. I could merely take part in the conversation by means of their interpretation. When the good lady learned that neither of the Miss Gobats was married, she expressed great astonishment, and said that "it was a great shame that such great girls were not married." But when they, laughing, pointed at me, saying that neither was I married, she made pretence of running away out of the room from sheer amazement; but turned back again at the door, and explained, with much pathos, that she sho

* The Mount of Olives rises five or six hundred feet brook of Kedron.—*Author's note.*

consider herself most unhappy without husband and children, and desired to know why I had never been married. When I told her, she said that I "was right, but that she did not wish to hear any more such talk;" on which she then conducted us to the roof of the house, that we might see the view. The old woman had something vivacious, witty, and clever about her; and as she, since her marriage with the Sheik, had always remained his sole wife, I suspect the good Sheik, who looks like a pious and excellent man, stands somewhat under petticoat government. I suspect, also, that the Mohammedan petticoat-rule is neither mild nor tender.

The Sheik, his son, daughter, and their children, and also their dwelling, form here a strong contrast to the other inhabitants of the village and their dwellings, to which they are greatly superior in beauty and appearance. The Sheik has the wardenship of the mosque. After we had visited it, drank coffee, which the Sheik's lady offered us, and then returned our thanks, with a small pecuniary offering for the hospitality which had been shown to us, we returned home through the valleys of Kedron and Hinnom, and by the Zion gate. And very pleasant it was to rest after the long, somewhat fatiguing, but most interesting pedestrian excursion.

I will now give you an account of my visit to the harem of Effendi Musa, where I was introduced by the charming young wife of the Consul Rosen, a daughter of the well-known composer and pianist Moscheles. Effendi Musa is a wealthy man, and as he had no children by his young wife, after several years' marriage, he took to himself a second. Within twelve [redacted]nths she gave birth to a son, and at the same time [redacted]is first wife did the same, her son, however, [redacted] a few months. The second wife, on this,

becoming terribly afraid that the first would poison her child, could not be reconciled to remain in her husband's harem, and accordingly went back to her father's house, where her husband can visit her. The first wife thus became again the sole ruler in the harem of Effendi Musa.

The ascent hither did not promise well at all; dirt and every kind of rubbish lay in the entrance and on the stairs. But this passed, we entered a neat and spacious court paved with flat stones. Here we were met by two very ornamentally attired young ladies in flame-coloured jackets and flowers in their hair, who received us very cordially and conducted us into the reception room. This was the first wife of Effendi Musa and an unmarried relative. The former was a living image of the woman as a child. Sitti Selma was four-and-twenty years of age, slender in figure, with a very pretty face, fine well-moulded features, and handsome dark eyes. A half-circlet of real double jonquils fastened across the forehead, with an ornament of amethysts, was attached to a little velvet calotte, the dark blue silk tassels of which hung low down the neck. The dress was of gauze covered with bright-coloured embroidered flowers, and fastened under the jacket with a girdle, from which hung a gold bell and many other little elegant gimcracks. The young lady's nails were dyed dark blue, and her hands and wrists were covered with small blue-black figures of flowers. She seemed as merry and as unconcerned as a child, and was quite importunate in her investigation both of Mrs. Rosen's toilet and mine, as soon as we were seated on the divan. Every article was looked at and fingered separately, and great astonishment was expressed at the bodies of our dresses, which laced-up.

The unmarried Sitti Nephisa was a stout, very

pretty blonde of twenty-seven, whose manners were less demonstrative than those of her married cousin. Her hands and nails were uncoloured, but much more beautiful than her companion's; she wore on her head a garland of small miniature flowers.

Black servants, male and female, kept passing in and out as they prepared for us an entertainment. A young Abyssinian female slave, who had been lately purchased, was presented to us, commanded to kiss the folds of our garments, and place her left hand on her breast, whilst with her right she offered us tea in small real china cups. She then offered us coffee in the same manner, also in tiny cups, and, like the tea, made very sweet. Two little negro children slaves in the house were sent for, were made to kiss our dresses, and then were caressed and very kindly treated by the two ladies.

I longed to get into a little serious conversation with our entertainers, and took the opportunity of doing so when they showed us Effendi Musa's books, which, however, neither of them had read, because they could not read. A Mohammedan woman who can read is a great curiosity. I inquired, through my kind interpreter Mrs. Rosen, who seems to be quite familiar with Arabic, if they could pray, if they both prayed daily to Allah. To this both replied warmly, "Yes!" They both prayed five times a day, and every time a different prayer; yet every day the same five prayers. I inquired, farther, whether they believed that they, after death, should enter Paradise as well as the men?

Answer.—Yes, quite certainly. All Moslems go there immediately after death; others, only when they have passed through a time of punishment or probation, according as their lives have been on earth.

Question.—How will they occupy themselves in Paradise?

Answer.—With nothing, except paying visits to their friends.

Question.—Would they not have music?

Answer.—No, that would be sinful.

Question.—Would they neither eat nor drink?

Answer.—No, people have no teeth in Paradise; neither do they experience either hunger or thirst. But if they wish to partake of anything, they have only to wish it, and immediately a table is spread before them. In a general way, people have only to express a wish in Paradise, and it is granted.

Question.—Would they be able to see God?

Answer.—No, indeed! Such a thing must never be thought of; neither would they wish for it. They had all they could need in the Prophet and his Paradise.

Question.—And they who could not get into Paradise, the wicked and ungodly, where would they go?

Answer.—Into burning fire. Yet, after purification by fire, they also would at length be admitted into Paradise.

These questions, and many others of the same class, were replied to with animation and frankness, especially by the unmarried lady, who evidently was more thoughtful and intelligent than the other. She seemed seriously interested in religious subjects, in which she had received oral instruction from her aunt. I asked her, in conclusion, if she had not a desire to travel, and see foreign countries, for example, my country, which I described as very beautiful. She replied, that "if she might travel, she would go to Stamboul [Constantinople], because her father lived there, and to Mecca; but as he would not let her do so, it seemed to her the best thing to remain in the city where Abraham, David, and Jesus lived. There might be more amusement in

other cities, but you here found more subjects of edification."

To this I replied, "Taib, taib!" (Good, good!)

As for the rest, whatever the topic of our conversation might be, whether heaven or hell, Stamboul or Mecca, it always returned to dress and the toilet, which seemed beyond anything else to interest the young wife.

Mrs. Rosen asked her to show us her splendid dresses. She would very gladly have done so, but unfortunately the key of the treasure-chamber could not be found, and was sought for in vain under the sofa mattresses and cushions, which thus were shown to be the hiding-places for all kinds of things. We amused ourselves by admiring a pair of gold-embroidered cushions and napkins, which the young wife rather too unceremoniously threw upon us, and which were worked with both taste and skill. That which was not shown to us, but which I know is to be met with in every Mohammedan house, is—a whip, with which the slaves are chastised when they do not behave as they should do, and with which the master of the house also chastises his wives when they get to quarreling or behave uncivilly towards him. Because the master of the house holds his prerogatives as domestic ruler very strictly, and his wife may not even sit down in his presence without his permission.

The young wife allowed us to examine her own dress also in detail, and which, when closely observed, was found to be tolerably costly, and not at all deficient in taste.

The young Abyssinian slave placed before us two stools or small tables covered with oilcloth, the one set upon the other; and upon these a tea-tray holding half-a-dozen small dishes with eastern names, pistachio-nuts,

sugar-balls, sliced oranges, &c., and a kind of soft mass, as of almond paste, with a strong flavour of rose-water. Our hostesses urged us to partake in the most friendly manner; and sometimes, even by forcibly thrusting various delicacies into our mouths, to partake of the entertainment, and our attempts at self-defence against the violently well-intentioned ladies caused a great deal of merriment on both sides. Upon the whole, I found these children of a secluded life very agreeable, spite of the somewhat coarse manners of the young wife; and I was better entertained by them than I have often been by ladies in European drawing-rooms. I know perfectly well, however, that one swallow makes no summer, and an hour's conversation with a person is no sample of their agreeableness in a companionship through life.

When I inquired from Sitti Nephisa whether she should not some time be married? she smiled, and said, "Certainly not. For she was already old (seven-and-twenty!) and there was no husband of their race for her, because her betrothed bridegroom had already died young."

The Arabs betroth their children from their tenderest years, sometimes from the moment of their birth, and marry them to each other whilst quite young (girls frequently whilst still children), most frequently without the young couple having ever seen each other. If one of them die before marriage, the relations look out for another partner for the one that remains, but always amongst the relatives. The greater number of the higher class of Arabs in Jerusalem have now no longer more than one wife, on account of the expense, it is said, of keeping many. Yet they are allowed, according to the Mohammedan law, to have four wives, and as many female slaves as they like. Even the

new Pacha of Jerusalem has only one wife. She is said to be a charming and naturally highly endowed lady, but one who wishes for a greater degree of freedom in the world than her lord and master is willing to grant her. Our kind hostesses proposed to me to make her acquaintance, and promised to invite her and me together.

To-day, Sunday, a kind of vernal festival is celebrated by the Greek population of Jerusalem, and you see them by hundreds, in crowds and groups, sitting on the hills and in the fields, outside the Jaffa gate, regaling themselves and their children with fruit and bread. The women are nearly all unveiled, and all kinds of coloured silks—red, yellow, green, and blue—wave in the wind above their heads and their white mantles. The men stand, for the most part, in separate groups, swing on ropes fastened between the olive-trees, or lie and sun themselves under these. It has a very festal appearance.

I also celebrated a festival, a memorial festival of a deep and serious kind. But who can celebrate it here, in the church on Mount Zion, without tears of joy?

The weather is warm and delightful, like a mid-summer day with us. Brilliant scarlet anemones are in flower amongst the grass; bees are gathering honey from a multitude of small flowers. But—people are universally complaining of the drought, and fearing great want of water through the summer. The brook Kedron is dry, and, it is said, will contain no water this year. The whole country is athirst!

February 27th.—To-day, whilst cold rain, and sometimes sleet, refresh the fields of Jerusalem, causing the natives to rejoice, and keeping the strangers prisoners within doors, I will relate to you some particulars of

my visit to several of the chief harems in the city. It is not merely curiosity which induces me to make these visits, it is the interest I feel in knowing what these women, so secluded from life and light, know of that spiritual Life and Light which alone can give value to life and hope in death.

A young and handsome lady, Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the American consul at Beyrout, and daughter of Mr. Barclay, the American missionary residing here—an interesting and amiable man—was on this occasion my kind introducer. She has been brought up in Jerusalem from her childhood, and is on familiar terms with many of the best Arab families here. Through the favour of one of these she has even been allowed to go down into the sepulchre of David, which is considered so sacred by the Mohammedans, and is so strictly guarded, and has also there beheld the bright lamps burning, and the golden roof, in the silent resting-chamber of the poet-king. She speaks Arabic as her mother-tongue, so that I could not have had a better conductress on my various visits.

Our first call was on a family which is regarded as a very religious one—even bigotedly so. We were introduced into a tolerably handsome room furnished with divans, which was speedily filled with the female inmates of the family, whilst black and brown female slaves and their children gathered in a crowd before the door to stare at us. Several Arab families nearly related are generally found to occupy the same house, and to make use of the same ante-chamber or sitting-room. Parents and children continue to keep house together even when the latter may themselves be married and have children—a patriarchal condition which has its advantages, but at the same time its inconveniences, and which occasions not unfrequently

much disunion and contention. This family, consisting of several married brothers, is said to be unusually united and happy. Most of these ladies appeared to me as more than usually ill-favoured. Nearly all of them wore jonquils in their hair, but placed there without taste, in a bunch, either on the forehead or beside the ear. All wore heavy jackets and pantaloons. Their dress was devoid of ornament, and their demeanour indifferent and without any grace. Amongst eight or ten of them only one was handsome, though two or three had a lively expression.

We were accompanied by a young American lady—a Miss Moon—who seemed to me rather as if she had come from that luminary, but who I believe to have more than usual worth. She has already been a couple of years in Jerusalem, and is well acquainted with the Arab language and customs. We were received in a friendly manner with shaking of hands by the jonquil-adorned ladies, and the female slaves, according to custom, offered us coffee in cups as small as half an egg-shell, together with tschibouks and cigars. Mrs. Johnson and I each sipped a cup of coffee, Miss Moon smoked a cigar.

Whilst Mrs. Johnson was occupied in conversation with a new-married lady, my attention was engaged by an elder one, who, in the meantime, did not at all concern herself about me. This was a lady of probably forty, but with a pale countenance and sagacious expression, finely formed eyes, and dark pencilled eyebrows. She seated herself upon a low divan, whilst a female slave, kneeling before her, laved her white and beautifully-formed hands and arms with water. This done, she herself took with her own hands water from the basin, washed her face, drew it up her nose, took it into her mouth, spouted it out again, and again

commenced the operation. After this not very delicate, but probably customary sacred ablution, she wrapped a white muslin drapery round her head and shoulders, and when a slave had spread a mat on the middle of the floor, before a window at the lower end of the room, dropped down upon it on her knees, and incessantly muttering the while a low prayer, touched the floor over and over again with her forehead. The good lady had indeed never heard the admonition—

"When thou prayest, enter into thy chamber, and close the door." She, on the contrary, would evidently be "seen of men."

After about ten minutes' time, when she had performed her devotional exercises, she took her seat on the divan beside me, muttering all the time softly to herself, and fingering her rosary—for the Mohammedans make use also of the rosary, like the Roman Catholic and Greek Christians, but without the cross.

Through Mrs. Johnson, as interpreter, I said to her, when she had concluded her muttering, that I was glad to observe that she occupied herself with prayer, and wished to know whether she prayed to Allah or the Prophet. She replied, "To both." I then asked if she would communicate to me the purport of her prayer. To which she replied by the somewhat pointed question, "Whether I wished to become a Mohammedan?" I replied, smiling, that I would consider about it, if she would tell what was her belief, and what the doctrines of her religion. This she evidently received as a joke, yet not in an unfriendly spirit. I said that we Europeans generally supposed that the Mohammedans considered women to have no souls, and not to attain to Paradise after death. She replied, that women most certainly would be admitted into Paradise, though not into the highest.

Question.—What will women occupy themselves with in their Paradise? Will they drink coffee there, and have their amusements?

Answer.—The Jews believe that after death they will go into Abraham's bosom, the Christians that they will go to the Lord Jesus, and the Moslems that they will go to the Paradise of their Prophet, Mohammed. They go there if, whilst on earth, they have been diligent in prayer and almsgiving, but as to what they will be occupied in when there, is known to no one.

To this serious reply of the good lady, who evinced by it a higher consciousness than the doctrine of the Koran—regarding the life after death "merely sensual pleasures"—I could not do otherwise than reply *Taib* (good), though to various other things I was obliged to say *Muss taib* (not good); as, for instance, that one need not pray from the heart, but merely use the prescribed prayers, at appointed times, and that the religion of the pious appears to consist in outward forms and the exact observance of certain prescribed rules. The wise lady seemed evidently certain of one thing, that nobody could be wiser than she was, and the whole family of ladies, in fact, appeared to me certain about their righteousness and bliss—ah! as the chrysalis in the cabbage-garden is certain of its happiness, because it has no conception, no presentiment of the winged life of the butterfly!

I asked two young women, the expression of whose countenance was animated, if they had not a desire to travel, and to see God's beautiful world?

"No," replied they, "travelling would be sinful for ladies!"

From this ultra-pious family, from whom, in the meantime, we parted with many a friendly *massalami* (fare-

well), we betook ourselves to another of a more worldly character. The ladies here were out visiting the wife of the Pacha, but they were expected home every moment; and the female slaves urged us warmly to enter the ante-room, a large, light, very handsome apartment, with lofty Byzantine round-topped windows hung with scarlet curtains. The master of this house was a wealthy Effendi, and he had three wives. He and his son, who had also a young wife, inhabited the same house. The female slaves and their children came, as usual, and stood staring at us. Some of these slaves were altogether black and had a coarse expression; others, again, were of a bronze-brown, and had those delicate features, and that soulful play of countenance which distinguishes the Abyssinian people. One of these women, who was said to be "a faithful servant," and very much beloved in this harem, had a remarkably good and intelligent countenance. In a general way, the Abyssinians are praised as the best of servants, intelligent, good, and faithful. All the more, therefore, is it to be lamented that this little African people, who maintain their Christianity in the midst of Mohammedanism, should be compelled, by the necessity of their country, to emigrate, and that many of them become slaves. They are evidently of an Arab stock, and of a noble one, if we may judge by the beauty of the features.

One of the ladies who had remained at home—probably a wife of the second class—entered in a state of great *negligé*, and seated herself with us, talking a little with Mrs. Johnson, and admiring a spray of flowers which she had in her bonnet. Mrs. Johnson wished to take them out to give her, but she swore by Allah that she would not accept them. Directly afterwards she said that she should like to have the flowers, which

were then at once transferred from the handsome head of Mrs. Johnson to that of Sitti Ayesha, who was not handsome, and who accepted them unconcerned by the oath which she had so lately uttered. But such unmeaning oaths as these seem to be every moment on the tongue of the Mohammedan lady. The young lady in whose company we now were, looked like the slave of coarse and violent passions.

And now a lively excitement prevailed amongst the female slaves in the room, and it was announced that the principal ladies of the house were returned. Directly afterwards, two very striking figures entered; the one, a lady of about thirty, in an orange-coloured dress of some kind of large flowery material; the second, much younger, very pretty, in a black silk jacket and pantaloons, with rich gold fringe and lace. She was the new-married wife of the son of the house, and was remarkably modest in expression and demeanour, which was not the case with the elder lady, who, in the most unembarrassed manner, and with as little grace as possible, seated herself on the sofa in goose-fashion, drawing up first one leg under her and then the other. Her dress, open in front, revealed a neck of dazzling whiteness encircled by a gold chain; her demeanour was careless and not at all becoming, according to our notions of propriety. She seemed to be the principal of her husband's three wives, and told us that she wished to become a *Hadji* pilgrim, and to make this spring a pilgrimage to Mecca, in company with her husband and one of his co-wives. She could read a little, but could not write at all; and when Mrs. Johnson told her that I was a lady who wrote books, she seemed as if she could not understand what that was. A sickly-looking little boy was, in the meantime, taken from the arms of a young slave; but as he

was very uneasy, and cried sadly, he was obliged to be speedily returned to the black girl, with whom he seemed to be much more comfortable than with his mother.

The young wife, in the meantime, who was as charming as the other was the contrary, offered us upon a tray a remarkably good sorbet, or liquid ice-cream, of rose-essence, and with it a delicate embroidered handkerchief with which to dry our lips. Hebe or Ganymede could not have offered nectar with a more bashfully noble grace; her whole being and her dress had a certain antique nobility, and the delicate, small head a child-like and really affecting beauty. Alas! that this young creature should be degraded within the sewer of the harem—I cannot use any other expression when I reflect upon its nature and usual condition, and on the innate beauty of this young womanly being. But perhaps she may chance to belong to the exceptional women, who are loved exclusively and to the end by their husbands. Certain it is that she seemed to me to deserve it. At the present time she is evidently happy as a young, beloved, and loving bride who, in the fulness of the present, cannot think on the morrow.

We were most kindly received in this house, and regaled in every possible way, for hospitality belongs to the Mohammedan duties and virtues. Miss Moon here smoked a nerghilé—a kind of Turkish pipe, which I will describe another time. On taking leave we obtained a glimpse into a small room near the divan, where a fat little boy, still in swaddling clothes, but with a turban on his head, lay in a silver-mounted cradle, and slept—a Pacha in miniature.

In the third house which we visited Mrs. Johnson was received with loud demonstrations of joy by a

young expensively-attired lady and an equally young turbaned gentleman. They had been her acquaintance ever since childhood, they seemed very fond of her, and were this day receiving a visit from her by appointment. To my surprise the young man came into the reception-room with us and seated himself on the divan to take part in the conversation. He was the young lady's brother-in-law, and was now convalescent from an illness; for the rest, he was married and the father of a family, although he was not more than eighteen—for he had been married at fourteen. Both he and his young sister-in-law looked good, kind, and sensible. She was possessed of real European grace in expression and manner, although her dress was not free from that want of taste which in general distinguishes the attire of women here. Instead of a jacket, she wore a blue silk blouse, and round her waist and across one shoulder a belt of pure gold pieces, single and double gold mejidis and Austrian ducats; a large gold bell and other expensive ornaments hung at this costly belt. Her eyelashes and eyebrows were blackened, which, however, did not lessen the good expression of the countenance. We were entertained, as usual, with coffee and sweetmeats. Miss Moon here smoked again a cigar. The young wife herself would not take anything because she had made a vow to fast this day, in thanksgiving for her happy recovery from her third confinement, which had lately taken place. She was evidently a happy wife and mother; her eyes beamed with the joy of life. The young man seemed also good and contented; yet he would like to travel, and see something of the world. But, said he, smiling, he would wait till he had more beard on his chin, of which there seemed, as yet, none at all. In the meantime he was studying English.

I did not here feel inclined to ask any question

regarding the state after death. I saw young people before me too much satisfied with the present life, to occupy themselves greatly about that which was to come. And the happy young lady, the only wife of her husband, now nursed her little son, and was certain to receive every day a new gold mejidi from her husband to hang to her girdle. This is her joy of Paradise. May it last long!

A young black female slave, who offered us coffee, awkwardly upset one of the cups, so that its contents were spilled upon the beautiful carpet; but she only laughed at the accident, and seemed to have no fear either of anger or punishment.

As a general rule, it seems to me that the slaves' condition, with regard to their masters and mistresses, is much freer and more confidential here than it is in America. The slaves do not appear to entertain any dread of their masters. Perhaps they stand in a nearer equality with them, in point of culture, here than is the case between slaves and their masters in the western hemisphere. But the cause of the better condition in this country ought, perhaps, to be ascribed to the kind-heartedness which, it is said, distinguishes the Arab women.*

For my own part, I can merely speak in high commendation of the kindness and even cordiality which I

* But that it does not, in the meantime, prevent the usual consequences of slavery I have already perceived. A young female slave belonging to an Arab family of good condition, residing just opposite Mr. Rosen's, might be seen sometimes on the roof weeping, and in such distress as excited his sympathy. One day, when he had given some indication of attention to her, she besought him weeping, to purchase her, so that she might be enabled to get away from that house, because her *sitti* (lady) beat her so severely and so constantly.—*Author's note.*

experienced during my visits to these ladies, as well as of the intelligence which most of them exhibited in conversation. It is clear to me, that with the education of freedom and Christianity they would become equal to the best-cultivated women of Europe. All the greater, therefore, is the sin which keeps them in a state of tricked-out degradation, in spiritual captivity; and all the more just, therefore, is that punishment which comes upon a people which does not know how in woman to esteem the mother of the human race. The punishment is that the whole nation itself is degraded and falls to pieces. How could these women—nay, these human chrysalides—train up a free, self-conscious, progressive people where the family is subjected to the rule of the domestic despot, and the father of the family becomes an arbitrary master, the woman merely a piece of household furniture, a servant of pleasure or profit? where the people are subjected to the sway of a despotic ruler, and with it to slavery and death—in so far as they are unable to burst their imprisoning chrysalis? The first step towards this would be to liberate woman and to elevate family life. This is a question of life and death for all the people of the East. The sons of Moslem have for a time been at the head of these; but powerful as conquerors, they have no strength as the workers of liberty and peace—no powers in the higher realm of freedom and education. Where now is their greatness and political independence? The Grand Porte has become the gateway, as it were, for the carriages and horses of foreign peoples. The Crescent is in the wane;—and must soon disappear. And so it must be with every nation which does not seriously take to heart the primeval announcement of the Book of Genesis—"God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he them; male

and female created he them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." It is only through this pure reciprocity and equality between man and woman, so beautifully indicated in the Swedish term *maka* (equal, companion), that they can obtain the Divine blessing, and make earth into a paradise.

The Jews, who, like all Eastern people, fell into polygamy, freed themselves, nevertheless, from it at a later period, and are at the present time a people of pure morals and of a pure domestic life. Their increasing cultivation and importance amongst the nations where they now live scattered, has assuredly its secure basis in this fact, and is prophetic of a future national greatness, whilst the peoples who have ruled over them in their native land have fallen to decay, or stand on the brink of destruction. Such is the case with the Turks and Arabs.

The subjected position of women in the East did not, however, prevent some of them, in ancient times, from attaining to high rank and a deserved reputation for wisdom and force of character. "The Queen of the South" is a noble representative of them. But the free and the noble were but few amongst the thousands who were not free. So is it with all nations anterior to Christianity. And how have the women of the East sunk since this time? Where now are their Zenobias, Semiramises, their queens and their heroines? Their spirit has been stifled by the confined, pestilent atmosphere of the harem. Amongst the Christians there are not perhaps a greater number of highly distinguished women than amongst the ancient non-Christians. But the proportion between the few free and the thousands in bondage, is now reversed. The thousands are free and the few are in bondage—which is no small cause of the

progressive life and continually increasing culture of these nations.

Mohammed was not deficient in a sense of woman's right, as is proved by many of the statutes of the Koran. He established it as a law that she should have part in the heritance, and abolished the Arab custom of murdering female children* by casting them alive into a well or other deep hole in the earth; he desired to render woman's lot and portion on earth better than it had been. But no vision of a kingdom of God enlightened, in so doing, his dim glance, and his own voluptuous nature caused him to legislate for man's right as a polygamist, and also for his having children by slaves. Add to which he ordained that the husband must in all things have the right over the wife, because "he must provide for her." Mohammed himself greatly exceeded the number of four wives which he ordained as legal for his followers. His own first marriage with the prudent widow Kadijah, whom he had to thank for his elevation in more than one respect, ought, one would think, to have led the Prophet to take a somewhat deeper view of these subjects. But for this he himself was neither great enough nor yet free enough. After the death of the wise Kadijah he became the slave of his own lusts.

March 1st.—I have removed from my great but empty hotel. All the hotels in Jerusalem—two or three in number—are empty this year. The late murders and robberies have frightened away tourists. I have

* A remarkable *sura*, or paragraph, in the Koran, treating of the last judgment, and which describes in strong colours the great process by which human actions shall be examined, contains the words, "when the girl, which has been buried alive, shall arise and ask for what crime she has been deprived of life, then," &c.—*Author's note.*

removed to a more humble, but, upon the whole, a more comfortable abode, with good people, lately Christianized Jews. My hostess—of a German family—has in particular a manner so affectionate, and a voice so gentle, that it does me good to see and hear her. She manages my little housekeeping also in the best way possible, gives me excellent coffee, good Jerusalem bread,* and fresh butter—for the first time since I have been in this city; which hearty breakfast I partake of to the chirping of hundreds of sparrows, whilst the sun shines in through a little window opening on the side of the court, and through the chinks of the door, and salutes me with a friendly "good morning." The sparrows may really be reckoned as inhabitants of the Jerusalem houses. I have never seen them in such numbers anywhere else, neither so familiar nor so plump. They are continually on the watch round the court, follow the footsteps of the mistress of the house to pick up any crumbs that she may let fall, hop down upon the bread-basket if she sets it out of her hand for a moment, make themselves everywhere at home, and send forth such a merry jubilation in so doing, that it is impossible for one to be angry with the impudent little things.

I am still living on Mount Zion, and not far from the beautiful palm-tree. I look from the Byzantine-arched window of my quiet little conventual room over a large corn-field, where the vigorous young green corn already waves deeply before the wind. Beyond this rises a handsome old Greek church, that of Abraham and Isaac—if I am not mistaken—with finely decorated door and window-arches; and, farther still, a Turkish

* Wheaten bread, baked by the Jews, or more properly by the Jewesses, of a remarkably good quality, may be obtained in Jerusalem. Arab-bread, baked in thinner cakes, looks nice, but is bitter and heavy.—*Author's note.*

minaret, from the gallery of which I see and hear the watchful Muezzin shout forth the hours of prayer; a beautiful terebinth-tree stands at its foot; and still beyond these, together with some convent-like buildings, I see the beautiful, but dilapidated cupola of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The horizon, even here, is bounded by the everlasting hills, which now, after the refreshing rain, have become green.

I am, in my room, surrounded by my friends—books—the good old friends whom I brought with me from Sweden, Switzerland, and Italy; and some new ones, which I have obtained from Pastor Hefter and Mrs. Gobat, a lady of great kindness and benevolent care for all who come within her sphere. These will aid me in making myself acquainted with the country and the people amongst whom I am sojourning — will aid me forward on my career of thought, forward into clearness and consistency in my inner world. *Medicina mentis,* the soul's remedy and consolation, silent light-bearers, best, most faithful friends, even from my childhood—my books! I feel as if I could here live happy for a long time alone with you!

The street below my window is not enticing; it is narrow, winding, dirty, and miserably paved, as are nearly all the streets of Jerusalem. This lane is merely a little narrower and a little dirtier than the rest. Nevertheless, I often see the daughters of Zion—many Jewish families reside in this portion of the city—go forth in a state of grandeur which somewhat lessens my pity for their condition in Jerusalem. From under the long white veil, falling so gracefully over the turban-like head-dress, glance forth eyes which are made still more brilliant by the dark-coloured eyelashes, and by the blue finely-pencilled shadows under the eye; gold chains and other finery shine around the

white necks, gold earrings in the ears; even the white turban has its golden ornaments. I see groups of women and young girls thus decked out, not unfrequently standing and sunning themselves outside the gate of Zion. Many of them are very handsome, a perfect delight to the eye, and evidently very willing to be seen. But I question with myself, with some astonishment, whether these women can really be the same that I saw on the Jews' lamentation-day weeping and mourning over the stones of the Temple, and who are said to be poor and oppressed. I have also made the same inquiry from other people, and the answer has been, that the Jews are actually, as a general rule, very poor; but that the love of splendour, which is peculiar to them, as it is to all Eastern people, often causes them to expend in finery for their wives and daughters more than is prudent of the income which they sometimes receive from their wealthy relatives.

As I have now gone down into my street, I will say a few words about the streets of Jerusalem in general, with which I am now tolerably well acquainted, and must bear in mind as the worst I ever walked in. The paving seems simply done for the purpose of causing the pedestrian to stumble or fall. Heaps of filth increase daily along the house sides, and in every corner, because they are never removed. Dead dogs and cats often lie there till they are pestilent; and yet along these streets, and especially in the neighbourhood of the Holy Sepulchre, a stream of people is now moving, and is always so from Christmas till after Easter; a multitude of all nations, with animals of various kinds; a stream so dense, that one is often obliged to wind about like a straw in a whirlwind—at least, if one be alone, without any conducting kavasse—because this stream of people has no regard for a solitary

individual, not a single animal or man moving out of their way for anything so insignificant. And if you should hear behind you the cry, *Darak!* I counsel you as quickly as possible to take refuge within the very first open door that you come to, for in that case you cannot be sure that you have not close behind you, or coming right over you, one of their Oriental highnesses the camels, who with their broad burden fill up the whole width of the street, and plant their great paws upon the ground with a crushing force and indifference as to anything they may tread upon. They carry their heads so high that they cannot take any care—the comic, stupid animals!—but should you chance to have a bonnet on that excites their appetite—for instance, a straw-bonnet—it may chance that his camelite highness hastily condescends to snatch it from your head, and gravely munches it up as a delicacy to his palate. This actually happened to a lady here during the past winter.

The nearer one comes to the Holy Sepulchre, in particular on the Via Nazari, and up to the narrow gate of the forecourt, the greater becomes the crowd, and it is really necessary to be as swift as a dove and as circumspect as a serpent to get through without being knocked about or injured, one way or another. They are in particular the Christian pilgrims who swell this throng on their visit to the Holy Sepulchre, or on their way to purchase articles, which the shops on both sides of the street present to their gaze, such as rosaries, incense, mother-of-pearl work from Bethlehem, coloured glass-bracelets from Hebron, coloured pictures of saints, church-candles, Jericho roses, and many other things. Very costly rosaries and precious stones are even exposed for sale there. If you are alone in the stream of men and animals, you cannot

look at anything in quiet, for you will be knocked about unmercifully by the pilgrims, the Turkish soldiers, by the Arabs, by asses, camels, or their drivers. But if you are accompanied by a European consul or his lady, you are safe; for before them and you marches the consul's guard—one or two kavasses, in brilliant Turkish costume, and tall silver-mounted staves—and before these authoritative gentlemen, with the demeanour and gravity of sultans, the stream opens; and if it do not so, they shout aloud, and thrust aside, on the right hand and on the left, both men and beasts, so that there is ample space, and neither men nor women place themselves in opposition. They draw up close to the sides of the houses —even their highnesses the camels are obliged to give way—and you may then quietly make use of your eyes in contemplating the many-coloured, chaotic multitude through which you are passing.

From ten to twelve thousand pilgrims are usually calculated as being at this time in Jerusalem; this year, it is said, they are fewer than common, but that a larger number will arrive towards Easter, and to me the number seems large enough already for the confined city. The greater part come hither from Russia, and from the older Christian provinces now under the Turkish sceptre. Many also are from Syria, Armenia, Caucasus, Persia, and Egypt. The costumes of Russia are dark in colour, and simple and unpretending in style. The dress of the women reminds me of that of our Swedish peasant-women around Stockholm. The costumes of the Southern and Eastern Christians are more parti-coloured. The men wear turbans or ornamental caps and furs, sometimes of great value. The women wear gold ornaments on their heads, necks, and wrists. Many walk about,

like the Mohammedan women, in a large white piece of linen drapery, but seldom covering the countenance as they do. One of the most remarkable costumes is that of the men of the Caucasus and of Persia. They look as if they came from Siberia in their tall black fur caps and black or brown sheepskins. The features of these men are strong and well-formed, but coarse; their figures also unusually strong and large. They are said to have large herds and extensive pasture-grounds, and also that they frequently come to Jerusalem with from twenty to thirty thousand francs in their pocket. But—I have not yet said my say about the streets of Jerusalem.

In the most celebrated of these, the *Via dolorosa*, you are shown the Council-house where Christ was brought before Pilate, the place where Pilate presented him, crowned with thorns, to the people, saying, "Behold the man!"—a pretty arch, high above the street, with a little house with two windows in the middle—the place where Jesus was scourged by the guard, where he fell under the cross, and many other places belonging to the last painful walk of the Saviour. It is possible that these places, and the chapels standing on the ground, correspond with the actual historical sites, although they are most certainly buried deep in the earth beneath those, which now, with more or less verisimilitude, represent them in the daylight. The dramatic interest, to me, consists in the character of this long, narrow way, with its dark stations of suffering, so unlike the court of Solomon's Temple, and that this road was freely chosen by Him who stood one day as teacher in this Temple, admired of young and old, and called "Master."

"The rich man's house" is a very elegant house, shown to strangers in this street; but most assuredly it

is another and a much newer house than was inhabited by the rich man of whom our Lord spake—if, in fact, it were a real person at all in Jerusalem, and not merely a type which may be met with there still, as in all other countries.

The houses along the streets are, generally speaking, low, without either beauty or look of importance. Turned towards the street, little except grey walls is seen. Within the gate you find, in the houses of the more wealthy, a courtyard surrounded by small buildings not deficient in convenience, and sometimes Oriental elegance. A house of this kind is like a little castle, which might defend itself under the attack of an enemy. As to plan, there is none that I can discover in this coral-like conglomeration of small houses, consisting merely of small rooms, the one piled upon the other, and the half-roof of which always forms a terrace for walking, from which a little flight of steps or ladder leads to the dwelling-house, or to the terrace above, whence you can in perfect quietness enjoy the unimpeded view and the fresh air, beneath a sky which is almost always bright. The house of the consul, Mr. Rosen—of which, however, he is merely the tenant—is one of the most beautiful in the city, and comprises on its lofty terraces a garden, with beautiful fruit-trees, flowers, grass-plot, a cool verandah with a stone fountain, a little park where now two gazelles, beautiful but wild creatures, gambol about at their pleasure—besides a well-paved court, whence doors lead to the apartments of the family on the one side, and on the other, to those of the servants. And here you see how enchanting an Oriental dwelling may be.

The larger houses in Jerusalem are often possessed by many Arab families in common—sometimes as many as fifty or sixty persons—and the rent of the house is

divided amongst them. Sometimes you come to a gate which gives evidence that it has seen better days, although it is now half choked up with dirt and rubbish, so that it is difficult to pass through. If, however, you are courageous, and can get through these impediments, you may perhaps discover within, as I did this very day, the beautiful remains of a palace, the arches, window-heads, and ornaments of which testify its descent from the Middle Ages. Its ruinous condition, and the state of neglect and filth in which it remains, showing also the domestic management of the Turks. But wherever you go in Jerusalem you see traces of this; everywhere dirt, rubbish, or disorder. The Pool of Bethesda—that holy pool, into the water of which an angel descended and troubled it, and conferred upon it healing virtue, Bethesda is now merely a reservoir of rubbish and impurity.

In the dark covered passages of the bazaars you would suppose yourself to be walking in some subterranean city. The Mussulmans sit silent there by their shops, with their long pipes and long beards—every one of them looking like a sultan, waiting gravely for Allah to send them customers. These bazaars are silent and gloomy, but not dirty; and I very well understand how it may be a great relief to come hither during the hot sunshine. Certain parts are so dark, that it is with difficulty you can distinguish the countenances of those you meet, and the silent, though heavy tread of the camels—for they, too, enter here—seems to me to be doubly fearful. Most of the streets are without names, and all strike me as being so like the one to the other, that I cannot comprehend how anybody can find their way with safety through these labyrinthine ways.

Here and there you come upon buildings under repair. The Jews are erecting, in the Jews' quarter, at

this present time, a splendid new synagogue, through the aid of the brethren in other lands, of whom Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, is mentioned as one of the most active benefactors of the Jerusalem Jews. In the more European portion of the city, Austria is building a beautiful hospital with a chapel, both tasteful and costly. And even here it is necessary, in digging for the foundations, to go through about sixty feet of *débris*. The largest, and almost the only squares are the Harem Square—alone of its kind—that near the Tower of Hippicus before the Jaffa gate, and that in front of the Evangelical Church on Mount Zion.

I will classify the Arab population of Jerusalem into the smokers, the screamers, and the silent or the ghosts. The former you will see in groups or throngs, sitting before the coffee-houses—the open space inside the Jaffa gate is a favourite place of assembling for them—smoking tschibouks and nerghilés* —whilst the coffee-house waiters—handsome boys in the Greek dress—run about with miserable-looking coffee-cans, and pour black coffee—the blacker the better —into eggshell-like cups, from which the smoking gentlemen sip the strong beverage with much satisfaction. Sometimes you see a person amongst them relating something with lively gestures, the rest all listening in silence, and very seldom any one amongst

* The nerghilé is a kind of smoking instrument, from the mouthpiece, of yellow amber, if it be a valuable one, of which proceeds a kind of tube, many ells in length, which finally passes into an ornamental glass vessel of water, whence you see a smoke ascending, whilst the water in the carafe bubbles with a gurgling sound. This smoke, by thus passing through the water, is said to be more wholesome than the ordinary tobacco smoke, whilst the gurgling sound is particularly agreeable to the smoker.—*Author's note.*

them being seen to laugh. Most frequently you will hear from the coffee-shop the sound of the guitar, sometimes accompanied by a tremulous, unmelodious song, in which is told the achievements of war, or love-adventures, of which the Arabs are very fond of hearing. In the bazaars and the shops, wherever a certain still life prevails, you will find smoking going forward, and amongst the smokers, the green turban—and you will see it often;—in it you have before you a descendant of the Prophet, or a man who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, knows his Koran by heart, and has consequently the rank of a holy man.

The screamers amongst the population are all such as have wares to sell in the streets, or who drive camels and asses. To them, also, belong the countrywomen, or Fellahins, who come daily to the city with firewood, grass, vegetables, eggs, &c. They usually sit on the Jaffa market with their wares, scream horribly, or, if they talk together even, one would suppose that they were scolding vehemently. These women let their dirty grey linen drapery hang from the head down the back, without any attempt to cover their faces. They are, for the most part, greatly adorned, and sometimes loaded with silver ornaments. Silver coins strung on a cord form bandeaus across the forehead, where the hair begins to grow, and hang down the cheeks; silver rings adorn the fingers and wrists. Even the very little girls' faces are often thus encircled by a border of silver coins, which form the termination of the head-dress, a little cap or calotte made with Turkish piastres fastened close together like the scales of fish. I have heard that this cap is these girls' dowry. These countrywomen sometimes are possessed of a savage kind of beauty; but more frequently they are ugly, and especially hideous in expression. Coarseness and

evil passions have stamped their appearance and manners. They resemble an assemblage of witches, of whom I feel more fear than of the men of this class, though certainly neither the one nor the other inspires confidence. But in the men savage licentiousness is not so apparent.

A beautiful contrast to these Xantippes is presented by the Bethlehemite women—the Greek Christian Arab women—who come to Jerusalem, and take service in good families. Their countenances are unveiled, they have fresh, blooming complexions, handsome features, and a natural dignity which is enhanced by their costume. They are easily recognised by their lofty headdress, and by the long white veil which falls from it over their shoulders and back; some gold coins may generally be seen shining amongst the silver coins of the bandeau on their foreheads. Mrs. Gobat's cook might serve as the model for a picture of the Queen of Sheba, and my servant Maria for one of Judith.

To the silent, or ghost class, belong all the Arab women of the higher rank, who, enveloped in long white drapery, and with thick black, yellow, or blue gauze veils, cover their faces, walk, or rather stagger along, in yellow boots and slippers, groups and crowds of them, through the streets of the city, on their way to the Jaffa gate, beyond which they promenade. You never hear them utter a word in the city, neither see them make a pause. And as they approach you, the black or yellow being under the white veil turns towards you with a staring, inquiring expression, but without your being able to observe, or even to guess at the countenance which is behind it. The poor, stupid ghosts—who very seldom can believe themselves pitiable, and are all the more so, in consequence—go out most frequently to their churchyards, or seat themselves

under the olive-trees, where they pass the day in doing —nothing.

You never either see or hear a carriage in Jerusalem, but sometimes you will see an elegant Effendi, or a rich Bedouin, attended by their servants, come riding on magnificent steeds through the pedestrian crowd. The Bedouin may always be recognised by the long mantle, which, fastened to his head, flutters behind him. Sometimes this mantle is woven with a gold border, and a cord of camel- or horse-hair, skilfully plaited, secures it round the head, so that its folds shade the countenance. The countenance is dark in colour, and dark also in expression, but there lives a burning flame in the black eyes, and the pearly white teeth flash from behind the lips whenever these are parted either for friendly greeting or in laughter. The Bedouin chief always rides armed with lance and gun, and so also his servants. But even the agricultural Arabs—the Fellahins—go about armed with guns, sometimes of very beautiful workmanship, inlaid with metals, and with bright, if not precious stones.

One sometimes sees a group of Effendis going out for pleasure. They may be recognised by their expensive dresses, and long, silver-mounted staves, which they use as walking-sticks. Usually they are attended by servants.

Of the pilgrims, I have already spoken. Small processions of these arrive daily, either walking, or riding, and distribute themselves amongst the hotels standing under the convent, where, it is said, they pay tolerably dear for the honour of beholding the Holy City. Many, however, come hither rather on account of trade than for the sake of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Jewish population of Jerusalem, about four

thousand souls, is divided into two political sections, with separate synagogues, customs, and language; namely, the Spanish Jews (Sephardim), who, besides Hebrew, speak also Spanish; and Aschkonazim, or foreign Jews—mostly Russians, Poles, and Germans. The former are immediately under the protection of the Porte, the latter under that of the Consulate. They differ also in their head-gear. A third, and properly a religious section, is that of the Karaites, which is here represented by merely a few families. They constitute the Protestants of Judaism, rejecting the Talmud and Mischna—Jewish traditions—and adhere only to the books of the Old Testament. They are said to be conscientious and truthful, as well as to lead pure and good domestic lives. They, too, have their separate synagogue.

I have already spoken of the costume of the Jewesses. And if you see a man in a fur cap, or any other cap, or without one, and who has long, thin, corkscrew curls hanging down his cheeks, you may be certain that he is a Jew. His countenance is usually pale and long, he has delicate features and an expression of humility, or rather that of one who feels himself to be oppressed. I have in Jerusalem seen only three men who appeared to me the representatives of Pharisees and Scribes, against whom our Lord more than once expressed Himself strongly as those who love greetings in the market-places, who "devour widows' houses," who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, and who will neither go in themselves, nor suffer those who are entering to do so. These three gentlemen I saw walking together more than once, in splendid attire and tall Jewish turbans. They have an appearance of pride and self-satisfaction, which perfectly stamps them as Pharisees.

Finally, I must say a few words about the most unfortunate inhabitants of Jerusalem, the poor lepers, whose little village, of a few streets with a few dozen low huts, you see just within the wall, near the Zion gate. These miserable huts have their doors turned towards the wall; but their inhabitants, about fifty, I believe, in number, may be seen all day sitting or lying about the hills or hollows in the neighbourhood, as well as on the roads outside the Jaffa and Zion gates, exhibiting to the passers by their deformed countenances and disease-consumed limbs, and calling to people to have pity upon them; for they live here, as I have been told, solely on alms;* nor do these fail them. I often see bread, fruit, and other provisions extended to them by the passers by. These are all collected in baskets, which seem to be common property. Their appearance is hideous, but they do not look really unhappy, for I have closely studied their expression, and it is not that of a disgust of life, nor yet of despair. They are importunate for the support of their wretched lives, their afflicted existence, and they overwhelm you with blessings for the gift of a few piastres. Wonderful capacity of earthly life and light, which can infuse even into the most hopeless condition of human life pleasure enough to make existence dear! The poor lepers here have, however, a wise freedom, they have sunshine and companionship one with another, and every day has the interest of a lottery from the

* Some of them are, nevertheless, not poor, but are possessed of houses and fields. As soon, however, as any show signs of being affected by this frightful Eastern disease, they are compelled to leave their dwellings and remove hither. The disease is regarded as infectious, and children inherit it from their parents.—*Author's note.*

abundance of more fortunate human beings. This keeps up their courage and their life. I wonder whether the pious dervishes whom I see going every Friday to the great Mosque of Omar, ever turn aside their steps to the village of the lepers, and preach to them of a better state beyond this life?

SIXTH STATION.

Ride to the Valley of Urtâs—Traditions and Legends—Herodion—View of Bethlehem—Meschullam the Colonist—The three Harvests of the Fig-tree—The Soil of Palestine—Memories of Urtâs Valley and its possible Future—The Brook Kedron—A Folks'-feast in the Valley of Kedron—A grand Dinner in a Harem—Pacha Soreija—A Night on the Mount of Olives—A Visit to the Mosque of Omar—Prince Alfred's Reception in Jerusalem—Visit to the Synagogues—A Karaite Family—Preparation for Easter.

March 2nd.—One of the most beautiful days of my Palestine life! At nine o'clock in the morning I mounted my horse in Arab fashion to accompany the English Consul, Mr. Finn, and his wife, on an excursion to Bethlehem and the Valley of Urtâs, the ancient gardens of Solomon, as is believed. A kavasse rode before us, terrifically armed with sabre, and I know not what number of fire-arms, which seemed to be starting forth from his waist, or rather from the girdle around it, but which I suspect were not loaded. But it was all as one. If the Bedouins met us—and in the district round Bethlehem there are some very dangerous tribes—they would suppose themselves to be in peril of their lives if they only came near us.

The morning had almost a northern freshness, the sky

was gloriously blue and clear, and the sunshine soon made the air as mild and warm as in May. As soon as we had turned southward outside of the Jaffa gate, we caught sight of the mountains of Moab clothed in the most beautiful purple. During the whole morning's ride we kept them in view—a magnificent line along the south-eastern horizon. We rode through the Valley of Gileon and up to the high plain on the south, towards the magnificent Greek convent, Amar Elias (Saint Elias). Beautiful olive-plantations, and very lovely gardens and grounds are seen here extending along both sides of the road. They are the work of the Greek priest Papa Benjamin, who is said to have laid them out at his own suggestion and with his own means. He was standing here, by the roadside, under a large terebinth-tree; a man of a strong build, with a long white beard and a kindly countenance. He invited us to alight and see his garden, but we had not now the time. We promised, however, on some other occasion, to accept the pleasure he offered us. And we rode quietly forward, the Consul and his intellectual and amiable wife alternately relating to me traditions and legends of the places which lay along our road. For they have both long resided in this country, and have a warm interest both in its antiquities and its future prospects.

In this way I was told of the old laws which still are in force, and which are regarded as sacred, although they have never been committed to writing and exist only in the memory of the people, and which, by oral transmission from father to son, have become as sacred as the law of God; higher than the Sultan's law, and which must be obeyed before it. Such, for example, is the old custom which commands that the man who, in open day and without opposition, shall plant a tree, has henceforward a right to all the ground upon which

the shadow of the tree falls; a law probably intended to encourage the planting of trees, but which at the present time gives occasion to many troubles and lawsuits.

Not far from the Elias Convent you are shown, in a hollow of the hill, the place where the prophet Elijah rested, and which became afterwards excavated, as it were. Here there is a fountain called the "Wise Men's Fountain." The legend relates, that the wise men from the East, who were on their way to offer homage to the new-born King of Judah, were, when they arrived at this spot, so weary and so thirsty, that they had quite forgotten the object of their journey and the star which had hitherto conducted them. But when they here bowed down over the fountain to fetch up water, they saw the star brightly reflected in its depth. This recalled all to their memory, their courage was renewed, and they continued their journey to its completion.

At a little distance beyond the convent we rode across a tract which was scattered over with small stones. Here—the legend relates—came, once on a time, the Virgin Mary, weary and hungry; and finding a farmer busy weeding his field of peas, she asked him to give her a few peas to stay the pangs of her hunger. He hesitated; she prayed him a second time. "No," replied he, "I would rather give you little stones to eat." "Well, then," said the Virgin Mary, excited to anger, "henceforth your field shall produce nothing but little stones!" And ever since then that tract of land has remained a field of little stones.

I observed that the Virgin Mary of the legend was not a remarkably good Christian, inasmuch as she returned evil for evil.

After this we came to more kindly districts, districts where the verdant ground is quite brilliant with large

scarlet anemones, which open themselves to the sun like a thanksgiving song of earth. They shone into my very soul.

The Roman Catholic Convent, the Cross—in Arabic, *Der el Mussalabeh*—with its seminary and church, rise up by the little village of Bethjallah like a fortified castle. It is one of the most magnificent establishments of the kind in this country, and here the Jesuits educate Arab youths as Christian missionaries for their own people. The old little Greek church, which stands in the neighbourhood, surrounded by a mass of poor houses, has combated, and still combats in vain with the Latin dominator, who ever more and more thrusts out his power, spiritual and temporal. On the lofty hills on the west, at the feet of which the conventual palace lies, both the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea may be seen at the same time. The whole district is a succession of hills—a portion of which seem formerly to have been cultivated in terraces—and valleys, in the latter of which one frequently finds olive-plantations.

We passed near Rachel's Grave; the little cupola-roofed chapel above, which has frequently been destroyed and rebuilt anew. Here, with every new moon, congregate the Jewish women to celebrate with songs and lamentations the memory of their ancestress. Her death, which is related in Genesis xxv. 18, seems to have made her, in the eyes of the Jewish people, a type of maternity in all its suffering and love, and they believe that she possesses a right of vote in the council of God, and also the power to call down a blessing upon children and children's children on the earth. For, "saith the Lord," according to the Prophet Jeremiah,* "a voice was heard in Ramah,

* Jeremiah xxxi. 15, 16, 17.

lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." But the Lord continues, "Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears, for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord, and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border."

The Jewish women pray at Rachael's Grave for themselves and their children, as the Roman Catholics do to the Virgin Mary. In this custom, which we Evangelical Protestants rightly reject, there lies a great truth which we ought not to reject, that of the connexion between the living and the dead—or rather the departed—and its efficacy.

The road—but which, properly speaking, is not a road, but many paths meandering freely over the surface of the ground, and from which the traveller can choose freely as he will—turns from Rachael's Grave towards the south-east. Extensive views open over the wild rocky desert towards the Dead Sea, the blue mirror of which shines forth from the foot of the mountain-wall of Moab. The volcano-like hill Herodion rises pyramidally aloft from the black billowy rocks on this side of the Dead Sea; and not far thence the still higher Frank Mountain, on the summit of which the Crusaders are said to have had a stronghold, the ruins of which may still be seen. It was on the Hill of Herodion that Herod, called "The Great," and who really was great as a despot, as a builder, and as a criminal, erected for himself a magnificent pleasure-palace, surrounded by beautiful gardens, to which he conducted water from the affluent fountain of Etham, in the Valley of Urtâs. It was also to this place that his body was conveyed for burial after his death at Jericho, when he had sought in vain for new life-strength

at the warm-baths of Callirhoe, on the other side of Jordan. The hill on which stood his pleasure-palace, and became his grave, is a worthy monument to him, lofty and black, like an exhausted volcano. Herodion stands amongst the hills of Judea, as Herod formerly stood amongst its people. The beautiful gardens are desolate, and the clear fountain of Etham refreshes them no longer.

"There is Bethlehem!" exclaimed Mrs. Finn, pointing to a ridge of hills before us. But it was some time before I could distinguish in the bright sunlight the little town from the rock background against which it stands. I first perceived it from the shadow of the olive-trees, which rose up here and there between the grey stone houses and the walls. No minaret, no lofty cupola, attracts the gaze which passes over the low city, inhabited almost exclusively by Arab Christians, and whose picturesque situation on the slope of the hill can scarcely be discerned from the side by which we were approaching. Besides, our road did not lead us directly to Bethlehem, but, in the first place, to the Valley of Urtâs, or Artâs, at some distance, where we were to pay a visit to a Christianized Jew of the name of Meschullam, a settler in this valley. Mrs. Finn, with an Englishwoman's energy, had entered into a kind of partnership with this man with regard to this undertaking, part of the profit being his own, and part being employed for the furtherance of similar undertakings in Palestine, where agriculture is in a very deplorable condition, but might be greatly advanced through the example of good cultivators.

We rode down a somewhat difficult descent—the first trying piece of road on our way—into a valley on the right of the hill on which Bethlehem is situated. Here we saw fields and vineyards evidently laid waste by some violent devastation.

Two Bethlehemite families had had some bitter quarrel, and one of them, in revenge on the other, had secretly invited a Bedouin tribe from the desert of the Jordan to come down and ravage the cornfields of his neighbour. This had occurred during the night; the Bedouins had driven their herds of goats and camels over the fields, which till then were covered with abundant harvests, and now all were devoured, torn up, or trampled down. Such nocturnal deeds are said to be very general amongst the Arabs here in the country, and prevent all quiet and secure improvement.

We rode round the hill to the south, and saw, at various distances, deep mountain-passes, with the level bottoms of the valleys covered with stones and yellow grass. On the right, however, opened a similar pass into a valley green as the most beautiful garden-ground. At the lower end might be seen a grove of young trees, and beyond, a hill which shut in the view. This was the celebrated Valley of Urtâs, the only one of these valleys now cultivated, but all of which were probably, at one time, cultivated, and together formed the alleys in the famous garden of Solomon, which, under the sway of the Romans was called *Hortus Conclusus*. The celebrated Pools, also, of Solomon—which are still in good condition, and from which aqueducts extend to Bethlehem and Jerusalem—lie about half an hour's ride from this place, so that the water would never fail these gardens. We had now arrived at the extent of our journey without having encountered any dangers, and scarcely having met a human being, excepting a couple of peaceful Bedouins with their camels. The tract between Jerusalem and Bethlehem seems uninhabited and depopulated.

We alighted from our horses, and followed a path cut in the rock along the valley, seeing, as we went forward, the nicely-kept, garden-like land lying below

us, verdant, and laid out in regular squares. On the other side of the valley rose a terraced hill, following the valley in the same direction as that upon which we were walking. Meschullam's farm lay about the middle of the valley, and in the middle of the farm stood a well-built dwelling-house of two stories, placed, as it were, on flat rocks planted in the valley. A large lemon-tree, shining with its golden fruit, stood before the gate; fat young cattle were grazing on the green slopes; and a large ram, with bright silky wool, lay in the sunshine on a little hill, looking around as if it were lord of the land. Everything wore the appearance of opulence and health.

We were met at the dwelling-house by three large well-fed dogs, who seemed to understand that we were friends, and wagged their tails without barking as they contemplated us. The sun was very hot, and we were glad to be conducted by two friendly Arab female servants in the handsome Bethlehemite costume, into the shade of the dwelling. Soon after, the mistress of the house made her appearance. She looked ill, but her countenance showed traces of great beauty, and expressed both the peace and health of the soul. A little girl, the youngest of eight children, bright and lovely as one might fancy a fairy child, followed the mother. The father of the family, the cultivator of the valley, had gone to Bethlehem, but was soon expected back again. In the meantime we were regaled by an Idylian repast, which could not have been better in the pastoral days of Abraham—excellent bread, butter, cheese, a new-laid egg-cake, fresh green salad, and wine of Bethlehem, sweet and pleasant as the Orvieto of Rome.

Towards the close of the meal, Meschullam came, a powerful form, though deeply marked by labour and the conflict of life, his forehead and eyes beaming

with intelligence and force of will, his countenance strongly furrowed, each furrow telling of some richly-garnered experience, either bitter or sweet. He seemed to me a labourer, weary after a long day's work, but still courageous, still dauntless, still ready for the combat with difficulties, and joyful in his victory over them.

Meschullam and his wife are a heart-gladdening example of the force of that strong determination, of that persevering labour which is to be met with everywhere on the earth. Great have been the difficulties, and even the dangers which they had to encounter; partly from their fellow-men, partly in consequence of circumstances concurrent on their peaceful settlement, undertaken without the encouragement or support of any friends excepting the husband and wife whom they were now entertaining with unmistakable joy and affection. Now, however, their dwelling stands peacefully in the midst of blooming cornfields and young growing wood, and the neighbours who were not willing to become the friends of the settler, have learned to esteem or to fear him. His sons and daughters have grown up into well-disposed young people, and every year he plants new olive-trees round the valley and upon the rich terraces of the hill-side, or wins some further small extent of land from the stony heaps which formerly wholly covered the ground of the valley. He has in this manner won it, so to speak, by slow degrees, from its stony covering. The stones thus collected are now piled up in neat walls around the cornfields, and here and there they are used in the formation of dams against the winter and spring floods, which occur when the rains are abundant; and this peaceful conquest is continually going forward, with the help of Arabs, whom Meschullam had contrived to make his willing servants.

After dinner we went out to see the valley and all that was doing in it; but first the affluent fountain which gives its waters to all—the fountain of Etham, which pours itself forth in a brook, clear as crystal, along the wall of rock. We traced the murmuring brook upwards. Everything on its banks seemed to rejoice over the lively running water; swarms of little gnats, which danced above them; the rose-red cyclamens which shot up out of the hollows or cracks in the stones, and bowed their lovely little heads as if to reflect themselves in the clear water; the grass which grew so abundantly on the banks as almost to conceal them. The almond-trees were in blossom, and hundreds of little goldfinches, with red crests round their beaks, twittered and warbled in the trees, although most of them were as yet without leaves.

Farther up amongst the hills, at the bottom of the valley, how splendidly green was the grass in its first spring-life after the rain-showers, and how gloriously brilliant with scarlet anemones, which spring up over all the yet uncultivated land. I felt ready to stoop down and kiss them! Was it not upon these flowers that the glance of the Saviour fell when he said, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!" I found also a beautiful little blue Iris in the more moist parts of the valley. Beans and peas were in blossom in the garden-ground. At one portion of the brook they were washing Swedish turnips, which Meschullam has planted, and which grow luxuriantly and quickly. These had been set in November. The soil of Palestine, although not everywhere equally fruitful, produces, in general, from three to four harvests in the year, and seldom requires to be fallowed, but simply alternation of crops, as may be convenient.

The upper part of the valley belongs to some Arab

families, and one can easily see that it does so from the neglected condition of the cultivated land. Most of this merely, with the exception of some old and beautiful olive- and fig-trees, produced weeds, and here and there a little irregular inclosure containing beans or maize. The appearance of these fields presents a striking contrast to those of Meschullam's cultivation close by. The Arabs acknowledge it; but, instead of ascribing the difference to themselves, to their laziness and negligence, they ascribe it to Allah, who no longer favours them, but the Franks, as they call the Europeans. "Allah has become a Frank," they are sometimes heard to say, when speaking of the Europeans' success in their undertakings, in comparison with their own poor endeavours.

When we reached the fountain of Etham, which pours forth abundantly from a rocky hill immediately above the valley, we turned back. During our walk and our conversation the hours had slipped on, the sun began now to descend, and we must give up this time our visit to Bethlehem, if we would reach Jerusalem before dark. But, ere I take leave of this very peculiar valley, and of the hospitable abode of Meschullam, to which I hope to return during the spring for a longer time, I must say something about the annual biography of the fig-tree in Palestine. Some fig-trees near Meschullam's house excited my attention, because, although yet leafless, they were full of fruit, which would not require many weeks to ripen. I was told that these are the so-called winter-figs, figs which are formed late in the autumn, remain on the tree during winter, and ripen during the following spring, about Easter; this being the first fig-crop of the year. Mrs. Finn, who has resided in Palestine twelve years, and who has used her eyes to good purpose, told me farther that the second setting of the fig takes place in March;

frequently whilst the winter figs are still upon the tree, and before the tree is in leaf. These figs are called Boccore, and are gathered at midsummer. The third and last crop—for the fig-tree in its native land bears three crops in the year—is in the month of August. The August figs—here called Kermonse—are the sweetest and best, and especially those which are dried and preserved in the sun. Those which next succeed are the figs which remain over the winter and do not ripen till the following spring; but these afford a choice morsel.* A full foliaged fig-tree in the spring, before the time of crop, must then always bear fruit, ripe or ripening, so far as it is in good condition. But if it have not set fruit early in the spring, it will then bear none during the whole year. An interest rather of a religious character than as connected with natural history, led me to seek for enlightenment on this subject, which has given me much satisfaction, and which has also since been confirmed by a scientific work on the natural productions of Palestine. It has helped to explain in a satisfactory manner the symbolical cursing of the fig-tree, related by the Evangelist Matthew, chap. xxi., which, though full of leaves, and before the time of figs, had yet no fruit.

We again mounted our horses and took the road to Jerusalem. It was a wonderfully fine evening. Would that I could describe to you the unspeakable purity and brightness, the bold shadows of the mountains cast along the bottoms of the valleys as the sun went down, the beautiful illumination of the olive-groves in the golden light of evening, the sharpness even of their shadows on the red-brown earth, and above all the

* These must be the figs which in May come from the Levant to Naples, and are there sold under the name of *Fichi pasqua*—Easter figs.—*Author's note.*

pomp of colouring on the mountains of Moab, of which the deep clefts and ridges stood forth ever clearer the lower the sun sunk, together with the shining glory above them, which rose ever higher and higher whilst they were enveloped in twilight. At length all was in shadow on earth, but the splendour of the sky was bright above us for long after, as we rode silently on the solitary paths across the hills and valleys of Bethlehem. Beautiful old memories also shone forth in the calm of evening from the night of antiquity. It was in this neighbourhood that Naomi and Ruth lived through that touching Idyl, which, under the veil of manners foreign to our times and people, presents a picture of womanly friendship and fidelity worthy of the admiration of all times. It was in this neighbourhood that Ruth's great grandson, the poet-king David, fed his flocks, slew the giant Goliath, and knit a bond of friendship with the king's son Jonathan—a living picture not less beautiful than that of Ruth and Naomi. It was in these valleys that shepherds keeping their flocks at night heard the song of the angels at the hour of the Saviour's birth, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to man!"

"On earth peace!" Had I not just now seen a fulfilment of the prophetic salutation above the Valley of Urtâs, even as I see it daily in the peaceful conquests which the professors of the Gospel accomplish here in the country, amidst hostile Mussulmans, and on a soil which these claim as their own? It is Christians alone who, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem and Jerusalem, cultivate and plant the land under the protection of the Christian churches and convents. It is their sway which here, amidst the greatest difficulties and dangers, is continually on the

quiet increase. It must be so, because they possess what the Mohammedans are altogether deficient in, the knowledge of, and the faith in a kingdom of peace and blessedness, a "kingdom of heaven," which they must realize on earth. The Mohammedan has no such mission in life. When he has repeated the prescribed daily prayers, performed the prescribed ablutions, given alms, and "been careful not to infringe the rights of the fatherless," he has then fulfilled all righteousness; he may repose in his harem, smoke his tschibouk, half-slumber away the whole day over the pages of his Koran or Sunna (traditions), or do nothing at all, and let the world go as God, or "God's shadow on earth," the Sultan, pleases. Who is he, that he should interfere in any way with its government? God alone rules. The Christian knows, also, that God rules the world, but knows, also, that he, too, must work for the same purpose, to become an instrument of His government, if the kingdom of God is to come, if His will is to be done on earth as in heaven. His labour is not so easy, but its object is—perfection. And above his work, in the service of the Prince of Peace, he hears the promise sounded, "blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall inherit the earth."

The earth—I now return to our late evening ride—was by this time quite veiled in darkness, but the stars came forth splendidly bright. Canopus shone with wonderful beauty above Bethlehem, whilst on the northern horizon the Great Bear climbed up backwards over Jerusalem. Nor was it till towards midnight that we arrived there.

March 10*th.*—During the last week we have had rain, with cold weather and violent storms, and to-day it has snowed as at this season of the year it is accustomed to snow in Sweden. People are rejoicing

thereat in Jerusalem, for now the cisterns will be full through the summer, and it is thought that even Kedron will flow with water. I have spent the whole of this time quietly and alone in my room, in company with my friends—my books. I have read of Palestine, of Asia, their nations and religions, the Koran, the Kabbalah, and many more; have read first one and then the other, like as the bee flies from flower to flower, sucking from all and each honey or wax for its hive. Such labour constitutes my highest pleasure. I have felt, merely in the evenings, that my solitude was somewhat oppressive, because my eyes will no longer permit me to read, and my mind is weary of thought.

March 12th.—Again sunshine, but the weather is still cold; hail lies upon the roofs and along the walls. "Kedron flows!" This is the good news which circulates this day from house to house, together with the water of Kedron, which is offered for sale. Our milk-woman brought us these glad tidings early this morning. The flowing of Kedron is a sign, both to town and country, that there will be a sufficiency of water. This flowing of the brook is the signal of abundance, and people can now be easy as regards the coming summer. Crowds of people are flowing down in the Valley of Kedron to see the flowing of the brook.

Sunday, March 13th.—A great popular festival in the Valley of Kedron! I also have been there, and had it not been for the Oriental figures and costumes, I could have imagined myself to be at a May-day festival in the park at Stockholm. Crowds of turbaned men, on horseback and on foot; families with their children; throngs of white-draperied women—some elegant ladies even on horseback—filled the way. The valley

itself swarmed with people. Young Arabs curvetted on their beautiful steeds on the green flats of the valley, whilst all along the banks of the murmuring, briskly-flowing stream, sate numbers of dealers in coffee, fruits, bread, and all kinds of sweetmeats; one saw smokers of tschibouks and nerghilés seated everywhere under the olive-trees, and crowds of women also, who now and then opened their white veils to reveal the rich gold chains and ornaments which adorned neck and breast and wrists; and more splendidly than these gleamed forth, not unfrequently, their brilliant eyes and white teeth. At the very spot where the brook gushes forth out of the earth is a swarm of children of both sexes, who fetch up the water in pitchers, or amuse themselves by splashing about in the brook with hands and feet. The lively torrent gushes forth, divides itself into two or three branches, which, murmuring merrily, leaping here and there beneath the olive-trees, flow southward through the valley. The whole road presents a variegated mass of human beings and animals, all pell-mell, but all peaceful and joyous. The hill-side terraces, on either hand of the valley, are thronged with people, who sit, gazing at the spectacle, whilst they smoke or eat. And now comes the Pacha of Jerusalem with his suite, slowly riding through the valley by the brook-side. My kind companion Mr. Hefter and myself followed his footsteps along a narrow path through the flowery grass, past little groups of women who were seated under the trees regaling themselves and their children with fruit: the children gathered flowers and seemed very happy.

The brook Kedron becoming deeper farther down the valley, was now a little river, and flooded the road in one place between the hills, so that it would have been

necessary to wade through the water if we would proceed farther. This, however, was evidently dangerous. The Pacha turned back, and so did we.

When shadows began to take the place of sunshine in the valley, the people began to take their departure; the hills clothed themselves in their many-coloured splendour; and up the steep ascents moved a multitude of several thousand persons towards the walls of Jerusalem. The evening was infinitely beautiful; this, and the flowing of the Kedron, seemed to awaken a festive spirit in every one; and so long as Kedron continues to flow, this valley will be the scene of a perpetual folks'-festival. The flood generally continues from two to three weeks, seldom a month, or longer.

On the top of the hill nearest the city sate the poor lepers by the roadside, crying to the passers by to have compassion on them. They alone, of all the population of Jerusalem, had not been able to go down into the Valley of Kedron, nor to partake of its folks'-feast. May abundant alms console them for this deprivation. Me it would not console!

March 18*th*.—A fatiguing day of sheer festivities! In the first place, a grand dinner in the harem of Effendi Musa, then a soirée at the house of the Consul, Mr. Finn.

I was invited to the dinner with Mrs. Rosen, because I had paid a visit to the ladies of this harem. They were now about to celebrate the return of a relation to the city; and sixty ladies, all relatives and friends, were invited to a grand dinner for this purpose. I was very glad to be present on such an occasion, and particularly as it would afford me the opportunity of seeing so great a number of Arab ladies face to face.

The pleasure, however, was considerably lessened

when I found myself amongst them, because the impression produced by this assembly was not agreeable. Most of these ladies were deficient both in beauty and good breeding, deficient in all that expression and manner which indicates the cultivation of the soul. Only four or five of them could be called handsome, and merely one fascinatingly pretty, and she would have been so in any drawing-room whatever. Her beauty was unadorned, pure, simple beauty. Most of the ladies had decked themselves with flowers or trinkets, but very clumsily, without either taste or a feeling for beauty! Nearly all of them wore jackets, of which many were bordered, and even some lined with fur; and their figures seemed to me, in a general way, small and ungraceful; the expression of the countenance dreamy, if not coarse; the nails of most of them were dyed, and dark blue figures, generally of flowers, were painted upon their hands and arms. A little girl of eight years old sate for a long time quite still at my feet. She had a good countenance, but without any sign of the life and freshness of childhood. She seemed singularly grave. I was informed that she was a wife, and married to an old man. I was also shown other little girls, of from ten to twelve, who were likewise married ladies. Poor children! Some ladies brought quite little babies with them, which cried, and were not at all comfortable. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the party assembled, and the dinner was not to be served till five o'clock. How was the time to be passed till that hour? Some ladies nursed their babies, a few employed themselves in sewing, some talked, some played games; the greater number, however, sate cross-legged on the divans, and did nothing, and thought of nothing. An elderly woman went through her prayers in the midst of the others, much

in the same way as I had seen it done before in another harem, but without the ablutions. At length it was five o'clock.

They asked me if I would like to see how the dinner was served; and on my answering in the affirmative, a chair was placed for me in a room where a large, round, and very low table of block-tin stood in the middle of the floor; this was covered with a number of dishes, or, more properly speaking, plates, which were first arranged side by side, then one upon another, two or three stories high, and with so much skill as to prevent the sauces, jellies, and other things from running over. Most certainly above ten different courses were piled up in this manner. In the centre of the table lay, in its dish, a whole roast sheep. Each person's place at the table was distinguished by a cake of wheaten bread and a little spoon. I alone was allowed a plate, with a knife and fork, and was allowed, besides, to retain my chair.

On the announcement from the female slaves that dinner was served, the ladies came out in a great company to wash their fingers, in a room within that in which the dinner was arranged; after which they all seated themselves round the table in the Arab manner, as many as could find room, and the rest went out into the saloon, there to wait their turn. And now the courses were attacked with their fingers promiscuously, and in an active manner; they ate out of all the dishes at once, ate all with their fingers, but with a certain calmness and the maintenance of a certain degree of propriety: even the roasted sheep was divided with the fingers, and the stuffing of rice, pistachios, and many kinds of sauces were helped too by the same means. I had firmly resolved not to allow my good relish for dinner to be spoiled by this uninviting custom, for

which I was fully prepared; and I must confess that the viands were so excellently cooked, and for the most part so palatable, that I was very well pleased. The mutton was so remarkably delicate and well roasted, that I ate with a right good relish, though it was the fat hand of the lovely Nephisa who tore off and rubbed to pieces a joint of the loin for me, and I took in the same way and swallowed down a piece of *dolma* which Sitti Selma's grand-painted fingers put with the kindest good-will into my mouth. That which really pleased me was the evident delight of our hostesses, and the kindness which prevailed through the entertainment. They sent me, with smiles, a piece of everything that was delicious, with the question *taib?* (good?) or *shellabi?* (nice? beautiful?); and when I strengthened the expression by a *kitir taib* (very good), they laughed in great delight, and said that I must "write about it." And I should do so willingly, by the mention of various dishes which would not shame our European tables, but I was not able to understand either their names or of what their ingredients consisted. This, however, I do know, that rose-essence played a distinguished part in the after-courses, and rice in the earlier ones. When the first set of ladies was satisfied, they vacated for others, who took their places, and so on, till the whole sixty, with children and flowers, had had their fill. Afterwards they took coffee in the court-yard, in the customary tiny cups, and of such a strength as regularly to burn one's mouth.

The entertainment being thus brought to an end, I took my leave in company with Mrs. Rosen, expressing many friendly *hatter cum* (many thanks) for the pleasure we had received, to which was responded equally cordially, *Massalami*, the forehead and the breast being touched in token of adieu.

I had left my parasol in the ordinary sitting-room, on the opposite side of the court to that on which the apartment was situated in which the great assembly had met, and when Mrs. Rosen and I went to fetch it, we were met by the Effendi Musa himself, smiling, in his white cashmere turban, but apparently quite afraid of being seen by the grand assembly of ladies; for the rest, polite and kind in his manner towards us. He seemed to me by far superior in culture to the ladies of his harem. But whether this culture be anything beyond the mere outward, I cannot say. If it be, then I am sorry for him; because the society, the living intercourse, the friend whom he would need in his home, the wife who would make home the dearest place to him on earth, who would encourage him in his undertakings, make his hours of rest a refreshment to him, this he has not, and can never have, as can no Mussulman whatever. But whose is the fault? These women are not deficient in good qualities, as I can see, and as I know. That which is wanting is light, freedom, careful education, nobler objects in life, than mere earthly pleasures and Mahomet's paradise. When the man degrades the woman, she avenges herself, sooner or later, unconsciously but terribly. The home becomes a place of desolation, often a hell, the children are neglected; the whole race, everything, falls into a state of chaos. The disorder of the harem is reflected in the State. We can see it in this country every day.

But to return to my grand dinner-party, or rather *from* it, for it was a pleasure to me to rest in Mrs. Rosen's beautiful Europeanly-arranged home, after the chaotic scene I had just left, and to listen to her artistic playing, on a good, well-toned piano, Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. It was to me like a bright sunrise after a wet and chilly dawn. The consul came in; and by

the bright evening lamp we enjoyed together the beautiful music, a cup of good tea, and had conversation, which with him is always lively and instructive.

Later in the evening I met at Mrs. Finn's two persons who interested me, though in different ways; the Pacha of Jerusalem, *Soreija*, and my countryman, His Excellency S——, lately nominated State Minister at Stockholm. He had within the last few days come hither from Constantinople with his wife, to visit Jerusalem before leaving the East.

The Pacha is a young man with a countenance of Oriental beauty and delicacy, with a refined courtier-like smile and demeanour, but wanting in natural dignity and independent bearing. His elegant figure, and half-Oriental, half-European costume, was deficient in character, and a certain assumed haughtiness in manner and appearance was contradicted by a something weak and womanly in his bearing. He was really striking in his appearance, but merely from the refined and perfect beauty of the countenance, which has indeed probably acquired for him the surname *Soreija*, or the Seven Stars. It is said to be customary amongst the Mussulmans, that when a young man enters into public life, to celebrate this epoch by a festival, on which occasion are assembled his relatives and friends, who then unite in bestowing upon him a surname which is in some respects descriptive of his individuality. He retains this name afterwards as his own. In this way one man is called *the gentle*, another *the truth-loving*, or *the amiable*, and so on. The last Pacha of Jerusalem had obtained the surname *the Perfect*, although it is asserted that he was perfect in nothing excepting in imperfection. The present Pacha has obtained his name from the constellation which is regarded in the East as the most brilliant and beautiful. He has now

merely the name *Soreija* upon his visiting-cards. He appears embarrassed in conversation with European ladies, and prefers rather that of gentlemen, which is natural for the master of a harem. He understands but little French, and was attended by an interpreter who carried on the conversation between him and the foreigners. On my remarking to him, through the interpreter, that Jerusalem was deficient in that which was the chief necessity of a great city, a supply of water, he replied with diplomatic finesse, "that it was true, but that one must not find any fault with the city in which David and Jesus lived." Jerusalem has, therefore, but little chance, under this Pacha, of an improved supply of water. Besides, it is believed that the money which his government extracts—not always by the purest means, as I have heard—from the inhabitants of his pachalik,* has other destination than to meet the necessities of the country, and passes, in the first place, into the pockets of certain official persons. But I leave this subject, on which I cannot speak with positive knowledge. I know, however, one beautiful trait of Pacha Soreija, which is, that he is a good son to his mother—a widow—and that he speaks of her with great love and respect, as the person whom he and a brother of his have to thank for the education they have received, and for all that they are. For the rest, he is still young, and has held his post as Pacha of Jerusalem merely a year or two. This, therefore, is sufficient for the present to say of the handsome Pacha Soreija.

His Excellency S—— is as equally good a type of the Northern gentleman as Pacha Soreija of the

* The pachalik of Jerusalem comprised the whole of south Palestine, together with the north as far as Nablus in Samaria. —*Author's note.*

Oriental, above all by the expression of manly earnestness and manly goodness, which are the chief beauty of this type, and which distinguish Mr. S—— in a more than ordinary degree. In him also the fine training of the man of the world is visible, but the human being and the man are pre-eminent over the diplomatist and courtier; contrasting this part of the character with the Pacha, the case seems reversed. The tall statesman allows himself with natural grace, and a calm, easy demeanour, to enter into conversation with persons who seem to interest him, without thinking about his own dignity, which yet can never be forgotten, because it is *there*, the gift of nature cultivated by life into an ennobled character, which is especially intrinsic. How it pleased me to see and to hear the impression which he produced upon all who came in contact with him. And I was grateful that he this evening afforded me so much of his company and his conversation, and was delighted by the rapid glance, the sound and safe judgment displayed by his remarks on the condition and state of things in this country. This also struck every thoughtful person who conversed with him.

March 25th.—Days and nights of summer beauty have made the last week a continual festival. The moon shone with a golden splendour as if on more intimate terms with the sun. They have also this week shone upon more than one festivity in Jerusalem, even for me. But I will first speak of those festal pranks which are to be seen nearly every day in the streets of Jerusalem, and in which the old Pagan East comes forth upon the scene, to the astonishment and laughter of the Christians. It is now Ramazan, the great Mohammedan fast and season of penitence, and during the whole of this time pilgrimages from all parts of the country proceed to the great Mosque of

Omar in Jerusalem, and to the grave of Moses, which is supposed to lie on the shore of the Dead Sea, on this side Jordan, contrary to the Biblical history, which says that Moses died on Mount Pisgah, in the land of Moab. But this does not at all trouble the pious Moslems, crowds of whom are to be seen every day with red and green banners, and to the music of kettle-drums and the clangour of copper-plates, proceeding through the streets of Jerusalem on their way to *Nebbi Musa's* grave. In the middle of the crowd walk two or three dervishes, who are frightful to look at, with dishevelled hair and beards, naked to the waist, and who flourish around themselves swords and daggers, with which they apparently strike and cut themselves. to the edification of the gaping multitude,* but not to do any damage to their own persons, for the murderous weapons are never seen to bring forth a drop of blood. Amidst such penitential exercises they visit the sacred places and graves, sometimes even they go as far as Mecca. I have this very day seen, a little way outside of the Jaffa gate, pilgrims setting forth on this journey, and who have here taken leave of their relations. They were of the higher class, because they were handsomely dressed, and rode upon horses and mules. One mule carried a tent of a red material, which probably concealed one or two ladies. They remained there in-

* The Mussulmans have at every mosque a paid priest or Imaum, who performs prayers and other sacred offices. The Dervishes are a kind of unpaid priest, or holy men, sometimes married, but who devote themselves to strict, and according to Mohammedan views, holy lives—that is to say, much prayer, severe fasting, pilgrimages to holy places, continual reading of the Koran, great part of which they know by heart. They repeat prayers in the mosque and perform religious ceremonies. The Mussulmans show them great honour, and call them the Friends of God.—*Author's note.*

visible; but the men alighted from their horses, and took leave of men and white-draperied ladies, who attended the travellers in considerable numbers. The expression with which the young men kissed the hands of the elderly, and were embraced by them in return, had in it something affecting, earnest, and heartfelt. A crowd of men with banners, kettle-drums, and pipes accompanied the procession, and who, as soon as the leave-taking was over, struck up their discordant music. The pilgrims, with the red tent in their midst, proceeded westward along the Jaffa road, towards the sea; probably to go thence to Alexandria, and so forward. The drumming and the piping troop, together with the attendant friends and spectators, returned to Jerusalem by way of the Damascus gate.

Whilst the Moslems made their pilgrimages to the holy places, and the Christian society in Jerusalem its preparations for the festal reception of the son of Queen Victoria, Prince Alfred—of whose speedy arrival here the news had been for some time in circulation—I made myself ready for a silent nocturnal solemnity. I had long wished to spend a night on the Mount of Olives, and to see from thence the sun rise over the hills of Palestine and the Valley of the Jordan. Now it was to take place. The weather could not be more beautiful, and one of the sisters of the Deaconess-house —the amiable Sister Emilie—was just now at liberty to make this nocturnal excursion, and wished to do so. Accompanied by Mr. Hefter, I had already applied to the Sheik of the Arab village on the mountain, and inquired from him and his wife whether they would allow me and a young friend to occupy for one night the tower with the beautiful view near to the minaret, and whether they would be responsible for our safety. The old couple and their son had unanimously replied,

"Yes, God's blessing be upon you! We will answer with our heads for your safety; and everything which you desire, and which we can give you, shall be yours!"

On the evening of the 21st, Sister Emilie and I walked up the Mount of Olives, accompanied by Frederick, the servant of the Deaconess-house, who carried a basket with our supper and night-clothes. We were cordially received at the house of the Sheik by his wife—Amuna was the shortest of her names—the clever, cheerful old woman with whom I had already become acquainted, and who now kindly dragged up mattresses and coverlets into our airy *belvedere*. We—Sister Emilie and I—were put into undisturbed possession of the tower, and of the passage which leads therefrom along the wall to the minaret. We had also free admission given us to its gallery. The wall formed one side of the Sheik's court, which is always closed at night, so that we could here be perfectly secure.

We arranged everything most comfortably. Before the sun set, however, we had the spectacle of a *Fantasia*, which was exhibited by pilgrims from *Wadi Musa*—a train of men, women, and children, who had come from the side of the Dead Sea, conducted by some hideous figures bearing a red banner. To the customary drumming and clashing of cymbals, the train ascended the Mount of Olives, and entered the court-yard of the Sheik, where a couple of dervishes performed a dance which was worth any money to see. The one—a young, largely-grown man, with bare head, and naked to the waist—made violent leaps and bounds, twisting his body hither and thither, whilst he swung round a sort of scourge of black iron chains—an instrument which had a frightful appearance, but with

which he took care not to touch. his supple and well-conditioned limbs. The other, whose hair seemed grown together with his beard in a most inextricable manner, was clad in a long whity-grey petticoat, and swung himself round incessantly like a top, whilst he continued standing upon the same spot. This lasted for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, to the beating of the drum, till both dancers seemed wearied out. After a little while, when they had recovered breath, the jumping one kissed the hand of the twirling one submissively, then this one kissed the hand of the other, the two seeming to emulate each other in tokens of humility. Finally, they embraced, and together went into the little mosque, whither the rest of the procession followed them. Their devotions there being ended, they all departed with the banner and the music, without having asked or received an alms. This scene did not appear to be enacted for filthy lucre's sake.

But now again to our night—but yet it was no night, but a natural festival of light, wonderfully quiet and beautiful, during which moon and sun relieved each other to illuminate the earth. Scarcely had twilight commenced before a pale, human-like countenance arose brightly above the mountains of Moab. It was soon, however, concealed behind a veil of mist, and I began to fear that the night would become misty, as the preceding had been. Orion and the other constellations above our heads seemed to withdraw themselves behind the cloudy covering. At the same time the lights in Jerusalem shone all the brighter below us to the westward. Some rockets were sent up from a house in the city, which we supposed must be that of the Prussian consul, where there was that evening a great entertainment of his

Excellency S——, Pacha Soreija, and the whole European society. I also should have been there, had I not been invited by sun and moon to the Mount of Olives.

The heavenly lights grew clearer by degrees. The mist rose and dispersed over the vault of heaven in light white waves, amongst which glimmered forth the bright stars, not as with us in Sweden, during winter nights, blazing out strong and large, but with the delicate glancing rays of jewels. By midnight all the earthly lights were extinguished, and the barking of the dogs the only sound to be heard either near or afar off. The moon shone in unclouded splendour above us, and clothed the surrounding region in a romantic half-dawn. Never before had the shadows of the olive-trees seemed so deep and beautiful.

Sister Emilie and I read the last discourse of the Saviour on the Mount of Olives, in the Gospel of St. John, and we conversed together of some of the inner phenomena of life. In reply to my inquiries, she related to me the causes which had led her to give up a pleasant domestic life, and her life in the world, for one of much hard labour and many renunciations, but also for the development of all the soul's best powers, and her own rich inward satisfaction—for that life which she now leads as a deaconess. She had, with frankness and nobility allowed me to look into the depth of her soul. The light of the vault of heaven above me seemed less pure than its truth! Afterwards, she who had watched by a sick person through the two preceding nights, sought for repose on her bed. I, who had undergone no such watch, needed not rest, and the night was so beautiful! I passed, therefore, nearly the whole of it either in walking or sitting on the wall between the tower and the minaret. I cannot describe the deliciousness of the air. It blew softly

from the Mediterranean side, but the breezes were both fresh and warm at the same time, unspeakably delicious. I seemed myself to feel in them the power of the words "Peace be unto you!" How I inhaled them, those breezes of peace, with my whole soul, with my whole body! Thus passed on hour after hour, during the quiet, wonderfully beautiful night.

The cocks began to crow, and soon afterwards a change took place in the heavens above me. The moon paled and sank behind Jerusalem, and above the mountains of Moab appeared a light-red margin. The mirror of the Dead Sea shone out light-blue and clear at the foot of the dark hills. The air became equally soft, but the wind now blew from the side of Jordan. I awoke Sister Emilie, and from the top of the minaret, passing round its gallery, we contemplated all the variations of light and shadow in the grand landscape, whilst the crimson of dawn deepened before the advent of the sun. I was delighted with the thought of beholding from this altitude the pomp of colouring of an Oriental sunrise. But the character of this morning, as of this night, was not magnificence and splendour, but mildness and peace. The heavens were softly veiled in the East, and when the sun rose it was with subdued glory; he permitted us to fix our eyes upon him, and drew to himself the glance without dazzling it. All the more symbolic and significant, therefore, appeared to me this sunrise. And softly and mildly, but with ever brightening light, ascended the king of day above the mountains, above the waters of the Dead Sea and the Valley of Jordan, which became visible below from this point as I had never seen it before—the wild, rocky desert of Judea. Jerusalem, with its beautiful temple-square and grey masses of houses, its verdant hills on the south and on the west, the dark olive-groves outside

the Damascus gate on the north, stood forth in bold relief from the shadows in the glory of the morning sun. Ever wider and wider became the circumference of the scene which was lit up by the sunlight to our gaze, and ever more extensive was the sphere occupied by our thought, farther than our eyes could follow, from the mountain of Palestine—this mountain, upon which "He will destroy the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations"*—to the lands of Europe and Africa, and beyond the sea, to that distant part of the world where all the people and all the fruits of the other world's quarters come together; where, perhaps, the noblest fruits of the light may ripen—that beautiful, vast country, which, next to my own, I love beyond all others on the earth! Words cannot describe the beauty of this morning scene, nor the power of the feelings and the thoughts which it awoke.

Sitti Amuna boiled coffee for us, genuine strong black Arab coffee, which tasted very nice after our night's watch, and which we drank with Arab bread. We then went out eastward, upon the Mount of Olives, into a tract with which I was unacquainted. The mountain is here a verdant plateau, at the extremity of which rise the white cupolas which mark the graves of some very "holy dervishes." The greensward was brilliant with an infinity of red and yellow anemones, which now sparkled with dew in the warm sunlight. At a short distance from the dervishes' graves the mountain descended sheer down, with some few terrace-like ledges, to the plain. Far away, onwards towards Bethany, the trees shone out in blossom, from the apricot and almond valleys. All the region round seemed verdant and blossoming in the bosom of spring.

* Isaiah xv. 7.

We wandered joyously hither and thither, gathering flowers on the beautiful height, where we again heard the sound of the kettle-drum and cymbals, and saw red and green banners shining between the trees below us. It was another band of pilgrims from Wadi Musa, who were advancing up the mount, attended by some Fellahins on horseback and on foot. They made a halt at the graves of the dervishes, bowed, curtseyed, and seemed to be dancing with the banners, which shimmered with their gold-embroidered Arabic inscriptions; after which they betook themselves to the Sheik's dwelling, where I imagine they performed a *fantasia* in honour of Nebbi Jesu, as the others had done on the preceding evening. For upon this summit the Arabs believe that "the Prophet Jesus" will one day take his stand, together with Mohammed, who will have his position on the east wall of Jerusalem, and judge the whole world; and they are anxious to stand well with all prophets and holy men.

Sister Emilie and I took leave of our respectable hostess with a respectable *bachschish* and friendly *Katter heracs*, and with a long parting gaze at the vast glorious landscape and at the mystical Valley of Jordan, we set forth on our return to Jerusalem. The sun began to be very hot. The whole way up Mount Moriah was lined with people pouring out through St. Stephen's gate. Long rows of white-enveloped women sate in the shade of the olive-trees; turbaned men, smoking from tobacco-pipes of every description, sate or walked about gravely in companies; even the Christian pilgrims sate, with women and children, in groups on the hills. I suppose that all this great assemblage of people had come out thus early in the morning to witness the return of the pilgrims from *Nebbi* Musa's grave. It was not yet eight o'clock. Even a multitude of beggars, the lepers

amongst them, were to be found here. Some of them sate crying, as usual, by the wayside, some lay carelessly extended in the middle of the road; I had never before seen so many assembled together. Many a white-draperied woman gave them, in passing by, a piece of bread or cake; but the coffee-drinking and smoking turbaned gentlemen did not allow themselves to be disturbed by them. The heat of the sun became here oppressive, and we were glad to find some degree of coolness in the shade of the narrow streets, and of the still narrower alleys of the bazaars, as we wound about through the labyrinthine city from Mount Moriah to the Hill of Zion. Sister Emilie will form from our morning's harvest of flowers—amongst which is some beautiful *Adonis vernalis*—two memorial wreaths, for this flower-composition is a part of the beautiful artistic work practised by the deaconesses here.

I have written in my quiet home, amidst the jubilant twittering of the sparrows, this account of my night on the Mount of Olives—the most beautiful night of my whole life.

And now guess, if you can, where I have been to-day, at six o'clock in the morning! On the Mount of Olives? No, I left the Mount of Olives the morning before yesterday. In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? No. Was it within or without Jerusalem? Within. Not the great mosque, certainly? Yes, precisely the same, thanks be to my kind countryman, his Excellency S——. Pacha Soreija had at his entreaty, consented that the great Mohammedan sanctuary should be opened to him, to his lady, and to—his countrywoman, he having had the kindness to remember me on this occasion. The Pacha merely desired that the visit should be made early in the morning (not later than six o'clock), so as to become as

little known as possible to the fanatical multitude, and especially to the dervishes.

Accompanied by the Austrian Consul, Mr. von Z——, and preceded by his two kavasses in their rich scarlet uniforms, we took our way, at six o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, through the narrow streets, where already the buying and selling throng were beginning to congregate in the direction of the great square of the Harem. The morning was sunny and warm. The square, shut in by gates like a fortress, was opened, and we were graciously received at the entrance by a tall Mussulman, who became our cicerone, and whose manners and exterior were remarkably good and even noble.

The great Harem-square, in the centre of which stands the mosque, produced on us the most cheerful impression; every object is beautiful, the views extensive and open. One seems to be looking into a new world. Upon the green grass plots, and in alleys along the walks, stand lofty cypresses, arbor-vitæ, and other dark-green trees, as if they were the ancient watchers of the sanctuary. The grass was green; the morning air pure and fresh; the birds sang sweetly in the trees; the sunbeams alone wandered over the open lawns and the dusky alleys, which the foot of man did not yet tread; all was solemn and still. Proudly and lightly rose the arcades upon lofty columns, forming separate airy gates, or rather triumphal arches, on the four sides around the lofty stone-plateau, in the centre of which stands "the rock-temple" *El Sakahrah,* a beautiful octagonal rotunda with walls of blue-veined white marble and a high-pointed cupola ninety feet in height. At the foot of the broad marble steps below the arcade which leads to the platform, every one must take off their shoes, and put on slippers, or more

delicate shoes, because it is only in such that people are permitted to tread the blue-white marble-paved square, and enter through the gates into the mosque. These gates are four—the gates of Heaven, of Prayer, of David, and of the Prophet.

The mosque loses somewhat of its venerable appearance when we perceive, on nearer inspection, that it is becoming dilapidated. Green vegetation grows abundantly between the stones of the walls; here and there a piece has fallen out from the upper part, which is built with variegated tiles and ornamented with texts from the Koran in gold letters. Everywhere the gnawing tooth of Time is seen, and the hand of man interferes nowhere to stay its destructive progress. The temple "stands in the hand of Allah;" and no human being may be so bold as to wish to repair what He wills shall fall to decay. The interior of the mosque, the form and extent of which remind me of the Christian Church of the Sepulchre, is lighted by lofty windows glazed with small bright-coloured panes of glass, but so dark that the light was only a twilight. Nevertheless, it was sufficient to enable us perfectly to see the innermost sanctuary—an immense block of stone, which fills the whole centre of the temple and the greatest portion of the rotunda. Above this stone block hangs, in heavy folds, a kind of canopy of dark red velvet. A lofty balustrade runs round the temple, and beyond this a broad mat-covered passage, along which the visitors walk whilst they contemplate the holy rock. Of this rock there are many traditions and legends. The Jews say that it is the rock, and even the very place, on which Abraham stood when about to offer up his son, and which afterwards was made use of as an altar of sacrifice in Solomon's temple. The Jewish altar must be an unhewn stone. The Moham-

medans say that, on one occasion Mohammed was praying in Mecca upon this stone, which then raised itself up, and carried off the Prophet to Jerusalem, when he kicked it from him, and there it remained suspended above the earth, as now. This legend of Mohammed's nocturnal ride to Jerusalem, and of the stone's journey thither, has many variations, the one more irrational and more unmeaning than the other—at least, as I heard them related by the faithful themselves. To my eyes the holy stone seemed to be an unhewn block of granite, such as we possess legions of in Sweden; but upon the one side—I believe the eastern—some coarsely-hewn ledges are evident, probably steps by which the priest, either in prayer or sacrifice, ascended to the higher portion of the block. How it became fastened in the temple is not apparent, but it has been done in such a manner as to serve for the vaulted roof of a subterranean church, or chamber for prayer, above which it seems to be suspended. You descend to this subterranean apartment by means of a flight of steps. Some Mussulmans were here bowed, with their faces to the ground, on straw mats, in deep devotion. Our conductor made us observant of some beautiful, but singular marble sculptures of a great age, which seem to have been ornaments for I know not what—perhaps for Solomon's Temple. The precious inlaying of the walls and the windows was, for the rest, the only decoration in the large empty mosque. Our cicerone evidently regarded the stone block as an invaluable relic; and when I found it difficult, owing to the height of the balustrade, to obtain a good view of it, he assisted me to do so in the kindest and politest manner. But I did not tell him how much less beautiful I thought this holy rock than our moss and pine-grown rocks in Sweden.

After having seen the mosque El Sakharah, we went through an alley of beautiful old trees to the mosque El Aksa, situated at the southern end of the Harem square. Various and dissimilar styles of building, and perhaps the structures of several temples, are united in this now so-called mosque, but which was a Christian basilica during the time of the Crusaders' power in Jerusalem, and has beautiful broad aisles and a choir of the highest beauty, with an arched roof of golden mosaic and windows brilliant with Oriental pomp of colouring. We were shown several artistically-chiselled pieces of marble, which are called "The Throne of David," "The Cradle of Jesus," and so on. The light which entered through the many-coloured windows, and lit up the beautiful proportions of the choir and its golden roof, gave to this place a captivating beauty. I should have liked to linger here longer; but time was passing, and we must hasten away to the subterranean portion of this temple, in the broad vault of which they count above a hundred square pillars—the Turks say three thousand—which probably constituted a part of the Temple of Solomon. They pointed out to us in its wall gigantic stones similar to those which I had observed in the scene of the Jews' lamentation; and amongst the pillars an immense circular monolith.

When we again emerged into the open air, in the Harem square, we were surrounded by beggars, and those who asked for bachschish, and followed by these and by the servants of the Harem, who were now to be seen in considerable numbers, we advanced in a kind of procession across the square, observing the while all that which was remarkable in the second degree, together with the surrounding buildings. Amongst the former are some sepulchral monuments—one over Fa-

tima, the daughter of Mohammed, and five fountains under the beautiful old trees. Amongst the latter are the dwelling of the Sheik, a dervisch convent, several minarets, as well as the pillar in the wall upon which Mohammed is to stand on the Day of Judgment, and many other curiosities. The Harem square is built all round like a convent court, but this does not impede the grand, extensive views which are to be seen therefrom.

This square, which was long so strictly forbidden to Christians that they could not enter it without peril of life, afterwards became accessible to Christians of a princely rank, and even for others who were willing to pay a considerable sum in bachschish. Within the last two years, however, there has been a return to the old strictness, which now prevails, with, nevertheless, the reserved right to the Pacha to grant exceptions to the rule. Mr. S—— was one of the first foreigners towards whom this privilege had been exercised. I saw evidently, by the satisfied countenances of the officials, and the polite Massalami with which they accompanied us to the gate, that he had rewarded them with a handsome bachschish of *mejidis*.

In the afternoon of this day an immense human crowd—the white-draperied forms amongst them—poured along towards the Jaffa gate, and through it. Streets, walls, and roofs were, on this side of the town, thronged with Oriental figures of both sexes. It seemed as if the whole city of Jerusalem had turned out to witness some unusual spectacle. And so it was. They were expecting a guest, a child indeed, merely a boy of fourteen, but the son of a noble queen of a great people. Queen Victoria's second son, Prince Alfred, was expected, and he it was whom the population of Jerusalem, the female portion of it especially, were thronging out to see.

Invited by kind Mrs. Gobat, I found myself, together with a number of other curious Europeans, on the roof of the bishop's house, rather for the sake of seeing the spectacle of the congregated multitude than the young Prince, whom I had already seen at Malta.

All at once the sound of the monotonous tamtam of the Arab drum was heard, but from a totally opposite direction to that in which the English Prince was expected. Accordingly, a little equestrian troop was soon seen advancing from the interior of the city, at the head of which rode an Arab drummer, who always announces the arrival or departure of any important traveller. The little troop proceeded slowly along the street, past the bishop's house, in the direction of the Jaffa gate. It was Mr. S——, with his wife and servants, who was leaving the city at the commencement of his journey home in the far north. I shouted to him my *farväl.* He turned round, and I once more got sight of that manly, handsome countenance, with its honest, kind expression. He could not see the expression of regret and gratitude which involuntarily accompanied my parting glance. He had been kind and courteous towards me, and I had not for long seen a man whose individuality and whose conversation had made so favourable and beneficial an impression upon me. And not only upon me, but upon all the Europeans here, had the northern ambassador produced the effect as of a living sunbeam, as of a beautiful natural scene.

The sun set, darkness fell over the earth, and Prince Alfred was not yet come. I wondered at the people's patience, especially of the white ghosts, who stood there by the roadside, on the walls, and on the roofs. At length cannon thundered and red flames burst forth from the two square towers of Hippicus. It was only, however, by the light of the kavasses' torches, which

surrounded the Prince and the consuls who had gone out to meet him, that people could tell what way to go. The poor ghosts had small reward for all their courage and patience. The mass of people and the throng at the Jaffa gate were terrible for the moment. Cries of distress were heard, and the ghosts seen to fly to right and left. Prince Alfred and his train went to the house of the English Consul Mr. Finn, where he is to reside during his stay in Jerusalem. He has chosen this house in preference to the residence which the Pacha offered him, and it is pleasant to me to think how comfortable he will find himself in this kind family, with that motherly, amiable lady and those sweet children.

There has prevailed here for some days an atmosphere of youthful life, at once fresh and delightful, which has excited me wonderfully, but not by any means painfully. During the swelling of this spring-tide, thought has flowed with greater inwardness—has sought to advance to the primal sources of mind: blessed be its power to raise and to calm the too weak heart! Its throb must serve to nourish the life and labour of the spirit, which are no longer painful.

March 26th.—I have visited, in company with Pastor Hefter, two Jewish synagogues during divine service. The congregation was so large that it was difficult for me to distinguish anything excepting the mass of Jews, some standing, some moving backwards and forwards, and all talking loudly. All seemed to be reading aloud out of certain old books, and all were screaming, the one louder than the other, and some at the same time continually stepping backwards and forwards. The women kept themselves very quiet, and seemed to be listening to the men, but to what purpose seems diffi-

cult to me to conceive. It was a chaotic scene, without light and without order, without spirit and higher truth.

We then visited a family of Karaites—the Protestants of the Jews. Most of the Jews residing in the East place tradition, as it exists in the Talmud, above the scriptural writings, and study it exclusively. The Karaites place the Scriptures above tradition, and attach themselves exclusively to the former. They, therefore, are subjected to great ignominy, and even persecution from the Talmudists. The family whom we visited, and which is the principal in the small Karaite assembly of about fifty persons who have settled in Jerusalem, produced a good impression upon me, as did also their dwelling. They exhibited the character of honesty and cleanliness which is said to distinguish this sect. They regaled us with fine wine and preserved fruits. The ladies, who were very handsome, wore rich gold ornaments around their heads and necks. We paid a visit also to their synagogue, and saw there a roll on which was inscribed Thorah (the Law, or the five Books of Moses), which was said to be a very ancient manuscript, and so, indeed, it appeared to be.

I know not whether it was in honour of the Sabbath, or for some especial feast, but nearly all the young girls and children in the Jews' quarter had flowers or green sprigs in their hair. A couple of little dark-eyed girls who were so adorned, and who were fetching water from a fountain, looked most lovely.

March 30th.—In company with the American missionary Mr. Barclay—a learned and amiable man—I made an excursion to Bethany, visiting all the remarkable historical and symbolical places by the way. As, for instance, the "Mount of Offence," a hill on the south

of Jerusalem, where Solomon is said to have offered to the idols; the "Mount of Evil Counsel," where the house of the High Priest Caiaphas is said to have stood; the grave of the Prophetess Huldah, a remarkable sepulchral chapel on the Mount of Olives; and other monuments. For it is one of the peculiar characteristics of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood—especially as regards the history of the Jews and of Palestine—that every memory is at the same time a symbol of man's spiritual life and history, its heights and its depths, and are so still. At the present day, as well as anciently, the "Mount of Offence," and the Mount of Olives, the burning pools of Gehenna, the living Brook Kedron, the sepulchres of the Prophets, and Mount Zion, are all striking symbols of the life of the human race.

Dr. Barclay showed me a round, lofty hill, just before you reach Bethany, which he considers, rather than the Mount of Olives, to have been the place where the Lord took His last leave of His disciples, as, according to the Evangelist Luke, "He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them," after He had bade them in His name to "preach repentance and the remission of sin among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

At the summit of this hill you find the remains of walls, as of a large building, probably of a church or a convent, it may be, erected here in memory of the Saviour's last visible personal transaction on earth. The valleys of almond and apricot-trees, now fully in blossom, lie in a half-circle round the foot of the hill. The view from the summit is, in great measure, like that from the Mount of Olives. One can see the Valley of the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the mountains of Moab, the Desert of Judea, and many other places,

but not Jerusalem. The day was beautiful, the beaming heavens without a cloud, and the walk, in company with Dr. Barclay, one of the most interesting possible.

April 6th.—Two weeks ago, the loud firing of a cannon from the Tower of Hippicus announced that the first glimpse of the new moon was visible, and that with it commenced the great fast of the Mussulmans—that Ramazan had begun. During this period, of forty days I believe, the Mohammedans fast the whole day until sunset; they may not smoke—and the kavasses of Jerusalem are said to be, in consequence, during the whole of this time, in a particularly bad humour. But as soon as the sun has set they have permission to break the day's fast, and to be guiltless in so doing till midnight, which privilege they use with great zeal and completeness. A cannon is therefore now fired every evening from the Tower of Hippicus, as a signal to "the faithful" of Jerusalem that the sun has set, and that their day of indulgence has begun. But this begins only completely when, after Ramazan, the great feast of Bairam commences. By this fast and this feast they celebrate certain occurrences in the life of Mohammed, the significance and the purport of which I am as yet unacquainted with.

The members and pilgrims of the Greek-Christian Church in Jerusalem prepare themselves for the solemnities of Easter by bathing in the Jordan, which they seem to regard as a kind of purifying baptism. They proceed thither in great companies of from three to four thousand persons. They are attended by a mounted Turkish guard, and during the whole of this time, until Easter, the Pacha of Jerusalem has ordered a military guard to be stationed, night and day, at Jericho, and in the Valley of the Jordan, for the protection of the

pilgrims against the robber hordes of the Bedouins of this district.

I intend, one of these days, to join a pilgrim-troop, not to be baptized in Jordan, but that I may see it, the Valley of Jericho, and the Dead Sea, as well as be present at the bathing of the pilgrims, and the whole scene, which, I am told, is a very singular one. This excursion and back can be made in three days.

A portion of the Russian Christians have accepted the offer of their Government of a visit, free of expense, to Nazareth and Tiberias. Amongst those who are journeying thither is the Russian Princess Shahovskoy, and my kind *Kavasche* Basilio. I feel the loss of him, for he has gladdened me many an evening by his company, his pure earnestness, his fresh glance into religious questions, and his inimitable humour over many of this world's great little things. With a large cup of steaming tea before him, and with a long tschibouk in his hand, he is a most delightful companion, a good and noble-minded man.

I last saw the handsome and friendly Princess, one evening, by the flowing Brook Kedron—by-the-bye, this has now ceased to flow. She has been residing in a Greek convent during the winter, and has occupied herself with the care of the sick and in working for the poor, as I have been told by the Professor. She seems in excellent health, and very cheerful. A kind and happy character! May she prosper!

The Evangelical community prepares itself for the solemnity of Easter by general prayer-meetings, which are held twice a week in one of the missionary halls on Mount Zion. The little community which here unites in prayer amounts to about one hundred persons. Bishop Gobat is generally present, together with his family. The priests—Pastor Wallentiner, Pastor Hef-

ter, and the English preacher, Mr. Bayley, alternately lead the divine service of prayer and the singing of hymns. The meeting is opened by a German psalm, and closed by an English hymn. The singing is always good, and full of animation. In the meantime they pray, kneeling and leaning down over the benches or seats of the chairs. Why? I ask myself. The early Christians prayed standing, but assuredly not with less humility and fervour on that account. The men only pray aloud. "The women must keep silence in the assembly," is the rule here, which is rather irritating to Miss Livermore, an elderly Quakeress and preacher from America, who is come to die in Jerusalem. They pray in various languages—even in Hebrew—for a new and more perfect outpouring of the Holy Spirit, for themselves, for each other, for the whole world, especially for "the people of Israel." Those raised voices expressed the yearning for, and the need of the gifts of the Spirit, often a pure Christian consciousness, an ardent religious sentiment. The pastors prayed the best, often very beautifully—all have the gift of prayer; but—my heart was not taken hold upon—did not recognise its own deepest tones. I know not whether the deepest tones could be poured forth in a prayer-meeting of this kind; I think not. Nevertheless, they are excellent for many persons, as an awakening of Christian consciousness. But—the prayer which can take the kingdom of heaven by storm must be prayed in the solitary chamber, in the deep, silent chamber of prayer in the heart, this I know, this I feel. Still I willingly attended at these exercises of prayer and singing of hymns, which assuredly are a better preparation for the festival of Easter than the Greek Christians' fastings and pilgrimages, and the Moslems' heathenish self-discipline for their holy festival.

Prayer! It may be the most miserable, the most selfish begging; it may also be the purest expression, the highest action of the soul which longs for and strives after perfection and union with God. I believe in its power to call down the supremest blessing as firmly as I believe in an eternal, rational, spiritual ordination of nature; as I believe in the promises and power of Jesus Christ. But the prayer in Christ's name, or—which is the same thing—in the spirit of Christ, the only prayer which has the unconditional promise of fulfilment, must be united with the will to follow in His footsteps, to labour for the coming of His kingdom here and hereafter. Many who pray overlook this, or see it only from a one-sided point of view.

"Prayer," say many people, "is for the weak, for such as do not feel the hero and the legislator in their own breast." I know, however, some strong men, legislators and heroes, who think differently, and who have accomplished great things because they were strong and faithful in prayer. Moses; Luther, who was accustomed to say that "right prayer was the work half done;" Gustavus Adolphus; and a far Greater than these. If you do not understand them, then let the smallest flower be your teacher. You see that little blossom of the sod with its roots deep in the earth! It stretches forth its shoots towards the sun, and the sun gives it light of its light, power of its power, developes blossom after blossom! Little flower of the sod, often have I observed thee and given heed to thy silent preaching. For it speaks to me of an eternal ordination, an eternal law, as well for the life of the spirit as of nature, mystery, and revelation at the same time—the union of heaven and earth!

SEVENTH STATION.

Pilgrimage to the Jordan—Valley of Jericho and the Camp—Old Jericho—Herod and Christ—The Bedouin Village of New Jericho—Pilgrims on the Jordan—Two Ages of the World in Two Men—Stormy Passage to the Dead Sea—Engheddi and the Essenes—Massada Tragedy—The Camp at Jericho in the Morning—Procession of Pilgrims to Jerusalem—A Glance over Palestine, its People and its History.

SUNDAY, *April 10th.*—It is a good thing that it is over, the tumultuous, though interesting journey! And that, safe and sound again in my quiet room, I can tell you all about it.

I have seldom found myself more out of sorts than on the morning of the 7th inst., when, in company with Mr. S——k, his young wife, and half a dozen young German gentlemen, most of them engaged in mercantile business and resident in Jerusalem, I set off to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. My nature is strongly opposed to confusion, noise, and tumult, and a great deal of confusion, noise, and tumult, together with yells and shoutings of the Arab drivers, prevailed in the little court where our caravan had its rendezvous, with a dreadful thronging of people, mules, horses, and baggage, before everything could be got into order and we

ready to start. Everything, however, went on in its ordinary course, and without the occurrence of any untoward circumstance; but the fact of my being so unaccustomed to such expeditions, the foreign manners of the people, the people themselves, their language, the bewildering confusion, the difficult undertaking that was before me, my own loneliness—which I then for the first time felt with some uneasiness—all contributed to make me more than usually out of spirits. I believe, however, that nobody else observed it. I waited silently till I was called for. They lifted me upon a horse, which I observed with pleasure was a white one, and that he had a splendid red saddlecloth and a band to match, with yellow and blue tassels over his forehead.

At length all was in motion, and the train went higgledy-piggledy out of the gate, and higgledy-piggledy through the narrow streets, where the sun began already to be blazing hot, and there was a crowd of people and animals. At one place they were killing a lamb in the middle of the street, and there it lay bleeding. I could not prevent myself from seeing the painful sight—nor would I do so, spite of the effect which it produced. We must see everything, understand everything, if we wish to comprehend the great questions of life. At length we had passed through the gates of Jerusalem. The wind blew cool and refreshingly; it felt like a deliverance.

Mr. S——k, the head of our expedition, had made, as is usually the case, an agreement with the Sheik of a Bedouin tribe who resided in the district of Jericho, by which he, the Sheik, was bound, for a certain sum of money, to become responsible for our safety during this journey, and also to place some of his *Muckari*, or servants, at our disposal. We might by this means,

independently of any Turkish guard, feel perfectly safe on our excursion. Besides the persons already mentioned, we were accompanied by the Arab servant of Mr. S——k, and two Muckari with two mules, which carried our tents and other baggage. I rode, as usually, in the Arab fashion, that is to say, astride, and with short stirrups, and again, to my own amazement, found myself perfectly easy and comfortable in the saddle. Besides which, I soon perceived that my little white horse was a remarkably swift and intelligent animal; they told me that it was the same horse which Prince Alfred had ridden on his visit to the Dead Sea.

Our road led us across the Mount of Olives, past the so-called Fountain of the Apostles—a massive old building of granite—to Bethany, and across plains and hills where shepherds tended large flocks of sheep and goats. The road was good at the beginning; but it soon became difficult, sometimes even dangerous, in consequence of the many steep hills which occur in the descent of three thousand feet from the level of Jerusalem to the Jericho Valley and the Jordan. The day became oppressively hot, and the jolting motion of the horse down the rough long hills was fatiguing in the highest degree. At one place, between a wall of rock and a deep ravine, we were alarmed by the farther advance of our Muckaris being stopped by some mounted Bedouins, one of whom drew his sabre—which, however, did not look like a dangerous weapon—and seemed desirous of fighting in good earnest. Mr. S——k, who is well acquainted with the Arab language, interposed; whereupon it appeared that another Sheik besides the one that we were confiding in considered himself to have the right of protecting us on this journey, and was now ready by force of arms to assert his claim. The payment of a fine on the part

of the travellers put an end to the strife, and we were permitted to continue our journey in peace.

We rode through a portion of the Desert of Judea, where the sterile hills produce only low brushwood. I observed amongst this the yellow-flowered Ononis, which I had seen growing bright upon the heaths in England; the thorny shrub, the *Rhamnus spina paliurus*, which the English call "Christ's thorn," because very probably the crown of thorns plaited for the Saviour was made from this thorny shrub, which is universal here.* It is a green shrub covered with spines, and now bears pretty little clusters of small red and white berries, resembling our Swedish whortleberry class. A third plant, which grows here abundantly, with pretty greyish-violet flowers, is new to me, nor indeed could I see it very closely.

The nearer we approached to Jericho, the steeper became the hills, and the wilder the character of the scenery, but, also, the grander at the same time. The road leads through deep ravines and along precipices of many hundred feet, with here and there a little murmuring brook. Every kind of vegetation ceases, the rocks assume a dark-brown hue, and are of bold, rigid outline, and wear a defiant aspect. The desert here is stern, but beautiful—with a beauty as of that of John the Baptist.

The first view which you obtain from this gloomy mountain-pass, across the Valley of Jordan, is astonishingly glorious and grand. One is still high amongst the mountains, but below them stretches, from north to south, between the hills of Moab and Judea, an extent

* Our European prickly-rose is not to be found in any districts round Jerusalem, excepting where planted by the Arabs, who prepare their essence of roses from its flowers.—*Author's note.*

of verdant meadow-land several English miles broad. In the middle of this green flat is mapped out a softly waving garland-like line of bright green leafy wood, beneath which flows, as yet invisible to the inquiring gaze, the celebrated river of Jordan. Far away to the north the banks seem to elevate themselves till they become low hills—partly bare of wood. To the south the Dead Sea shines out light-blue from its dark rocky background. The lower we descend the more open becomes the view, the more beautiful and unusual the scene, above which the summer-blue sky expands itself loftily and full of light. But I could only imperfectly enjoy it, for the heat and the jolting of the horse down the hill made me so weary, that with almost exclusive love and longing I gazed merely at one spot on the level below, where a crowd of white and blue-green tents shone forth brightly in the mid-day sunshine. It was the camp of the pilgrims in the Valley of Jericho; it was also the spot where our tents were to be pitched, and we were to rest. I longed inexpressibly to be there. We had been riding nearly seven hours in the heat of the sun.

After a ride of yet half an hour over the plain, during which we had to ford two deep, swiftly-flowing streams, and which, thanks to our good horses, we were carried safely across, we arrived at the camp, and began to dismount. Several hundred tents, some of them large and splendid, were pitched upon a terrace-like platform along the winding of a small, rapid stream.

And now, upon a little peninsula formed by the stream, and at some distance from the rest of the camp, our two tents are being pitched, in one of which I, together with Mr. S——k and his wife, the kind little housewife of the caravan, are to take up our abode, whilst the other is occupied by the young gentlemen. On a

higher terrace, above the camp, are posted the Turkish soldiers in different stations. On the other side of the little river the ground rises into a lofty embankment, upon which stand the ruins of a large square tower—from the time of the Crusaders, it is said—which now serves for a caserne for the military of our guard.

The encampment of the pilgrims—who had early in the morning arrived here to the number, it is said, of from four to five thousand—was full of life. Smoking, cooking, talking, bustling about, was going forward in all quarters. Men were lying in the shade of the tents, or of the trees, smoking tschibouks and nerghilés, whilst the women were preparing food, or washing clothes in the stream. Children were running merrily about, camels, horses, asses, were standing or lying in all directions, comfortably resting or feeding, whilst the noon-day sun shone brightly upon the whole animated scene.

When our tents were pitched, how pleasant it was to repose in their shade and feel oneself invigorated with meat and drink, especially by the excellent coffee prepared by Mr. S——k's Arab servant.

The Sheik our protector, and his brother, Sheik Mustapha, accompanied by some younger Bedouins, now paid us a visit, in order to come to terms respecting the morrow's journey, because we must have the protection of another Bedouin tribe from the Jordan to the Dead Sea, yet through their intervention and at their responsibility. The two Sheiks were tall, stately figures, and I know not when I have ever seen handsomer men. They both wore turbans of silk with gold-coloured and red edges; their girdles also were of bright-coloured silk. Their manners were those of refined, perfect gentlemen, especially in their bearing and behaviour to Mrs. S——k and myself.

In the afternoon we went out to see the neighbourhood. In order to reach the village which now bears the name of Jericho we were obliged to cross a very narrow stream; and as I rather hesitated at the thought of skipping over by the perilous bridge of a felled tree, of which the more youthful part of the company availed themselves, Sheik Mustapha offered me his aid, and accordingly carried me over as easily and as safely as if I had been a child.

We walked through green wild fields and by hedges, in the latter of which I observed a plant with a fine yellow fruit as large as small apples, and which are called the apples of Sodom,* and at length reached a village of the most miserable huts I ever saw, more like pigsties than human dwellings, wretchedly woven together of brushwood, stones, and clay.

We saw here scarcely a single man, nothing but women and children. Their complexions were very dark, and they had black shaggy hair like the negroes. Their teeth were splendid, their eyes flashed with a wild fire, and their gait and gestures had at the same time a proud and half-savage character. Their clothing consisted of a grey piece of linen and tatters, yet most of the women had silver rings on their wrists and fingers.

We saw them in one dwelling baking bread. Above the fire, which was made upon the floor, lay a hollow iron plate. A woman sitting in a squatting position took some dough out of a little kneading-trough and flattened it out with her hand on the plate, where it was baked much in the same way, probably, as we bake pancakes. In other huts, and also in front of

* Solanum melangina, *Poma Sodometica*, according to Hasselquist. When they are ripe they are said to burst with an explosion, and to contain a substance like ashes.—*Author's note.*

the huts, the people were just about partaking of the warm meal of the day, consisting of a mess which they called *lebben,* and which looked very much like thin oatmeal-gruel boiled with milk. Fat little Bedouin children sat scraping the last remains of the gruel out of large wooden bowls. They invited us to taste of this staple food of the Arabs, and which is made with sour milk and barley-groats. It tasted very acid, and to my palate was disagreeable. But Sheik Mustapha allowed them to place before him a large wooden bowl of this porridge, and swallowed it down with great satisfaction, using his five fingers with much dexterity instead of a spoon. And he did not leave a single drop.

At one place we saw women busied in pressing out oil from a white oily mass; in which operation they used their hands, and which seemed to produce a rich harvest. I was told that this oily mass was the crushed kernels of the fruit of a tree called Zacchoum.* The Arabs and the Eastern Christians use this oil as a remedy in many diseases and injuries. It is said to be remarkably beneficial. Perhaps it was the oil of the Zacchoum with which the Apostles desired that the sick might be anointed as a means of cure. We were speedily surrounded by a number of women, who partly asked for bachschish, and partly presented to us their dirty babies. They had the wildness and the half-nakedness of the rocky desert about them, these Bedouin-women, but something also of its proud beauty. They rather demanded, than begged, and their demand was half in joke. They were not depressed by their

* Tradition says that it was into a tree of this kind that Zaccheus, who was little of stature, climbed at Jericho to see the Saviour pass, and that this species of tree has had this name ever since.—*Author's note.*

poverty, nor did the same prevent their babies from being plump; they were, in fact, like little fatted calves.

Mrs. S——k, who had left her nursling-baby at Jerusalem, and was inconvenienced for the want of it, now begged such a young child from a Bedouin mother. She and I, therefore, were now conducted to a dwelling somewhat larger and better than those which we had hitherto seen. It had a kind of brick-hearth and a couple of benches built into the wall. Handsome white doves cooed on the roof, and flew in and out through the open door; but even here the floor was of mud, and the greater part of the walls were of interwoven brushwood. We found here a young mother, nor was it long before a little black shaggy-headed Bedouin lay on the breast of the young white lady, and sucked with all its might. The Bedouin women seemed to look on with great delight, and expressed also their satisfaction at seeing such a rose-like, blooming white *Sitti* giving suck to "the dark Bedouin babe." Still more brilliantly glanced their teeth and their eyes when Mrs. S——k gave a few piastres in memory of her visit to a Bedouin hut.

These inhabitants of Jericho belong to the agricultural Bedouin class, and have their fixed dwellings; but they are more indigent and have a worse reputation for morals than their nomadic brother-tribes. They maintain themselves by tilling the ground and by keeping cattle. Some ill-cultivated arable plots and gardens surround the miserable village, whilst many remarkably beautiful trees and luxuriant grass proved, on the other hand, the fertility of the soil. How much warmer the climate in the Valley of Jordan is than at Jerusalem, we could see by the fig-trees, which there had scarcely begun to put forth their buds, but which here were fully in leaf; and by the corn, which there

was not yet in ear, whilst here it was yellow, and ready for the harvest. Root-products seem to luxuriate in the rich soil, well-watered as it is by abundant springs. Vegetation seems here considerably nobler than man. We went hence to the top of a little green hill, close outside the village. We had not been long here before we saw a troop of Bedouins come riding along, evidently with the intent of taking a near view of us. They rode towards the hill on which we were standing, but halted when Sheik Mustapha went towards them, and fell into conversation with their chief; after which they put spurs to their horses, rode rapidly up to us, and passed us down to the village, casting upon us, as they went by, lightning-like glances from their dark, fiery eyes. The hue of their complexion was also very dark, but many of them had beautiful, significant features; and it was a perfect delight to see them riding their fleet-footed, and, as it were, dancing steeds. The riding of the Arab shows a mastership of the horse, a harmony with his being and his temper, of which not even the horse-riders of Europe can give any conception. At a sign from his rider the horse flies like a bird over hills and bushes, and whilst at full gallop will make a sudden leap which would inevitably throw off every rider except he were an Arab; but the Arab himself sits upon his horse as lightly and as easily as a bird, and seems to be one in all its movements; and when he wills it, the snorting horse stands still in a moment and gentle as a lamb. The horse is also the Arab's greatest wealth, often his supremest love. It is quite usual to hear an Arab say that he loves his horse better than his wife, and after what I have seen of the Arab ladies, I cannot wonder at it.

We went up to the ruins of the tower, just opposite the camp, and were met in the lower room by a flock of

bleating sheep. Some Arabs, gravely smoking, were seated on the roof, or piazza, amusing themselves the while with a large tame dark-woolled sheep. On the top we had a splendid view over the Jordan Valley from the Dead Sea in the south, and to a considerable extent northward, until, following the course of the river, it loses itself behind the advancing hills. Like two colossal barrier walls, the mountain chains of Moab and Judea rise on each side of the broad plain of the Jordan to the east and to the west. The water of the river, however, could not be discerned from this point, so thick was the foliage beneath which it flowed. The village of Jericho looked like an assemblage of pigsties—and it is not much more. Yet it was here where formerly stood the famous city called the City of the Palm-trees, celebrated far and wide for its magnificence, its wealth, and its gardens, where grew the indigo and opobalsam trees. It was the beauty of the neighbourhood of Jericho which made the beautiful Cleopatra covet to be the possessor of this district, which caused her to desire it, and to receive it from its governor, her own enslaved lover, the Roman triumvir Marc Antony.

Ancient Jericho is memorable in history as being the scene of the visit of two lofty personages, two kings as unlike each other as night and day. The one lived in hatred, the other in love, but this not love of an ordinary human character. Herod and Christ both visited Jericho.

Herod, Josephus tells us, had sought in vain for a cure at the warm-baths of Callirhoe, beyond Jordan, from the terrible disease which consumed him alive—a disease which seems to attach itself to bloodthirsty tyrants, the Roman Sylla, and several others like him,

having died from it.* Without help, and without hope, he had himself conveyed from the baths to Jericho, there to die. But death would not come. Herod resembled, in this respect, his protector Augustus, that his proud, victorious life was embittered by domestic misfortunes. But Augustus did not take revenge like Herod. Augustus banished his criminal daughter; Herod murdered his wife, the beautiful Mariamne, and her sons, and these murders were followed by many others—his wives, his sons, their friends; finally, he did not seem as though he could live without victims for his bitterness and bloodthirsty spirit. In Jericho the sufferings of Herod had become somewhat mitigated, when he received permission from Rome for the execution of his youngest son. The torments returned; death seemed to be approaching. Herod ordered all the most important and the most popular men of Judea to be summoned to his presence, and then had them imprisoned, commanding his sister Salome, the only being in whom he seemed to have confidence to the last, that they all should be executed as soon as he himself was dead, "in order," said he, in savage hatred, "that the Jews may have cause to deplore my death!" Unfortunate man! irritated by torments both of soul and body, he endeavoured one day to take his own life by violence, but the knife was wrested from his hand. Some few days afterwards death really came; and Salome obeyed his commands, in so far that, even before he had departed, she released all his intended victims. He knew it not; he died with schemes of hatred and revenge in his soul.

* A kind of worm in the intestines, which preys upon them and causes intolerable suffering. May not the evil passions of the soul nourish these and similar destroyers of life? This is a question for the learned.—*Author's note.*

Thus perished an enemy of mankind.

When the *Friend of Man,* He whose whole life was a work of love and of self-sacrifice in order to reconcile man with God, the child with the Father—Jesus Christ came to Jericho, He performed there two actions of pure human love, which was his unceasing inspiration. He gave sight to two blind men who called upon him, and He rewarded the pious curiosity of little Zaccheus by calling upon him to become His host—a happiness which he deserved, as we see by his manner and his words, so full of joy.

At this day not a trace remains of ancient Jericho. Devastation on devastation has gone over the city, till not merely its walls, but the ruins of them, have vanished from the earth. Not a single palm-tree now lifts its crown above the plain round the "City of Palm-trees." Its opobalsam-trees were carried away by Cleopatra to Egypt; its plantations of cotton, of indigo, and sugar-cane are no longer to be seen. But beautiful fig-trees and other growths still prove the fertility of the soil, and that good cultivation is alone wanting to make it what it was in ancient times; as in the tract round the Sea of Tiberias, the garden of Palestine. Many little streams from the hills of Judea intersect the plain on their course to the Jordan.

The evening was lovely. I wandered in the neighbourhood of the camp, botanized and contemplated the play of colour in the heavens and on the earth. I was not able to find the celebrated Jericho rose* (*Anastatica*

* Which is not a rose at all, but a plant peculiar to this country; and the branches of which, after they have blossomed, curl themselves together in a form resembling that of the rose, and have the peculiarity of opening in some measure, and exhibiting a kind of life when the stem is placed in water, and again closing for awhile when it is taken out.—*Author's note.*

hierochuntica), called by the Arabs *Kaff Miryam*, but I met with many other shrubs and flowers which were new to me.

At sunset the mountains of Moab assumed the most beautiful and clear purple colour. Yet we did not appear to be any nearer at this place than at Jerusalem, and I could not perfectly distinguish whether certain light objects amongst the cliffs were blocks of stone or human dwellings. Perhaps the air was not fully clear. When it is so, I am told that one can, even from Jerusalem, discern the town of Kerek, which is situated on the plateau of the mountains.

My eye involuntarily sought for that "Mountain of Nebo," up which the great legislator of antiquity went, four thousand years ago, at the command of the Lord, "over against Jericho, and beheld all the land which should be possessed by his people, all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphthali and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the Valley of Jericho, the City of Palm-trees, unto Zoar;" and "he died there, in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord*—to the top or peak of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho."

This peak is generally looked for on the summit of the mountain-ridge, but this ridge is as level as if it were cut off by a line. On the contrary, there is, "over against Jericho," a very perceptible lofty peak projecting from the back of the hills towards the plain, from which there must be an extensive view both to the north and the south.

But the last scene which the prophet beheld on earth was indeed much more of spiritual than material —because the Mediterranean cannot be seen from the

* Deuteronomy xxxiv.

mountains of Moab, and one seeks equally in vain for the scene of his last appearance on earth, as for his grave. He was in his last moments alone with God, say the Scriptures.

The mountains of Judea darkened in the west, and the high, gloomy rocks of Quarantana—where tradition lays the scene of the Saviour's temptation and first combat with the Tempter—seemed to raise themselves in a still loftier and more massive semicircle. At the foot of these mountains may be seen the arches of a Roman aqueduct. On the summit of the highest rock stands a little church; and on the others may be distinguished a chapel and a convent-like building. Deep caves and grottoes yawn in many parts of this savage, rocky desert—the most gloomy both in formation and colouring which I have ever beheld—and these caves, it is said, are still made use of by pious men, Abyssinians and Copts, for some time before Easter, as places for fasting and prayer. The sun sank behind the dark wall of rock, in a bed of cloud, which made me apprehensive for the morrow's journey; for the weather is a travelling-companion upon whose good or bad temper it depends whether the traveller shall find his journey pleasant or the contrary, especially in this country, where one must travel on horseback and live in tents.

Nevertheless, the evening was infinitely beautiful. The moon in her first quarter, surrounded by a circle of magnificently brilliant stars, shone high above the encampment. The air was calm and pleasant; the stream rushed on freshly, the frogs intoned their monotonous but not disagreeable evening-song. The voices of the pilgrims rose from the camp with a lively and peaceful sound, the Arabs struck up songs considerably louder and considerably less melodious than

that of the frogs; they sung through their noses and quavered with their voices like worn-out singers, repeating incessantly the same verse, in which I could scarcely ever detect any melody. A certain harsh, melancholy cry pervades their singing with a rough energy. It is a voice from the wilderness, which is refreshed by no water-springs. Now and then the low of a camel was heard or the braying of an ass as an accompaniment to the wild singing.

"It will be very amusing here, the night through," thought I, with a sigh.

We drank tea, and went to rest on our mats and mattresses.

There were two openings to our tent, one of which I requested might be left unclosed to admit the cool and pleasant night air which came wafting in. Of mosquitoes I did not find one. The light was extinguished; my companions slept, and I lay with my face turned towards the opening of the tent, watching the evening sky and the grand lightning which from time to time flashed from the dark mass of clouds behind the mountains. I had a certain, indescribable presentiment of an unpleasant something, I knew not what, which was about to happen. Thus I lay, sleepless, listening to the military watchword, which was passed from station to station round the camp, and which had an agreeable sound; to the loud voices of the camels and the asses, which drove away every particle of sleep, and made me feel that I should not close my eyes that night. By degrees, however, the animals became silent, and the murmuring of the brook lulled me pleasantly; I felt myself insensibly sinking into the peace of unconsciousness, when the closed curtain of the tent was suddenly burst open, and a violent gust of wind made the tent quiver as though it

were about to be torn down. We all leapt up, secured the curtain which had burst open, and obtained a light. But scarcely was our little glass lantern fastened to the centre pole of the tent, before a still more violent gust of wind overturned the entire tent, the pole of which gave me a tolerably heavy blow on the head. Mr. S——, with great courage, lifted up one section of the tent to allow us to escape; after which the whole fell down upon the earth as flat as a pancake, and there we stood, beneath the open sky, but involved in a cloud of dust which the wind drove in eddies over the camp, and which concealed both heaven and earth from our sight. Mr. S—— ran and woke up the young men who were sleeping in the other tent. All were soon on their feet, and Mrs. S—— and I took refuge in their tent, whilst they assisted Mr. S—— in again setting up our fallen shelter. The wind blew again in repeated gusts, two loud peals of thunder were heard, soon heavy drops of rain fell from the clouds, which began to gather above our heads; then again all was silent as before. Our tent was again standing upright, and this time more securely fixed than before. It was a pleasure to me to see the good-will and cheerfulness with which the young men gave their assistance, as well as that this stormy episode had not damaged or caused the loss of anything, excepting that I did not get a wink of sleep the whole night. I could not divest my mind of the apprehension that some further unpleasantness might occur.

By break of day the whole camp was in motion; the pilgrims proceeded to the Jordan. A little later, we pilgrims from the countries of North Europe were also mounted, and riding over the verdant marshy plain. The morning was pleasant, the air perfectly still, and indescribably mild. The rain which had fallen during

the night, though but little, had laid the dust beneath the horses' feet; the earth diffused a soft fragrance. The sky was clear above our heads, but a mass of dark cloud lay before us in the east, presenting the forms of lofty alpine peaks. When, after a ride of two hours across the plain, we were approaching the Jordan, the sun blazed up above the mass of cloud. A band of pilgrims was advancing just before us, partly on foot, partly on asses, partly on camels. The latter generally carried three or four, and sometimes more persons; children and women sate in basket-chairs, swinging pannier-wise over the animals' backs. And they swung terribly into the bargain!

We rode into a small wood, and halted upon a verdant height or little hill, where we alighted. Below this little hill flowed the Jordan, with its margin thickly overgrown with umbrageous foliage. We were soon on its banks. Its light-grey waters flowed rapidly along from north to south, so rapidly, indeed, that it seemed as if it would be at the peril of life to swim across, although the river was by no means broad. Nor did any one seem inclined to make the attempt. The water, however, was calmer and overshadowed by beautiful large trees at the bend of the river where we and a number of other pilgrims had taken our stand, and this, in fact, was the place where the peculiar scene of the bathing or baptism of the pilgrims was going forward.

Beneath a shady tree upon some elevated ground, near the bank of the river, men and women removed their outer attire, and then went down in merely linen garments to the water's edge, where, beside an old dry tree-trunk which leaned over the water, stood an athletic figure with a black, shaggy head and a chest covered with hair—more like a Hercules than a John

the Baptist—naked to the waist, and standing to his middle in the water. This man received in his sinewy arms the pilgrims as they stepped down to the river, into which, by the help of an assistant, he gave them a hasty plunge, at the same time, as it seemed to me, a little violently, he pressed down with his hand their heads under the water. This was repeated three times to each person. But the broad-shouldered, black-haired Herculean Baptist had such a good-tempered jovial expression, that we could see very plainly that he was accustomed to the business, and that they who came to him had nothing to fear. The baptized then mounted up the hill again, and resumed their garments in the shade of the large tree; women helping one another in so doing, and the men performing the same good office for men. Beautiful young women, grey-haired old women, youths and old men, children of all ages, were thus plunged into the river. The children cried unmercifully, but it was to no purpose; down to the river they must go, and over head three times in succession, and not till then were they restored to their mothers. There was here no fervency as when John the Baptist baptized in the river Jordan, to repentance and preparation for the kingdom of Heaven, both by word and expression, as powerful as the rocks of the desert. It was not in his case a frivolous sport. People here seemed to go into the bath as to some pleasant church-festival. The water also was so agreeable, so fresh and soft at the same time, that I experienced a physical longing to have a dip likewise. But the great assemblage of people terrified me. I merely bathed my forehead and eyes with the water of this river, rich in memories, and thanked God who had permitted me, a little pilgrim on earth, to behold the Mississippi in the far West, that river rich for the future,

and who had now led me hither to the banks of the Jordan! ' For though the river Jordan be small in comparison with all the great rivers of the world, and small its significance in the history of the present times, yet a memory is connected with the Jordan such as with no other river on the face of the earth. There it was that one day met the two ages of the world, the old time and the new—met in the persons of two men, the highest representations of them both—John the Baptist and Jesus Christ the Saviour. The former the culminating point of the departed ages, the time of preparation; baptized to repentance, to purification for a new, a higher life—the water's baptism of preparation. He said, "I baptize you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Thus far had the human race advanced during its long school-time. I see its noblest longings, its highest seeking, its purest acquirement, all concentrated in John—the prophetic voice and expectation of the ancient times.

The latter, Christ Jesus, came with new inspiration, to baptize to a new birth. Here they met, the man of the old and the man of the new time. And the old bowed before the young his stern brow, saying, "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me!" But the Son of God, who would be his brethren's equal in all the conditions of human life, and who fulfilled all righteousness, desired baptism—the inheritance of the old time—from John. After which, say the Scriptures, he was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

Most true and striking was assuredly the instinct of the Christian history, which placed the outward scene of the Temptation in the wild, rocky wilderness in the

neighbourhood of the Jordan, on the road to Jerusalem, even if its actual scene were inward—were the interior of the human breast. And deeply significant also is the connexion between those two symbolical places, which at this point both the eye and the ear can take in at a glance; *here* the fresh flowing river, with its ever-verdant margin and the baptism of initiation, and the words spoken from on high above the initiated, "This is my beloved Son," &c.; *there* the bold heights of the wilderness, whither the Initiated was led by "the Spirit," in order, before entering upon the theatre of the world, to fight out alone his inward combat with the power of the world, which tempted him by its wealth to give up that kingdom which he came to found on earth—that of God. Every richly-gifted young human being has a similar combat to fight out at the commencement of his years of discretion. But the Christian no longer combats alone.

I return to the Jordan. Here it was, "over against Jericho," that, according to the third chapter of the Book of Joshua, the children of Israel, with the Ark of the Covenant in their midst, passed over the Jordan. Many have been the attempts to explain away the miracle which is said to have been wrought on that occasion. To me, however, it is a matter of indifference. The journey through the wilderness, even without the miracle, is wonderful enough.

From time immemorial, the issuing of the Jordan into the bitter waters of the asphalt-lake—the Dead Sea—has been known; but its sources have been unknown. I am not aware whether even the learned are agreed on this subject at the present day. Josephus —and I believe that he has been strengthened by later discoverers—mentions the snowy height of Hermon, and the little woody-margined lake Phiala, in the

circular basin of which the pure water is said neither to rise nor sink, but continually to preserve the same level as the sources of the Jordan. A third spring is shown within a grotto of Daphne or Pan, in the district of Cæsarea. From these half-mystical springs, in regions but little known, pours forth the stream in the face of day, and receives its name a short distance above the Lake of Tiberias, through which it flows, and then continues its course, with many cataracts and falls, through Palestine, two hundred English miles southward, till it finds its grave in the Dead Sea. Its banks, from the Valley of Tiberias, as far as Jericho, are said to be marshy, a wilderness country, where the Bedouins alone prevail. In the history of the Jews, and in their sacred songs, the Jordan is an ever-recurring symbol of deep significance. In the history of the human race it is, as well as the Indus and the Ganges, but even more so than these, a *sacred river*, and deserves the appellation. Why, I have already said.

And now again to the morning when I, with several thousand Christians of the Eastern churches, celebrated its loveliest memory on the banks of the Jordan.

A number of pilgrims occupied themselves by steeping in the river, napkins and handkerchiefs, pieces of linen, and every kind of white cloths, which they have wrung out and laid in their knapsacks, either for their own use or for their relations and friends; because the Oriental Christians believe that a shroud dipped in the waters of the Jordan assists the dead in their entrance into heaven—a miserable superstition, but which is based on the precious knowledge of the Christian, that there is a river of life in which the polluted soul, which yet longs for salvation, can "wash his garments clean," according to the old expression. But assuredly in another sense than that of the

pilgrims of Jordan, who mistake the symbol for the reality.

The western bank of the river was crowded with people of many nations, their children, horses, asses, all in a confused mass, but all quiet, peaceful, friendly. The children played about and breakfasted on the green-sward; people helped one another to fetch water from the river in tin-cans and bottles, for almost every pilgrim had with him a round and bright tin-bottle, which he carried at his girdle. Afterwards people strolled about in the wild park-like scenery along the river-side, to cut boughs of the wild laurel, the oleander, the shrubby-willow, the arbutus, the pistachio, the thuja, and many other kinds of trees which grow there in wild luxuriance. Amongst the larger trees, the most abundant seems to me to be a kind of aspen. These trees grow to a considerable height, and have rich leafy heads which overshadow the water. The course of the river at this part is pleasingly circuitous, and as far as it can be seen, it flows between swelling masses of light-green foliage. The picture it presents is infinitely peaceful and lovely, of idyllian pleasantness.

We also wandered in these sacred groves, gathered green and even flowery boughs, in the warm morning sunshine—here as warm as with us in July. We then for another half hour watched the bathing scene and the pilgrims, filled our bottles from the Jordan, again mounted our horses and pursued our way to the Dead Sea, whilst the pilgrims, on foot or on horseback, on camels and asses, streamed back towards Jericho.

We rode for a short time along the banks of the Jordan, and saw it flowing round small enchanting woody islands or peninsulas, then followed the road over a barren plain into a region which grew, as we advanced, ever wilder and more desolate. Sand rocks

and rude heaps, like huge sepulchral mounds, but raised by no human hand, rose up in masses on our right—strange but melancholy shapes—as of some extinct city, the ancient abode of evil men. One might imagine cities looking thus in the subterranean kingdom of Hell.

The journey seemed to me long and fatiguing, because the wind began to blow strong and cold against us. The wind increased every moment, and before us, above the Dead Sea, clouds gathered of so black and threatening a character, that they could hardly have looked worse above Sodom and Gomorrah. All at once my horse obstinately refused to proceed, and turned round, with his back to the dismal wilderness, and his head towards the Jordan, and so stood stock-still; and why he did so I very soon perceived, by the violent tempest, accompanied by hail and rain, which burst forth from the desert with such violence that I was glad also to have it only on my back. The horses of my companions very soon followed the example of mine, and there we sat, silent and patient, waiting for the passing over of the storm. And it was over in a quarter of an hour—the sun again shone forth, but between threatening clouds.

After a ride of about two hours through this desolate region, we had reached the shore of the Dead Sea, which now, however, so far from being dead, was in the highest agitation. The waves—frothy, and of a dirty-black—beat against the shore, which at the part where we halted was low and stony, but at some distance on the western shore rose lofty walls of rock. The eastern shore was for the time invisible, from the dark cloud which had become stationary there.

I had seen amongst the Swiss mountains lakes with almost equally desolate shores. The catastrophe of

Sodom and the bloody tragedy of Massada are what especially give its terrible character to the asphalt lake. Besides which, the waters of the Swiss mountain lakes are as clear as the conscience of innocence, whilst here it was dark and muddy as sin. It was the storm which had now caused it to be so; in calm weather it was, as I had often seen it in the distance, pale blue and clear, and one could not surmise its bitterness. Now, however, it looked very Sodometically hideous; and if Lot and his daughters were to be considered as the righteous of the city then, what would the unrighteous be? It was a good thing that they were destroyed altogether by fire and brimstone! Abraham pleaded for them, or "for the righteous who might be found therein," in that remarkable dialogue related in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, and which made him merit the appellation of the Arabs —"the friend of God"—when, "standing before the Lord," he prayed in the name of conscience and justice that the good might not perish with the wicked. But not even ten righteous could be found in these doomed cities. Lot alone and his family were saved for the sake of their hospitality. "And Abraham got up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord; and he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." The judgment was completed in the dead of the night. ••

The ruins of the ancient cities are said still to be visible on the south-east shore of the Dead Sea, and also in the water near to the shore, when, during the heat of the summer, it is low.

But other thoughts than of Sodom and Gomorrah were now uppermost in my soul.

"Where is Engheddi situated?" inquired I from Mr. S——, who was already well acquainted with this region.

"Up there, between the mountains; upon the spot where the sun now shines," replied he.

It was on the western shore of the lake, just where it extends itself in an amphitheatre towards the south. Whilst black-brown clouds wholly enveloped the eastern shore, the western shone out brightly in sunshine. I distinguished clearly in its light a lofty verdant plateau, about five hundred feet above the sea, and on the land side enclosed by high rocky walls. This was Engheddi.

It was in the wilderness of Engheddi that David was hidden from the wrath of Saul, and where the magnanimity of the youth touched the heart of his persecutor. It was in the wilderness of Engheddi* that the purest people before the times of the Christians, the Essenes, sought for and found a haven from the rapacious, pleasure-seeking world, and united themselves for nobler objects. For here, in the bosom of the wilderness, pours forth a stream of water, wonderfully clear and abundant, in a continually flowing fall from one ledge to another, down towards the sea, and far around the earth is green and fertile in every kind of herb and tree. The rocks of the desert stand round on three sides, like sentinels; exactly below the inaccessible mountain shore, from four to five hundred

* Properly Ain-djiddi, or *Fountain of the Wilderness*, with reference to the abundant fountain at that place. *Aindjiddi* signifies also the Eye of the Wilderness, because the Arabs call a spring of water an eye, *ain*. A beautiful *ain* is the most beautiful thing they know upon earth, and they sometimes invite the stranger to go a long way to see such a one. The fountain at Engheddi is warm—80 degrees Réaumur; but when the water becomes cool, it is excellent for drinking,—*Author's note.*

feet high, lay the deadly lake. Here was a peaceful place of refuge for spirits which fled from the world's temptations and the world's disquiet to find the highest —the peace and the perfection of the soul. Here the Essenes built their huts about two hundred years before Christ.

The learned Jews, Josephus and Philo, have given us ample descriptions of the aims, statutes, and customs of the Essenes; the latter, especially, of one branch of the order, which, under the name of Therapeutæ (or physicians), established themselves in Egypt, on the shore of Lake Mariotis, near Alexandria. These and the Syrian Essenes were children of the same spirit, and had the same object, but differed in some ordinances and customs. According to the above-mentioned historians, it would appear that this order first came into Egypt during the contact of the Hebrew mind with that of the Greek in the school of Pythagoras.

The thinking portion of the Jews had by degrees divided themselves into two parties, Pharisees and Sadducees. The former were, before everything else, attached to the letter and the outward statutes; the latter, to a purely moral doctrine, but which did not rise to faith in the soul's immortality, and therefore degenerated into a system of Epicurean philosophy, or doctrine of self-interest. Minds of a profounder character could not be satisfied with any such tendencies, pious souls could not find rest in a life which was not practical, and did not by any means approach the ideal of human life, which by degrees had dawned upon them from the inspirational cry of Moses and the Prophets, and from the contemplation of the portentous history of their own people. They had listened to the oldest wise men of the East—to the Israelites who had

returned from the Babylonish, as well as from the Egyptian captivity, not poorer, but richer also in a spiritual degree;—they listened now to the life's-wisdom of the West, to one of its noblest representatives, and the conception of the ideal human being, and the ideal community, arose in their souls in the form which the cultivation of the age and their own individual development allowed. They united these ideals with the conception of God which they had inherited from their fathers, and whilst they separated themselves from the polytheistic nations, the Greeks and the Romans, as also from their own people, now more and more degenerating into an adherence to empty custom and rigid outward form, they fled out into the wilderness that they might live there according to the highest requirements of their consciences.

They endeavoured after perfection. They banded themselves together in order to obtain that collectively which they could not find for themselves and for each other. They endeavoured by holy living to promote the health both of soul and body; for they believed in "a healthy soul in a healthy body," and they believed in the Divine light in the human breast, believed in its inspiration and guidance, for the enlightenment of nature and of life, in every one who earnestly sought for the truth during a temperate and introverted laborious life. For, unlike the other Asiatic ascetics, they did not place sanctity in a life of idleness, of physical and spiritual annihilation. They wished to be *physicians* in the higher sense of the word. They devoted themselves to agriculture, especially to the care of gardens; cultivated healing plants; for the same purpose investigated the peculiar qualities of stones, and studied especially those writings which promoted the peace and edification of the soul.

They read the Holy Scriptures of the Hebrews, but believed in a yet deeper meaning than was conveyed by the mere outward sense, and interpreted the letter accordingly. Most of their dogmatic teachings were, however, never known beyond their own body, every member of which took a solemn oath not to reveal them, and "not to mention the name of the angels."

They renounced the pleasures of the flesh, and endeavoured to strengthen the soul by the severe discipline of the body. They were divided into four classes, and were governed or led by elders, to whom they showed great reverence and obedience. If any one violated the statutes of the order, he was admonished by the elders; if he continued still in error, he was banished from the community of brethren. They lived in celibacy; but women were also received into the body of the Therapeutæ. The female members lived in separate dwellings from the men; and whether the Therapeutæ were male or female, all were called *physicians,* and occupied themselves in the healing art. They also adopted the poor children of strangers, educated them, and then—gave them liberty. They all dressed in white, and avoided uncleanliness as a sin.

They had general prayers morning and evening, and prayed with their faces towards the east. They held also general love-feasts, consisting of bread and hyssop. They did not eat daily till sunset. Once in the week they had general divine service, in which they were divided into choirs, the men and women separately, and when they also performed symbolical dances which had reference to the deliverance of the Israelites from their Egyptian bondage. These dances seem to have been especially in use amongst the Egyptian Therapeutæ.*

* Whilst I write this the American "Shakers" are brought to my mind. The resemblance between them and the Essenes

The Essenes taught the immortality of the soul, and the happiness of the good and the misery of the wicked after death. Pleasant breezes and the waters of cool fountains would refresh the good, cold and tempest would torment the wicked in a dark and far-off land. They rejected bloody sacrifices, and in this respect differed from the Divine service of the Jews. Yet they offered symbolical gifts, and especially their thoughts and actions, as the best and most agreeable sacrifice to God.

The Essenes were to be met with, according to Josephus, in all the cities of Palestine; but their principal place of abode was in the desert on the western shore of the Dead Sea. At that time Engheddi was as flourishing as a garden, and abounded in palm-trees, indigo, and opobalsam. These noble mystics who fled from the outer into the inner life, and who sought through purity and sanctity, whilst here on earth, an entrance into the eternal life, were not able, however, to maintain this inner life excepting by severe daily self-mortification and the renunciation of the most beautiful natural human life—that of the family—of father and mother. But their purity of will and purity of morals prepared them to enter into a higher order, or rather ordinance, in which the combat of the soul and the senses is lost in a deep reconciliation, in a harmonious communionship for the service of the Highest, in which the human individual no longer lives for his own soul or for a little community, but is the citizen of a kingdom of God which shall embrace and bless all peoples and kingdoms of the earth.

is striking, even with regard to their numbers. The Essenes are said to have been about four thousand; and in America the number of the Shakers is said to be about the same. History is a saga which repeats the same fact in ever higher and higher chorus.—*Author's note.*

During the persecutions which the Essenes were afterwards subjected to, they exhibited the utmost heroism, and died as martyrs rather than blaspheme the name of God or of Moses, or offer sacrifice either to the human gods or emperors.

In the second century after Christ the Essenes cease to be mentioned in Palestine and Egypt, because they had passed over in a body to Christianity. They here found the ideal-man and the ideal-community in a still higher, a still more perfect form than they had hitherto conceived of them, and the little community of the Essenes was dissolved and developed in "the community of saints" which alike comprehends the realm of spirit as of nature, which sanctifies all gifts, all circumstances, and all men in God, according to the powerful words of St. Paul, "All are yours, but you are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

There is no sight more beautiful than that of souls seeking after light and righteousness, and who are to be met with in all ages and amongst all people, those children of the dawn who yet during the twilight of the earth go forth preparing for the day. And amongst these none stand in a purer light than the Essenes, those sons and daughters of the desert. But ignorant and futile seems to me the attempt which has often been made in our time to deduce the inspiration of the powerful John the Baptist from the Essenes, and still more that of the spirit which should baptise mankind with the Holy Ghost and with fire! Where, in the strict isolation of the Essenes, in the community which was circumscribed by strict regulations, can be found the source of the desert-preacher's mighty prophecy, of his solitary, self-legislating inspection and life? Where, especially, can be found, amongst the Essenes, traces of that love which embraced the whole human family,

and which came into the world to redeem the world? Their tendency was a process of isolation, a fleeing from the world. Those words, "Go forth into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to all creatures," could never proceed from their exclusive order. But here we merely speak of disposition and doctrine, not of the higher Divine consciousness!

The innocent honour of the Essenes needs not to be varnished with a foreign splendour. It has its own imperishable beauty. Like an ever-living rose of Jericho, it shines towards us through all ages from the shore of the Dead Sea. Therefore, shine out, thou bright sun, above the wilderness of Engheddi; flow on, thou translucent living spring of water, flow on for ever, as of old time and as now; and awaken again and again these pure memories in the human breast; strengthen their faith in the eternal good, in God's fatherly guidance and protection! Oh how often, during my restless youth, did I long for such a fostering asylum amongst spirits stern and gentle as these, for relationships sanctifying and elevating as those of the community in the desert of Engheddi—longed for them as an escape from the disquiet of life, and from my own weakness! But I found no Engheddi on my path. I found, however, more than an Engheddi; for the Master has said, "He who seeketh, findeth."

There are now no palm-trees growing in the wilderness of Engheddi—no Therapeutæ cultivate its soil any longer; but its affluent spring still flows abundantly, and the Bedouin tills the ever-fruitful earth amongst the remains of the former dwellings of the Essenes. The road thither is too long and too difficult for me. I must content myself with greeting and blessing it alone by my glance.

But I forget that I have yet to speak of the Dead Sea.

The mysterious disappearance of the Jordan in the bosom of this lake has long been, and still is, a subject for the investigation of the naturalist. It is believed by some that, by means of a subterranean passage, the river pursues its course, and falls into Akuba Bay. Others imagine that the evaporation of the Dead Sea is so great that it can receive the whole waters of the Jordan without any excess being produced thereby.

I strolled along the north-western shore, collecting stones and gathering some poor little yellow flowers of the sunflower tribe, but of a dwarf kind. The shore is in a high degree bare, although not devoid of vegetation. Farther up than I advanced I perceived some shrubs to be in flower, but, spite of this, the whole had an extremely naked and barren appearance—white saline incrustation covered the moss-grown turf and stones. Whilst I was botanizing, some of the young men bathed at a distance.

A warm exhalation came from the waves, which broke with a roar upon the strand; the water even felt warm to the touch. Its flavour was so burningly bitter and repulsive as to exceed all description. Bathers (who are said to be lifted up by the water to that degree that, without being able to swim, they are supported by it) generally experience, on coming out, a prickling sensation in the skin as of nettles. A young Englishman, a few years ago, conceived the idea of rowing in a little boat, accompanied only by his servant, round the lake, making the circuit of the shores. Whilst doing so, happening to be thirsty, he drank of the Dead Sea water, and became so ill as to return to Jerusalem merely in time to die.

Beyond Engheddi, and farther south, on the shore of the lake, lies another historically remarkable place, but with a fame as gloomy as that of Engheddi is bright.

There, upon a lofty precipitous rock, on the summit of which is an extensive plateau, stood, in ancient times, the Jewish fortress Massada. The rock, according to Josephus, was surrounded by valleys so deep, that the eye from above could not reach their depth. The roads leading up thence to the top of the rock were so steep, that not an animal would venture to scale them excepting at two places, which were kept accessible for the sake of communication; although, even by them, it could not be done without great difficulty. One of these roads went from the Dead Sea towards the sunrise, the other towards the sunset; and one of them was called, from its incessant circumlocutions, the Snake. If a foot slipped by the way, death was inevitable, because an abyss yawned around. On the summit of this rock a fortress was built by the Jewish high-priest Jonathan, and called Massada. After Titus—"the love and delight of the human race"—had, by fire and sword, laid waste Jerusalem with a cruelty which can find no parallel in our times, the Romans laid siege to Massada, whither a great portion of the Jewish men and women had fled. When at length these saw that all resistance was vain, that they must inevitably fall into the hands of the Romans, they chose death in preference. The commander of Massada strengthened them in this determination; and certain men were selected to kill all the others, as well as the women and children. Thus perished nine hundred and sixty persons. Only two women and five boys escaped the massacre. A memory this worthy of the Dead Sea shore!

The ruins of a convent lie on the northern shore of the lake, and at a little distance from it. The remains still existing prove that it must have been a large building, the lofty, dark walls of which are still

standing. Probably, during the time of the Crusaders, pious souls—the Essenes of Christianity—united themselves here to pray for the victims who perished in the Dead Sea. At the present time the shores are desolate and dead as the sea itself; the combat and anguish of life, its love and its prayers, have alike become silent there. Will it be so always?

Our return to Jericho took us through the desert of Judea, over the hills and mounds which had struck me in coming as resembling the ruined abodes of evil spirits. On a nearer inspection, their shapes were still more extraordinary and gloomy; it was a city of ruins, but devoid of all beauty. A narrow pathway wound along the hills, often so narrow that the feet of the horses slipped, and the ground rattled under them down the precipice. More than once I believed that both my horse and myself would share the same fate. But the dexterous animal carried me safely and lightly over all the perilous places. The Bedouins who accompanied us—one at the head of the train, the other at its close—sang the whole way, but so horribly and harshly, that it really made me ill to hear them. Arrived on the plain, we were again twice subjected to sudden storms, attended with hail and rain, on which our horses refused to proceed, and stood, as before, with bowed heads turned from the storm as long as it continued. Wet and blown through, we at length reached the camp. The sun was shining brightly above it, and the great Jordan wash, spread to dry on the trees, the bushes, and the ground, shone out white across the whole valley.

The remainder of the day I was obliged to pay the penalty of the former night's adventure, and the stormy journey of the morning, by an acute headache. From my bed, however, in a corner of the tent, I was

able to observe the quiet, busy life which was going on there, and how the midday meal was prepared and distributed to the whole caravan by the young housewife. I had the pleasure no less of seeing the young couple, S——, mutually assisting each other, and not merely then, but on all occasions, without the question being asked whether the occupation belonged properly to the man or to the woman. She was ready to help him in fastening the tent-poles; he helped her in rolling together the coverlets, in spreading the table-cloth, or whatever the work might be. They were evidently worthy descendants of the old Germans, whose manners Tacitus describes with admiration, especially when he would portray the relationship between husband and wife in marriage.

"In this country," says the noble Roman, "marriages are chaste, and no feature in the morals of the people deserves higher commendation. They almost alone, amongst barbarians, are satisfied each with one wife. The bride brings no portion—she receives a dowry from her husband. In presence of her parents and relations he makes a tender of part of his wealth; if accepted, the match is approved. In the choice of the presents female vanity is not consulted. There are no frivolous trinkets to adorn the future bride. The whole fortune consists of oxen, a caparisoned horse, a shield, a spear, and a sword. She in return delivers a present of arms, and by this exchange of gifts the marriage is concluded. This is the nuptial ceremony, this is the bond of their union, these their hymeneal gods. Lest the wife should think her sex an exemption from the rigours of the severest virtue and the toils of war, she is informed of her duty by the marriage ceremony, and thence she learns that she is received by her husband to be his partner in toil and danger—to dare

with him in war, and suffer with him in peace. The oxen yoked, the horse accoutred, and the arms given on the occasion inculcate the lesson, and thus she is prepared to live and thus to die. These are the terms of their union—she receives her armour as a sacred treasure to be preserved inviolate, and transmitted with honour to her sons, a portion for their wives, and from them descendable to her grandchildren."

Noble, holy doctrine of reciprocity and equality between the married pair, which in its innermost significance cannot be sufficiently regarded or too carefully preserved by us, the peaceful children of warlike sires—peaceful, yes, but still bound to labour and to combat for higher objects than they, though most frequently with other weapons.

It is this help in life and in death, in pleasure and in want, which the Moslems, and all people who maintain polygamy, lack in the wife, and which she also lacks in the husband, whose plaything, servant, or female ruler she becomes. It is this reciprocity in labour, this equality in bearing the burden of life and life's responsibility in all the circumstances of life, as family-father and family-mother, that gives to the Christian domestic life so vast a pre-eminence above the harem-life of the East, which renders twofold the powers and talents of the Christian nations in every way. Therefore Christian nations must of necessity advance both forward and upward, whilst the non-Christian must by an equal necessity go downwards. For family life is the mother of the life of the State.

In the afternoon Mrs. S—— had to send out and inquire amongst the pilgrims of the camp for a sucking-babe, and various young couples came into the tent, the one after the other, which was very amusing to witness. First came a young couple of the Armenian

Church, a remarkably handsome, affectionate, and happy husband and wife, well-dressed and decked out with ornaments of various kinds, and highly delighted with their first-born child, a splendid little girl, but who had a will of her own, and could not be persuaded to have anything to do with the foreign lady. After them an Arab couple, not so handsome, but apparently equally well-pleased with their little brown *Saabi* (boy). But both he and a couple of other babies who were brought in by their parents, evidently curious to see the foreign *Franks*, were too well satisfied by their own maternal supply to be inclined for any other. Mrs. S—— was therefore obliged to look up her first little nursling in the village of Jericho, to the great delight of the Bedouin women. In the meantime a Bedouin woman came into the tent from the village with a wooden bowl full of zachoum oil, which she set down, fixing her eyes on me and making signs that I was to rub myself with it. But for my headache neither oil nor any other means would be available—nothing but time and patience.

I should have been glad to have accompanied the others when they rode to the celebrated fountain of Elijah, *Ain el Sultan*, the King's Well or *Eye*, and to have seen its beautiful trees, and the rich flowery carpet at the foot of the dark wild mountain group of the Temptation, but it was impossible. I had to content myself with a handful of flowers from thence. I felt myself really so ill that—though accustomed to the rapid changes in this complaint, from violent pain to a state of perfect ease and health, I began to doubt of the possibility of undertaking, as was proposed, the return to Jerusalem at daybreak of the morning following. I prepared myself, on the contrary, to remain where I then was, under the protection of our Sheik, and with returning strength

to make the journey back to the city in his company. And this might have been done perfectly well, as far as I was concerned. I was right glad, nevertheless, when at midnight I found myself free from pain, and soon after quite well, with nothing to complain of except extreme weariness.

At two o'clock coffee was boiled and drunk in the tent, which soon afterwards was removed from above my head. It was now necessary to be quick. The camp was all in motion. The pilgrims set fire to their leafy huts and beds, and crackling merrily, the red flames rose up towards the dark heavens. The people talked cheerfully round the fires; the Turkish military gave the signals for the breaking-up and the march. We all mounted in the gray twilight, whilst kindly stars gleamed brightly from the heavens through breaks in dark and threatening clouds; but the air was calm and mild.

As the daylight increased, and we rode up the mountains and hills of Judea, the train of pilgrims, amounting, it was said, to between four and five thousand, looked like a dark waving ribbon, winding along over hill and plain, as far as the eye could reach, on the road to Jerusalem. My capital little horse was so lively and nimble this morning, that I let it go as it would; and as it had determined to take the lead of all the others, I gratified it also in this respect, and whilst I took my breakfast sitting on horseback, I amused myself by watching his schemes and devices to accomplish his object. I had, besides, the advantage of being able by this means to get a good view of the pilgrims, amongst whom were many very peculiar and very amusing figures; here cross old women upon stupid asses, which would not move from the spot, however the old men might drive them; there stately Arabs on

stately steeds; here merry Russian girls on lively mules; there a closely-veiled *Sitti*, watched with jealous care by her lord and master. Most amusing was it to see the grave camels with their burdens of three or four women and an equal number of children, rocking in swinging chairs across their backs, and holding fast with terrified looks, whenever the airy balancing board got into full play.

The Russian pilgrims, in their simple dark costume, with their light, fresh complexions and good-humoured expression, differed in a striking manner from those of the Syrian, Armenian, Caucasian, and Arab nations. These have in general strong, handsome features, dark complexions, and gloomy or grave expression. Most of them wore turbans or red Greek caps with blue tassels. Their women have generally the lower part of their faces veiled. Some dark Copts and Abyssinians were to be seen here and there amongst the crowd, but always on foot, and evidently of the servant class. A great number of the pilgrims were pedestrians. All carried with them green boughs from Jordan, and each one also his bottle or can of its water. Many had woven themselves garlands of the thorny shrub which is so common in this country (*Rhamnus spina Christi*), and carried them across their shoulders, sometimes round their heads or caps. Nearly all looked cheerful and full of life-enjoyment. I could not but be filled with admiration that, amidst this mass of people who thronged upon each other by the way, no painful pressure, no disorder or quarrel, no confusion of any kind occurred, not even in the mountain-passes, which were occasionally very narrow. Sheik Mustapha, who rode beside me quite in chivalrous style for some time, leading my horse through the rapid streams, and who was my protector through the narrow passes, left me when

the road became good; nor, indeed, did I any longer require an equerry, for my horse was evidently well-acquainted with the road and could take care of himself.

I experienced this morning a feeling which I never expected to have known; this was, an actual enjoyment in riding. The farther my swift-footed steed separated me from the rest of our caravan—of which, in fact, I saw no one before I reached Jerusalem—the more solitary was my ride amongst the pilgrim-troop on the fields of Palestine, all the lighter and the livelier grew my spirit, although the clouds were gathering darkly with showers and cold wind. The cooler weather, and the road, which was continually ascending, made the exercise on horseback less fatiguing. The view of the green hills and plantations of the Mount of Olives was indescribably pleasing and beautiful. I soon afterwards parted off from the great pilgrim-band, who poured into Jerusalem through St. Stephen's gate, whilst I, accompanied by a Jewish servant-boy, entered by the gate of Zion, and so reached my home on the Hill of Zion.

And when in my quiet home I had refreshed myself and changed my clothes, I felt myself so little wearied by the journey, that on the evening of the same day I was present at a meeting of the Jewish-Christian proselytes in Jerusalem, twelve of whom were at that time prepared for Holy Communion. The meeting, with prayer, singing, and conversation, was held at the house of Pastor Hefter, whose sound learning, good heart and temper, cause him to be a highly esteemed and beloved teacher. If I dozed somewhat during the lecture it was owing to no fault in it, but to the heat of the room and my want of sleep during the two preceding nights.

I was happy and thankful to have successfully ac-

complished the journey to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and with so little inconvenience in comparison with my gloomy forebodings. Let this be encouragement to you, my R——, when depressed by similar presentiments.

Green boughs from the Jordan now brighten my room. The water which I brought with me in two bottles, now its sediment is deposited, is of a pale greyish colour, and clear as the air of spring.

April 12th.—Good news! Letters from Switzerland and Italy inform me that my young Swiss sister and my summer-daughter are happy with the best happiness of young wives—by becoming more and more sincerely attached to the husbands to whom they have plighted their faith, and by still more highly esteeming their lot and their lives as their chosen companions. The wild, freedom-loving little bird now finds herself well off in her cage, and prefers the quiet world within it to all the scenes and sights of foreign lands, however captivating. That is right, my summer-daughter! I thank thee and thy husband that it is so, and for your having written so affectionately to me with the happy assurance. I, therefore, now invite you, without any trouble to yourselves, to undertake with me an excursion over—*Palestine, its People, and its History.*

"It must be a little god who gave the Jews such a little country!" said the Romans scornfully, when they, the masters of Palestine, compared the sublime conception of God entertained by this people with their small earthly realm, when seen with reference to the world's-monarchy of Rome. Yes, it was a small country, that Palestine, situated, and, as it were, separated from the rest of the world, between the sandy desert, the Mediterranean, and the mountainous region of

Lebanon. It was a small country and kingdom in comparison with the great, powerful kingdoms round about; Egypt, Persia, Babylon, Assyria, Greece—under Alexander—and beyond all, with the power which finally absorbed them, or placed them in obedience to the imperial sceptre. And yet, nevertheless, the proud Romans have had this experience forced upon them, that that little country and its despised people attained to a greater name in the history of the world than themselves; have had to see the eagles of the Capitolian rock and the image of Jupiter fall in the dust before the lawgivers of Sinai and the Mount of Olives; have had to see all the people of the Roman realm at one time go forth in pilgrim bands to Jerusalem, to acknowledge the God who gave that little country to the Jews! and that is because the significance of history depends in its highest degree upon its significance with reference to *man*, to man, who, in all countries and in all times, is the same in his main features—a captive Prometheus, with the fire of heaven in his heart, but bound upon the rocky shore of the world; a demi-god in his origin and yearnings, but the victim of suffering and death; with love and defiance on his lips; suspended between heaven and hell, himself and his existence an enigma! Whatever, therefore, casts a light upon this being, whatever solves this enigma, *that* it is which is of importance, which is essential to all humanity. And the history in which humanity finds this solution must become to it the *history of history, God's Word;* and answer to the questioning of humanity. It is not extent and quantity which are of any value in this case. Extent and quantity would rather be impediments where all power depends upon that which it contains, upon its meaning—its significance.

"Give me only a point outside the earth on which to place my fulcrum," said Archimedes, "and I will move the whole earth."

That little country is more convenient for historical survey than a large one could be. Everything which is of importance is here beheld on a concentrated scene. If the history of Greece or Palestine had occurred in China, it would probably have been lost to us. The position and geography of a country belong to the great world-plan of Providence. This fact is nowhere shown so plainly as in Palestine—and by Palestine I mean, pre-eminently, the historical Palestine of the Hebrew history, because in it we must include the desert and the peninsula of Sinai, as the fore-court of the Promised Land and its history.

It is the immortal merit of the great geographer, C. F. Ritter, that he has, with the well-grounded glance of the man of science and the profound thinker—in his *Erdkunde*—exhibited the plan of Providence, which is evident by the peculiar position of Palestine, as well in its separation, by means of the desert and the sea—by a coast containing no harbour—from the surrounding great cultivated nations, the Egyptians, Persians, Babylonians, Assyrians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans, at the same time also by its relationship to them through its connexion with the three great divisions of the world, Asia, Africa, and Europe. Thus sundered, thus isolated by nature as that country must be which is intended to serve as the fostering home of the elect son of Providence—that Israel which will one day introduce amongst the idolatrous peoples of the whole earth the worship of the one Holy God,—it must at the same time lie so near to the great cultivated nations, the great paths of diffusion, that when the time was come, the Gospel might find ways open into

all lands, east, north, south, and west, and thus from little Palestine to the very ends of the earth. And when Palestine was overcome and Jerusalem destroyed, still must its people, with or without their own will, go forth amongst all nations and bear witness of that revelation, which first amongst all was the portion of Israel.

It is to the lasting honour of the pious German that he has made the world observant of the significance of the natural character of countries with regard to the history of the human race—that he has been the first to propound the great and beautiful doctrine—of which hitherto merely a presentiment existed, more frequently was never thought of—that history does not exist *beside of*, but *within* nature, "under the starry heavens, in the garden of God"—to have taught that the nations of the earth are not an unmeaning aggregate of accidental forms, but that the whole earth—where it, a little glimmering point, revolves its course in infinite space—is a child of the Creator's love, prepared by His wisdom, watched over by His eye, guided by His hand. For from what we see and know of its history we may come to a conclusion regarding the rest. From the history of Palestine we are able to cast a sure glance of hope upon all the other countries of the earth, great or small. Blessed be thou, noble, wise old man, who hast taught us by thy knowledge the better to understand and love, the better to esteem our world. That of which thou hadst a prophetic presentiment becomes ever clearer and clearer in our days! And if we frequently cannot distinctly comprehend the style of the Great Master who writes his purposes by thousands of years and whole human races, we must bear in mind that we on earth are only short-lived, and short-sighted creatures! Let it be enough to us that we can obtain

a glimpse of His purpose, and thus through it have the fulfilment of our holiest yearnings. By this light we may go forward and upward!

And now, again, to Palestine.

It was a small country even when the kingdom of the Jews was at its largest, when, under David and Solomon, it extended in the south to "the river of Egypt,"* Al Arish, comprehended in the north the region of Cœlo-Syria and Lebanon, and extended eastward beyond the mountains and steppe-land of Hauran and Moab, as far as the Euphrates,† as well as to the red mountains of Edom and the desert of Paran; even then it was much smaller than Sweden is now, smaller than England, merely about equal in extent with Belgium, Switzerland, Tuscany, or Sicily. The land of Canaan, properly speaking, the now existing Palestine, is comprised within much smaller limits. It consists of the southern portion and about one-third of the ancient Syria. The eastern boundary is the Jordan with the two lakes of Genesareth and the Dead Sea; its western the Mediterranean; its northern the colossal mountain-pile of Lebanon; whilst on the south its boundary is lost in the sands of the desert. But small as this country is, it is yet distinguished by a great variety of formations, which makes it a peculiar and a perfect little world in itself. It has lofty mountains and smiling valleys, fruitful plains and desert wildernesses; an extensive but scarcely accessible coast; a

* Isaiah xxvii. 12.

† A young and fortunate inquirer, Mr. Graham, an Englishman, has lately discovered in the wilderness of Bashar the ruins, some of which are well preserved, of those sixty cities which are spoken of in Joshua xiii. 30, and amongst these, *the City of Job*, as it is called to this day by the Bedouin tribes of the desert.—*Author's note.*

river and lakes, of which the equals are not to be found in the world; warm medicinal springs and an infinitely fertile soil, with a great variety of vegetation, from the palm to the cedar. Its sky is seldom obscured by a cloud, and its climate, with all its varieties, according to the divers elevations of the country, is perhaps one of the best and most agreeable on the face of the earth.

The country, longer than it is broad, divides itself into three parallel zones—the western coast-level, the lofty middle country, and the eastern lowland, the valley of the Jordan. The country along the coast—a fertile plain, where lie the world-famous fields of Sharon, Dschennin, and Esdraelon—is, in its southern extremity, ninety-two geographical miles wide, narrowing, as it extends northwards, to only twenty miles. Along this coast lie the cities Askalon, Jaffa (Joppa), Cæsarea, Caipha (Porphyria), on a promontory at the foot of Mount Carmel, and Acre. The central zone is a lofty range of hills from twelve hundred to two thousand feet high. This lofty range, ascending from the western plain by long slopes, drops again in abrupt steps and precipices on the east down to the deep furrows of the Valley of the Jordan, 3684 feet below Jerusalem. The highest summits of the ridge are, the Mount of Olives, Ebal, and Gerizim, the Lesser Hermon, Tabor, and the Great Hermon, the old holy mountain Djebel el Sheik, or the Sheik of the Mountain, near 10,000 feet high, with its head crowned with eternal snow and the springs of Jordan at its feet. Along this elevated region of fertile hills lie, from the desert in the south as far as Lebanon in the north, a succession of ancient world-famous cities—Hebron, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Sichem, Nazareth, Cana, Safed, and Cæsarea Philippi. Deep valleys with rich vegetation and small rivers, which lose themselves to the westward in the sea or in the sand, intersect the ridge. The plain of

Esdraelon, in Galilee alone, cuts through the whole, extending from the sea between Caipha and Acre to the Lake of Tiberias. The third division is formed by the district of the Jordan from the bases of Lebanon and Hermon, and the Dead Sea on the south. It lies at the Lake of Tiberias, 612 feet below the Mediterranean, and 1235 below the Dead Sea.

Tropical heat and a tropical vegetation prevail in the valleys. Josephus describes the country and the gardens around the Lake of Genesareth as a paradise of beauty and fertility. The same was also the Valley of Jordan, at Jericho, at the time when it induced the beautiful Cleopatra to call it, its palms and opobalsam-trees, her property. Now the whole of this country is a desert, the land of robber-hordes of lawless Bedouins. But it is beautiful still; and the river of Jordan, so mysterious in its source, still more mysterious at its outlet, flows on as fresh and rapidly as ever, with its four-and-twenty falls between Genesareth and the Dead Sea.

On the other side of the river and its plain are the high lands of Moab, where anciently Reuben and Manasseh fed their abundant flocks, and where one still sees the ruins of more than twenty cities, bearing traces of Roman architecture, such as circuses and theatres. All this fruitful, woody, pasture-land is in the hands of the Arab hordes.

The land of Canaan, which was allotted to the twelve tribes of Israel, according to the division prescribed by their leader, is now, and has been ever since the time of the Romans, divided into three provinces, Judea with Jerusalem, Samaria with Sichem, or Nablous, and Galilee with Tiberias as their capitals.

When travellers from Egypt approach Goza and Hebron by the usual caravan road from the desert, they are delighted by the verdant, bush-covered hills of Judea; but it is not till they near Hebron that they

begin to see the olive- and fig-trees, as well as vineyards, Hebron being celebrated for its wine. Judea is, however, the least fertile province of Palestine. That of Samaria is richer, because better watered. Richest of all is Galilee, with its vast plain, which might be covered with golden harvests, and which was so covered at the time when Moses spoke of the Promised Land as of a land "of hills and valleys; a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year; a land where corn, and the vine, and the fig-tree, and the pomegranate grow; a land flowing with milk and honey; a land where Israel shall have bread enough to eat." The Canaanitish cultivation of the land on terraces made the hills of Palestine fertile at that time, and for ages afterwards. This mode of cultivation prevails at the present day; and traces, but only traces, of the same may be seen everywhere on the round plateau-formed hills of Judea,—hills of the Jura limestone formation in horizontal strata. Most of the hills are bare, are bleached as if by ancient tillage, and the plains produce little or no harvests. That land which formerly fed ten millions of inhabitants, is said not now to feed above half a million; and yet its heaven is as beautiful as ever, its springs have not diminished. The Jordan and Kedron flow as heretofore; the olive, and the fig, and the pomegranate have not ceased to yield their fruit; the soil under the layer of stones and rubbish which covers it shows, with every attempt at cultivation, that it is rich in nutriment and force of growth. Nevertheless, the stony covering lies on the face of the whole earth, and the people of the country have neither comfort nor peace. They say sternly, "The earth is cursed!" It waits for a new "year of peace and

jubilee;" I say, "for a year in which every one shall receive again his own." Perhaps it may not be very far distant.

We have contemplated Palestine as an isthmus between three continents, and connected with the entire world by the Mediterranean, that living, intermediate link between the nations. Nevertheless there is not, nor ever has been, any great road for traffic and intercourse through Palestine; its sea-coast also, without harbours, is dangerous and stormy. The whole country is, and always has been, without the means of internal intercourse. The caravan-roads between the eastern and western country went, and still go round Palestine, by way of Damascus, Aleppo, to the good harbours of Tyre and Sidon; or round by the south, through the desert, to Egypt and the coast of Africa. Palestine was passed by as of no consequence. Yet how has that little country become, spite of this, the most celebrated of all the countries in the world, a spiritual native land of the human race, the history and sacred writings of which embrace all the nations and countries on the face of the earth "to the very ends of the world!"

Let us cast a glance upon the history of its people, with reference to that of other nations, in those features of it which essentially belong to all men, to all humanity.

The history of the Hebrew people has been preserved, and lies open to us, in their sacred scriptures —in the Bible, the book of books. But it is not until we can fully divest our minds of the mechanical idea of inspiration, till we can read the history of the Israelitish people like every other history—for example, that of the Greeks and the Romans—and side by side with that of other nations, that we can properly estimate its peculiarity and divinity. Until then we are

checked at every step; expecting to hear God alone, we stumble against man.

In my childhood and youth I suffered much from this cause; so much so, that at length I ceased to read the Biblical history. Afterwards I returned to it with new views and new love. From that time, as I increased in years and experience, it expanded also for me; and since I have been in this country, which is still wholly filled by its memories, it seems to me more miraculous, more wonderful than ever, even although I do not believe many of the miraculous occurrences which are there narrated. Let no one be displeased on this account, or with the want of faith in the Bible miracles which I here avow, *must* avow, in order to be fully candid with thee, my R——. It is my own individual opinion, but I force it upon no one. I know too well my own fallibility, my own imperfection, to do that. But I have attained to it after many years of investigation. I have adopted it because I could not do otherwise; because my reason and my conscience compelled me to do so whilst waiting and hoping for higher light—for a day when the earthly chrysalis will burst its imprisoning bonds.

I do not believe in every miracle which is related in the Bible. There are several in which *I cannot believe;* there are others which *may be true for anything I know;* some there are in which *I do believe.* If a miracle recorded in the sacred history can be explained in a natural way—natural according to our conception of the term—I am very glad; if it cannot be explained without doing violence to a higher sense, a higher coherence of which I have a presentiment or an intuition, then *I let miracle be miracle.* One thing, however, is certain to my mind in so doing, and that is, that the miracle, the so-called supernatural occur-

rence, does not stand *outside* of nature, but *within* nature, *that great nature* the origin and highest coherence of which must be sought for in the being and will of the Almighty God. If we, in the middle realm of life in which we are now moving, do not perceive its higher casual coherence, that does not really prevent our finding—nay, it often compels us to pre-suppose—such a one.

The conception of, and teaching regarding God in the Bible, from the first creative word "Let there be light," to the second and last, "Arise in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ!" are evidently this—that God, the Lord and Creator of the world, is not bound by those natural laws which He has revealed to us on earth; that He can, when He will, infringe them by a new, immediate expression of His own creative power or by the revelation of a higher ordinance of nature—which we call miraculous. This doctrine seems to me in accordance with reason and with history. Thus, as I must accept a creative word, a Power of Will, in the creation of the world and of man, I see in the history some facts which no natural cause, in the ordinary sense of the term, can fully explain; but which, if I would comprehend in their full significance—that is, in the whole of their truth—compel me to pre-suppose in their origin what we call a miracle. Nothing, however, can compel me to accept a miracle which is not enjoined upon me, or which is opposed to my consciousness of God, or to that rational conscience which God has given me for light and guidance on my way. And if I leave *as perhaps true*, many miracles in a history which I call "the sacred" with my heart and soul, it is because I do not perceive their drift or their *wherefore*, whilst I know from experience that what I do not perceive to-day, I may to-morrow, or next year, or at

some more distant period still. And if I hesitate in believing a biblical miracle, as for instance, that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua, or if, under the outward letter I read a spiritual instead of a literal meaning, I do so because my rational conscience—my third eye—compels me to do so. I cannot do otherwise.

If you, my R——, have, with the same love of the truth, arrived at a different conclusion with regard to these questions, I shall not let it disturb me, either on your account or mine; neither will it shake my faith in a truth which is available for all. I know that we here on earth only see in part, and understand in part; but the dissimilar refractions of the Eternal Light which we receive have yet their unity in it, and those prismatic colours, in their variety and in their union, serve, nevertheless, to make it more glorious.

I now return to the history of the Hebrew people, and to the features which seem to me to render it most peculiar.

All nations look up to an ancestor. The Jews, or Hebrews, all call themselves "the children of Abraham." Their especial history, unlike that of all other people, commences with him. Abraham, of the race of Shem, went with his parents and his wife "from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan, and they came unto Haran, and dwelt there." "And the Lord said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house unto a land that I will give thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing. *And in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.*" Abraham obeyed the voice of the Lord, and came into the land of Canaan. At Sichem, at the Plain of Moreh, the Lord appeared to him and said,

"Unto thy seed will I give this land." And he builded there an altar unto the Lord who had appeared to him. Abraham journeyed forth again, preaching the name of the Lord and building Him altars. His progress seemed to be everywhere of a peaceful, pious, and upright* character, and the relationship in which he stood to the people of the country, friendly. After a visit and a stay in Egypt—on account of a famine in Canaan—he again returned thither, and pitched his tent in the Plains of Mamre, by Hebron. There the Lord again appeared to him and said, "I am the Almighty God, walk before me, and be thou perfect. And I will make my covenant between me and thee; and thou shalt be the father of many nations; and kings shall come out of thee." The words of the covenant were renewed, after various trials and under various conditions; the principal of which are these: "Obey my voice; walk according to my law, and I will make thee the father of a great people; I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore; and they shall be my people and I will be their God; thy seed shall possess the gate of their enemies. *And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.*"

* One must, however, except his conduct towards his wife, and his falsehood regarding her in Egypt. In this case, and with respect to many sins of the patriarchs, we can merely remark that they were the men and the children of their age, and, like all other people of those times, given to imposition; at times cruel, severe, or weak towards their women, their captives, or their slaves. The purer divine conception operates but slowly in educating the heart and the morals. Abraham and the patriarchs were great in their faith and obedience to God. God rewarded their faith and obedience by an ever nearer revelation of His being. Abraham believed in the Lord, and it was counted to him for righteousness. Genesis xv. 6.—*Author's note.*

Rich in worldly possessions, and rich in his heart from the Divine promise, which he left to his son Isaac, "Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man and full of years, and was gathered to his people." He was buried in the cave of Machpelah, where his wife had already been laid by his two sons Isaac and Ishmael, who were in this united, but never after met as brothers.

The beautiful and touching idyllian narratives of Isaac and Rebecca, and of Joseph and his brethren are charming to read, are subjects for the artist and the poet. The latter is especially dear to all pure hearts,* who, however, cannot derive much edification from the deceptions practised by Rachel and her son Jacob. But these do not belong to the higher history of the people, of which we again have a view in Jacob's vision of the "ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east, and to the north and to the south, *and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.*"

During the lifetime of Jacob there was again a famine in the land of Canaan, and therefore, and on the invitation of his son Joseph, he and his sons, and daughters, and servants, seventy souls in all, went

* Amongst the Arabs, Joseph seems to be the type of the perfect human being. "We shall all be young and beautiful as Joseph, when we are in Paradise," remarked the Arab ladies with whom I spoke on the condition of a future life.—*Author's note.*

down into Egypt, where Pharaoh gave them the rich land of Goshen to dwell in. The aged, severely tried Israel, is now a better and a more pious man than he was formerly. He announced to his twelve sons on his deathbed their fate, and their lots in the Promised Land—the land of Canaan; some of them he reprehended, and he foretold good to others. Thus, to Judah, "Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be."

The little Israelitish band increased and multiplied in the land of Goshen. When oppressed by their bondage under Pharaoh, they fled out of Egypt under the leadership of Moses. The seventy had become a multitude of more than six hundred thousand men, without women and children. Thus they escaped out of Egypt, through the Red Sea, into the Arabian Desert, with thanksgiving, songs, and with faith in a miraculous, extraordinary guidance, which overcame all difficulties and helped them through all need; the faithlessness, or murmuring of the people being punished or silenced by their leader, who was mighty in faith—the admirable, God-inspired Moses.

Himself led by God, he led his people deeper and deeper into the solitude of the desert, to the place where Mount Sinai, on the back of Horeb, rises on the tongue of land running into the Red Sea, like a giant-altar surrounded by the desert and by the arms of the sea. Here the children of Israel encamped before the mount. And here they received through Moses these words of the Lord (Exodus xix.): "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep

my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. And all the people answered together and said,—All that the Lord hath spoken we will do."

This is the word of the first covenant. Let us now follow its closer definition in the solemn promulgation of the law from the cloud-veiled mount, beginning with the commandment "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." This law of God—the Ten Commandments—which, according to the words of our Saviour in the gospel of St. Matthew (xxii. 37–40), may be comprised in these two, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—this law of God should Israel be bound to keep; God, who gave it, covenanting to bless most abundantly the people and their descendants, if they would keep His commandments, but threatening them with severe punishment if they disobeyed them.

The spirit and meaning of the commandments were still more developed by Moses to the people, during the long desert-wandering, in a system of the purest and most humane legislation, statutes, and ordinances, which that age can show. Holiness, mercy, equity are its basis. We need merely recal the often-repeated command not to grieve the widow or the orphan—"the lonely;" not to upbraid the deaf, and many other similar ones, as well as respecting the jubilee and the year of liberation, when their liberty shall be given to the slaves, and every one shall receive his own again. "You shall be holy, for I am holy, saith the Lord," is over and over again said by Moses to the people of Israel. Every statute, every prohibition, originates from this point of view. Israel shall be a pure people, consecrated to the holy God. The divine worship is instituted accordingly, so

is the building of the tabernacle, "the ark of the covenant," with its forecourt, its "holy place," and its "most holy," with the tables of the law, and the golden cherubim, which gaze down upon it. Israel shall read in this, as in an open book, the intention of his call, and of his relation to God. Everything which the people possessed, of the noblest and most beautiful, was brought in as a free-will offering by the women and the men for the building and adorning of the ark; the sublimest and the profoundest wisdom of Moses—and the man who was educated by the daughter of Pharaoh in royal halls of Egypt, must be possessed of much of the wisdom of the most ancient people—all that he knew, in language, art, and science, was made availing here as symbol and expression of the covenant between the one almighty holy God and His chosen people,—chosen to represent the normal relationship between God and all the peoples,—on earth. God is the educating Father, severe and merciful at the same time—Israel is His son. The School of the Prophets was established in which select youths became, during a pure and a strict life, receptive of the Spirit of God, and fitted to proclaim God's messages and judgments.

With the ark of the covenant in their midst, each tribe ranged round its banner and sign, the people of Israel went forth, under the command of Moses, led by the mysterious pillar of fire and of cloud, through the desert up to the Land of Canaan—a wonderful journey! Many are the trials during it, many the tumults and revolts, many the chastisements, many also are the miraculous consolations by which the Lord proves to the people of Israel His continual presence and protection; and again and again is the powerful voice of their commander raised for teaching, for reproof, or for comfort and encouragement.

This education in the desert is said to have lasted forty years. But "forty years" is a round number, which is commonly used by the Hebrews to express an undecided but considerable time. The period occupied by the desert-journey was, however, in any case, sufficiently long to have sown the desert way with the graves of the first emigrants. The dramatic scenes of this journeying have a deeply tragical side—and the earnest, popular life of all great nations has the same; but we see also a gleam of the rosy dawn in its heaven. The conception of God has become clearer to the children of Israel—they have learned to understand their vocation, the covenant and its consequences. They know now that happiness or misery depends upon their relationship to the holy and righteous God, and their obedience to His commands. They know, at the same time, that God is faithful and full of mercy. It is on the banks of the Jordan, over against the Promised Land, that the people of Israel hear once more, from the lips of their aged lawgiver, the words of the covenant renewed, at the time when they are about to enter into the land which was promised to their fathers, "from the wilderness to the mountain of Lebanon, and from the river Euphrates to the uttermost sea." How strong and clear are his words at this time! "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil. In that I command thee this day to love the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, and to keep his commandments and his statutes, and his judgments, that thou mayest live and multiply; and the Lord thy God shall bless thee in the land whither thou goest to possess it. But if thine heart turn away that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away and worship other gods and serve them, I denounce unto you this day that ye shall surely

perish, and that ye shall not prolong your days upon the land whither thou passest over Jordan to possess it. I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life that both thou and thy seed may live. That thou mayst love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayst obey his voice, and that thou mayst cleave to him, *for he is thy life, and the length of thy days.*"

Thus speaks the aged legislator at the moment when his people go to begin a new life, and he goes to die. Yet once again he repeats blessings and cursings upon them, according as they obey or disobey the commands of the Lord.

"For this commandment which I command thee this day is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven that thou shouldst cry, Who will go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? *But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayst do it.*"

It is nothing foreign, it is no totally new doctrine which Moses declares unto them—it is the *primal religion*, the primal consciousness of God and the humanity which was in the heart when God created man in his own image, and which, darkened by the Fall and its consequences, is now called forth in the consciousness of the people from the heights of Sinai and during the education of their journeyings in the wilderness. Yet once more, before his final leavetaking, the soul of the God-inspired leader and prophet lifts itself in that glorious song of praise:—

"Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak, and hear,

O earth, the words of my mouth. For I will publish the name of the Lord; ascribe ye greatness unto our God."

And again pours forth involuntary prophecy, blessing, and cursing out of his full heart, and with these words he concludes:—

"Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord—thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places." And Moses, the servant of the Lord, died, according to the word of the Lord.

Joshua, chosen by Moses as his successor, hears the voice of the Lord, "Arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you—from the wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, and unto the great sea, toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast." "As I was with Moses so will I be with thee." "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest." The people promised obedience to Joshua as to Moses, "Only the Lord thy God be with thee, as he was with Moses."

Under the leadership of Joshua the Israelites took possession of the Promised Land, destroying the inhabitants with the sword. This bloody destruction of the oldest population of the country has in all ages been a stumbling-block to the philanthropic mind; so it was to me for a long time. I can now, however, see an explanation which is not at variance with the true spirit of humanity.

In the original command respecting the destruction of the Canaanites, it is said:—

"Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, when ye are passed over Jordan into the land

of Canaan, then ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you, and destroy all their pictures, and destroy all their molten images, and quite pluck down all their high places. But if ye will not drive out the inhabitants of the land from before you, then it shall come to pass that those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell."

That this destruction should be cruel and bloody was a matter of course, and was partly in character with the age in which it took place, partly also with the peculiar vocation of Israel, and with the necessity of the thing itself. These Canaanites were idolatrous people, and idolatry, you will surely concede to me, my philanthropic reader, is *an evil* of which the inevitable consequences are cruelty, degradation, all kinds of horrors, as we see at the present day amongst the savage races of Asia and Africa. The people of Canaan offered human sacrifices, and even sometimes caused their children to be consumed in the fiery copper arms of the idol Moloch. Their impure idolatrous rites led them into every kind of filthy immorality. If such a people cannot be improved, it appears to me to be a good thing to drive them out from the earth, if such a driving becomes an *eradication.* The Israelites, chosen to plant upon the earth that pure worship of God, those pure morals which prepare all nations for "the kingdom of God," were at the same time called upon to strive against and to root out everything which would operate against them. This was to be their motive in the extermination of the Canaanitish nations.* They went against them as the

* But the poor unresponsible people amongst the Canaanites, and the children, I hear you say? Let me tell you something which I heard one day from a Swiss naturalist, Mr. Desor:—

warriors of God. The earth, which their morals and usages had rendered impure, was to be prepared for the home of a better race, "in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed." The prophecy that "What they let remain" of the idolatrous nations should bring them to shame and sorrow, was only too fully realized, as we find by the Jewish history. The Israelites did not convert the remains of these nations, but were seduced by them to idolatry and degradation; by them was prevented their perfect development into a people of God. Amidst decay and reparation, amidst seasons of chastisement and adversity, seasons of prosperity and blessing—during all of which they steadfastly adhered to the first Covenant, the Israelites established themselves in the land of Canaan. Their judges, male and female, and their great prophets, firmly maintained in them the consciousness of their being a chosen people, and of the greatness of their future in the Land of Promise. It was under David and

"There had often been found in the entrails of fish a kind of worm, which always, however, in this case, existed, as undeveloped larvæ. 'Do these larvæ never become developed?' inquired the naturalists. A young Danish naturalist, Mr. Stenstrup, one day shot a sea-gull, and wishing to stuff it, he found in its stomach the remains of a fish, and in them the well-known larvæ of the worm, part of which were now in a state of preparation towards development, whilst the rest were fully developed, with head, feet, and so on. In the warm-blooded animal, in contact with light, the larvæ which could not develope itself in the cold-blooded body, rapidly attained to its perfect being." This is to me a hint regarding the ordination of God. We know not where those minors of the human family, those larvæ-like nations or human beings, which vanish from the earth, depart to; but we Christians know that God is a righteous, fatherly God; that in His house are many mansions; and that His will is the perfection and happiness of all created beings. This ought to suffice us for the present.—*Author's note.*

Solomon that this future attained its highest point of political ascendency.

Compare the situation of Abraham, when he pitched his tent in the Plains of Mamre, and received the promise of becoming the ancestor of a great people who should possess the land of Canaan and have a grand destiny; the renewal of the promise during the journeyings in the wilderness through Moses and Joshua, and its fulfilment under David and Solomon. The development of the portion of the first promise is at this time striking. If we read the description in the First Book of Kings from chapter iv. we find Solomon, King of Israel, ruling over the whole land of Canaan, and his realm extending from the wilderness in the south to Lebanon and Damascus in the north; to Palmyra and Tiphsah on the Euphrates in the east, in the west to the great sea. "And Judah and Israel were many as the sand which is by the sea in multitude, eating and drinking and making merry." And Solomon was at peace with all his neighbours round about, so that "Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba." "And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt. And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon." Solomon built a temple to the Lord God of Israel, and all the art, and science, and all the treasures of the East were employed to make it glorious. Nevertheless, Solomon dedicated it before all the people of Israel with these words:—

"But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain him; how much less this house which I have builded?"

How pure is still his consciousness of God! And the King of Tyre paid homage to him, and the Queen of Sheba, when she heard of the fame and the wisdom of Solomon, came to him with great gifts, "and proved him with hard questions." And when she left him it was with the expression of her admiration of his acts and of his wisdom, and the acknowledgment that the half had not been told her beforehand; that his wisdom and his prosperity exceeded the fame which she had heard.

A thousand years are said to have passed between the first promise to Abraham and the accomplishment under David and Solomon of its first clause, the growth and increase of Israel in the Promised Land. Yet still is delayed the accomplishment of the second clause; "*In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.*" But the people of Israel have not lost sight of it, and even when "Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord," and the kingdom under his son and the succeeding monarch was rent asunder and fell evermore into decay, they retained their faith in a future approaching greatness, in a coming Jewish king and deliverer, who should establish the kingdom of Israel and accomplish the given promise. This faith was maintained and continually strengthened anew by the great prophets of the nation, from Isaiah down to Zachariah and Malachi. The vision of the approaching Messiah and his kingdom—a kingdom of righteousness, peace, and happiness—which will proceed from the Jewish people, goes like a harmonious accord, a continually recurring theme, through all the variations of their now reproving and lamenting, now encouraging speeches and sermons, during all the alternations of decline and renovation, of suffering and of joy, in the political and citizen-life of the people.

Nay, indeed, this vision seems to become brighter and to gain strength, whilst the earthly fate of the nation darkens and loses ever more and more its political independence. In persecution and captivity it constitutes their new power, a power which sometimes penetrates and elevates the whole people with an invigorated consciousness of its destiny and duties. How affecting, how lofty and beautiful the words are frequently in which these men of God describe the expected deliverer and his kingdom, alike comprehending humanity and nature. There is nothing higher or more glorious in lyrical poetry.

This world-embracing vision and vocation is peculiar to the Israelitish people, as is also their idea of God and their separation from all the other nations of the world.* Other nations are, comparatively speaking, egotists; they know no other interest or object, excepting such as concerns their own race or city and its earthly prosperity. Their life's ideal is to make this strong and powerful. All of them are more or less idolaters, and if some of their noblest men rise to the presentiment of a moral rule in the world, and an equitable Ruler of the world (as did Zoroaster, Lao-Tseu, Buddha, Socrates, Cicero, and Tacitus), this image remains only visionary, indistinct, and their nation still continues to sacrifice to blind despots such as Brahma, capricious such as Jupiter, and to the multitudinous gods of

* The Persians also, and the Greeks, had their prophets, as the Romans had their oracles, which foretold future occurrences, and the result of the undertakings either of the nation or their leaders. But their vision was confined to local or private interests, their divination to temporal prosperity or adversity. The vision of the Hebrew prophets was of another kind, proceeding from a higher consciousness of God and humanity.—*Author's note.*

nature, disagreeing amongst themselves, imperfect, sinful as human beings, and still more selfish. The Jews alone knew "God as the Lord of heaven and earth," as a holy, righteous, and compassionate Lord, Father, and Educator; the Creator of man in His own image, and who in love cares for His children, guides and teaches them, and who will, by means of them, found a kingdom of holiness and righteousness on the earth. Therefore He sends His spirit upon the prophets, therefore He will one day send the Messiah.

This, though frequently obscured by human ideas and forms of speech, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Jewish conception of God and of their view of the future. Under the influence of this and the admonitions of their great teachers and their law, the morals of the nation were purified. Truth, justice, equity, mercy, became more and more the laws of their life, so at least with the better portion. In the rest we perceive an increasing incrustation of forms, pride, selfishness, and all those sins which belong to the heathen nations, and which are so strongly reprobated by Christ and his apostles. Amongst the nation as a whole, still prevailed cruel usages.

The horrible Phœnician mode of execution, that of crucifixion, was in general use; and no clear morning light had yet risen over the dark land of the grave. "Abraham's bosom" was the gloomy Hades, whither the pious of the seed of Abraham were assembled after death, and where they, like the living of Israel, waited for a yet dimly anticipated day. The book of Job, that ancient book of the most ancient lamentations of humanity, its most ancient questionings and dimly dawning hope—with its imperfect, and to all deeper souls unsatisfactory answers—is still the chief book of the Jews with reference to all these earnest questionings of the

human heart. And how gloomily speaks the voice of despair in the Book of the Preacher!

Such was the state of the Jewish nation in the land of Palestine, the land which had been so rich to them in promise, still balancing, like all the nations before the time of Christ, between an ascending and a sinking position; and evidently nearer to the latter than the former, although in possession of an anticipation which other nations lacked.* Pharisees and Sadducees both formed, as it were, two camps, one-sided and false, and both equally overrun with selfishness and pride. And the purest, and at the same time the smallest of the Jewish sects, the Essenes, endeavoured to attain perfection by escaping from the battle of life. People still were hoping for the Messiah, the Saviour, but they looked for, before everything else, in Him a worldly deliverer from the yoke of the Romans—an earthly king.

Such were the people of the covenant at the time when Jesus was born in the stable at Bethlehem; such when He rose from the dead, stood on the Mount of Olives, and sent forth His disciples with the words:—

"*All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.*

* "Most of the Jews," says Tacitus (*Hist.* v. 13), "relied upon an ancient prophecy contained, as they believed, in books kept by the priests, by which it was foretold that in this very juncture [that of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus], the power of the East would prevail over the nations, and a race of men would go forth from Judea to extend their dominion over the rest of the world." This prophecy was known also to the Romans, and disturbed the Emperor Domitian so much that he instituted inquiries regarding the remaining relatives of Jesus Christ. His uneasiness, however, ceased when he discovered that they were only poor people who lived by the labour of their hands. What danger, indeed, would threaten Rome and the ruler of the world from poor people like them? Was not he, Domitian, a god? Had not even the horse on which he rode a temple built to it? —*Author's note.*

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. Preach the Gospel to all creatures, and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

We know what followed, what has followed to this day, transforming the human heart, society, and kingdoms, uniting all "nations and peoples," as members of that one community of brethren and soldiers of God (His Israel) which went out of Palestine to found a kingdom which will comprehend and bless the whole earth. One compares the first oath of the covenant entered into with the ancestor of the Israelites, the history of their preparation, and its fulfilment two thousand years afterwards—a fulfilment which has been going forward ever since under the guidance of the nations which have stepped into the place of the first messengers of God's truth—and one will not, perhaps, hesitate to exclaim, glancing at the history of the people of Palestine, "of a truth it shows us the guiding hand of God in the fate of nations and of men! Of a truth it contains the history of histories!"

In our contemplation of this we are accustomed too exclusively to fix our gaze on its tragical part—the destruction of Jerusalem and the flight and dispersion of the Jews, which stands opposite to the accomplishment of the prophecy in the historic Messiah. But this is a very one-sided view. We ought very much more to recognise the essential completion of this history in Christ Jesus, in his disciples, in the earlier Christian communities which went forth from amongst the Jews;*

* Already, during the early preaching of the apostles in Palestine, many thousands of Jewish men and women were converted to Christianity, as we read in the writings of the apostles. The Christians in Jerusalem recalled the warning words of the Lord, when afterwards they saw the Roman hosts approaching Jeru-

above all, in those Jewish men who went out into all the world announcing the Saviour of the world, and preparing for a new world's ordination.

And now, having glanced into this history, can we wonder that little Palestine and its scenes occupy so great a space in the faithful memory of the Christian world? From Mount Sinai to Lebanon it is all a sublime symbolical scroll, a sacred history. The Himalayas, Mont Blanc, and Chimborazo, are known through the whole world for their eternal snow and their inaccessibility; Hecla, Vesuvius, Etna, and many other volcanoes for their yawning gulfs of fire; Olympus and Parnassus from their pleasant (or rather unpleasant) stories of the gods. Sinai alone, and Carmel, Ebal and Gerizim, Moriah and Zion, Tabor and the Mount of Olives stand amongst the heights of the world as everlasting altars, from which proceed warning, reproving, or benedictory voices; from the mountains of Palestine alone streams forth a sacred and sanctifying light. The Mississippi and the Amazon, the Danube and the Rhine, even the Nile and the Ganges, those princes amongst the rivers, so essential to countries and nations, must yield in importance before the spiritual interest which attaches to the little river Jordan. The lakes Superior, Leman, Maggiore, and many others celebrated for grandeur and beauty, how trivial is their history in comparison with that of Lake Genesareth and the shores of the Dead Sea! And Jerusalem—"which was a queen and now is become a servant,"—what capital of

salem, and fleeing from the city beyond Jordan, found a place of refuge in the little city Pella, whilst Jerusalem was converted to a heap of ruins. The great painter Kaulbach has, in his grand picture of the Destruction of Jerusalem in Berlin, represented with touching pathos this departure of the Christians under the guidance of angels.—*Author's note.*

the whole world can measure its extent against hers in the annals of humanity! Ancient China, young California, could only match themselves against Palestine as Goliath against David.

Here, perhaps, I ought to pause and return to my everyday life. But I cannot—not yet at least. I stand upon the threshold of Asia, of the East, of the primeval home of Paradise, of the human race, of religions, of nations, of us all—of you and of myself—who can prevent me, then, from casting a glance over it?

"Take care, do not fly further than your wings will carry you!"

Very good advice, my R——. But who knows what his power is till he have tried it? Love and yearning are also powers which can carry us a long way. "There was once a swallow," we are told, in a charming fairy tale by "Uncle Adam," "which was fledged under a house-eave in Sweden. She longed to fly out into the world, but did not know how. Do as I do! said the hen and the sparrow; and they showed her their skill in flying, and how they always came down safe and sound within a short distance from where they set off. But the swallow wanted to go further off into the world; she therefore tried her wings, and they carried her safely through ever wider and wider circles. One day—she did not herself exactly know how it was—but they carried her across the great sea, and she flew, and alighted upon the sepulchres of the Pharaohs."

EIGHTH STATION.

The poetical Asia and the actual Asia—A Review of the ancient Peoples and the ancient Religions of Asia—A Glance at them as they exist at present—Common Family-features—Common Purpose—Asia as the Mother Country of the Human Race.

NOTHING can be more poetically beautiful than the image of Asia, which its first poet, the Brahmin, composed, and which he preserved in his "Mirror of the World." Accordingly, Asia is to him the whole world, a lotus-plant which has sprung up from the depths of the ocean. There reposes the productive, the divine principle, the streams of eternity rushing round it, and out of its centre rises the stalk of the lotus-flower. The expanded blossom, the earth, rocks itself in the bosom of the world's sea; from the open corolla arose the creative god—Brahma; above him—and it watches the uncreated and invisible—the Primevally Great (Para Brahma). In the middle of this great symbolic lotus-flower—the earth-world of humanity—ascends, as its pistil, *Meru*, the highest elevation of the earth, and round it rise stamens and nectaries, the mountain-chains from the heights of which descend the principal rivers of the earth. Four large expanded crown-petals indicate the four chief divisions of the earth, the great

peninsulas of Asia (Dwipas). The southern petal is the country which we call India; the northern, Siberia; the other two represent the Eastern and Western land. Between these great petals lie, in pairs, smaller petals as it were, eight subordinate peninsulas. The other leaves of the lotus-plant indicate the other islands or peninsulas of the world.

The pistil, the radiant divine mountain *Meru*, is the central point of the earth, "the Holy Mountain," which extends deep down into the depth of the earth, and high up into its heaven, shining in the light of the rising sun like a fire free from smoke. Beautiful places of refuge lie upon its terraces—the ascending stairs to Paradise—where dwell pure and happy human beings. The alpine valley of Cashmire is mentioned as one of them.

Sun, moon, and stars revolve round the Holy Mountain. Brahma has his divine court on its summit; and all genii and demons, and all the spirits of holy men are subservient to him.

The Holy Mountain of Meru is supported on four sides, or tracts of the world, by metal walls of gold, silver, copper, iron, as well as of precious stones, such as rubies, topazes, and many others; hence their slopes are of various colours, red, white, yellow, blue; as also the sea, into which the principal rivers discharge themselves.

North of Meru lies the northland, under the god of wealth and extreme cold, equally difficult of access to man as to the sunbeams—on the margin of a milk-white sea, beyond the peaks of all mountains where no sunbeams give their light, where the moon and stars continually shine, and human beings never grow old. But south of Meru lies the country of roses, apples, and all kinds of delicious fruits. The Ganges and the Indus are the great rivers which render it fertile; the

pure and the impure drink alike of their waters. Their fountains are concealed in the wondrous mountain in the centre of the world.

Up aloft in the inaccessible heights of Kailasa, where the gods abide, the alpine snows, the cloud-messengers float along, fructifying the pure streams in which the gods bathe. "These heights," says one of the sacred songs of the Hindoos, "beam out above all others—a divine sight—and their peaks are seen shining into the far distance above the kingdoms of the earth, like white lotus-flowers, or like a smile from Mahadeva or Siva, "the great god."

To this divine mountain all the surrounding nations, Hindoos, Thibetians, Chinese, and Mongols direct their gaze upwards, as to the abode of the blessed, the home of gods and pious men.*

As the forms of the morning twilight fade before the ascending light of day, so has this poetical picture of the earth, which in beauty and significance emulates the Scandinavian Eddaic saga of the abode of gods and men, faded before the scientific discoveries of our time. Bold, truth-loving men, heroes of religion and science, sometimes martyrs, from the most highly cultivated states of Europe, have, during the last century, travelled with unwearying zeal, often to the peril of their lives, through the various parts of Asia, its mountains and valleys, its coasts, rivers, steppes, and deserts, from sea to sea. They have investigated much, and much yet remains to be known of the natural scenery of Asia, of its races, and of its history. Much there is, also, which, like the feet of the divine mountain Meru, and the roots of Ygdrasil, conceals itself in a depth into which no human eye can penetrate. They are

* See the Introduction to Asia in C. Ritter's *Erdkunde*.—*Author's note.*

just the same. That Asia which these bold inquirers revealed to our gaze is a great reality in lofty human poesy, equally surpassing the earliest poetical dream of the morning-land of the human race, as the drama of Shakspeare or Schiller surpasses the Indian "Sakontala."

But even the investigating torch of our own century makes clear to us that the earliest morning view of the Asian world, was not given without reason. We now know that its continent does not resemble a lotus-flower, but we recognise the symbolic petals in the larger and lesser peninsulas which form its coast. We know that in the centre of Asia there is no Mount Meru, on the heights and terraces of which gods and holy men reside; but we know, at the same time, that the interior of Asia—from lofty Tartary in the east to Thibet and Armenia in the west—is composed of an elevated plateau, which descends in gigantic steppes or terraces to the lowlands in the north and south, and which stretches out branches or mountain-arms eastward and westward. Near to and parallel with this plateau-land runs that lofty chain of mountains which intersects Asia from east to west, and which attains its greatest altitude in the Altai and Himalayas; upon the eternally snow-covered peaks of which the poet of Kailasa saw gleaming the "smile of the great god as upon white lotus-flowers, shining afar over the kingdoms of the earth."

We know now that the central mountain is not supported by walls of metal and precious stones, but from its mines are brought, even at this day, the jewels which beam as well in the crowns of Europe as of Asia, and enhance the splendour of their beautiful women. We know that our high north, "on the margin of the milk-white sea," is not possessed of the privilege of its people never growing old. And yet,

at the same time, I know a land—a land within the polar circle—where they retain the ardour and the freshness of youth even when whitened with the snows of age. The rose-apples in the gardens south of the Ganges are a charming symbol of the beautiful, richly-coloured fruits of the south of Asia.

From the terraces of the Holy Mountain—"the stairs leading to Paradise," as they are called by the Hindoo poet—pour down the great rivers, and descend the nations from unknown primeval homes, and extend themselves over the plains as far as the sea. We know little more, even at the present day, of these original homes.

We have nowhere discovered Paradise, and the paradisal alpine valley of Cashmire, which is, according to many learned men, the scene of the Biblical Paradise, has, under the barbarian rule of the Afghans, become an actual nest of robbers.

Nevertheless, the most ancient memories of all historical nations refer to a common primeval home, to a common fatherland, from whence the fathers of the nations, the wise men and the learned, have proceeded, and languages, legends, and traditions all prove to us that we must seek for this primeval home in the centre of Asia, at the feet of the old divine mountain. Asia is to Europe the land of the sunrise in more senses than one. Even my northern country derived light thence when the men of Asia went thither and taught to the primeval people of Svea a higher divine worship, arts of war and of peace, nobler sports, and a nobler faith, and built there the temple which, from the heights of Upsala, "cast a light over the far north."

Although the sons of Europe, during their unwearied researches in the Eastern and mother country, may not have succeeded in discovering the ancient Paradise,

yet they have discovered that which may afford material for a new Paradise of much larger proportions than the first prototype, upon which the eye of God, say the Scriptures, rested in the beginning of time with satisfaction.

Let us, my R——, devote a few moments to the contemplation of the actual Asia on this horizon! Do not fear that it will be any loss to thee if, by a nearer glance at the present time, thou art enabled thereby to embrace a larger compass of time and space. "God never grows old." Neither does His creation, as a whole, although it is subject to times and changes. Thus we see in the oldest, the greatest of the continents of our earth—five times greater than Europe—a vast many ruins of formerly powerful nations and realms, like growths which had withered and died after they had lived out their time, after they had produced their blossoms and their fruits; but we also see in many places the commencement of new formations and new life; and the view of Asia, half forgotten as she now is by Europe, reminds me of the beautiful Swedish legend about the old half-decayed tree stump, which, sprinkled by living water, received new life and put forth fresh, vigorous shoots.

It is difficult, when we see the movement which in our day is penetrating the world, not to be cheered by the belief that the day will come when every home, high or low, which the sun shines upon in his daily, yearly course, will pray to the same "Our Father," will rejoice in the same Gospel, and, protected by the same just laws—strict and mild at the same time—enjoy the riches of life and the manifold blessings of the earth.

It may be the lot of the Samojedes and the Bushmen to see something very interesting in the world

which is enclosed within their huts; to us, the people of the South, it belongs to comprehend in thought and sympathy all nations and realms upon the face of our earth, under the wide tent of heaven, as we receive in the Flora of the world all its vegetable growths with the same interest. We are called upon to do so because we are called upon to verify the profound words of the Apostle :—

"God that made the world and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from every one of us,

"For in him we live and move and have our being; for we also are his offspring."

But the glance over Asia!

In order that we may make it fully comprehensive, we will take our stand on the highest point of the old Holy Mountain between the Himalaya-valley Cashmire, that wonderful isthmus between the elevated country of the eastern and western Asia, and those holy lakes amongst snowy mountains in the north-east, of the sources of the Amur—the colossal knot of mountains, where the chain of the Altai and the Himalaya run into each other (according to Humboldt), form the great pivot of the Asian upheaving of the earth. From this point we will freely look around us far as the eye of our thought can go.

We stand upon the summit of that lofty ridge which extends from the coast of Corea in the east, through the whole of Asia, and from which other mountain-chains branch off, especially at its eastern and western

terminations. Mighty rivers have here their birth, and flow hence on all sides over highland and lowland, down towards the sea. There are the Ob, Jenisey, and Lena in the north; the Amur, Hvangho, and Jantze Kiang in the east; Irrawady, Ganges, and Indus in the south; and the twin-rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, Juxartes and Oxus in the west. From this central mountain-summit we behold a great number of races widely differing from each other, owing to the character of their country, climate, and circumstances of culture. Nowhere on the face of the earth are contrasts more striking, especially in the most southerly half of Asia. For, whilst the northern portion descends by colossal flights of steppes and table-land towards the Polar Sea, and presents a view of nature and a life which becomes ever more and more rigid by cold and poverty, till its ice, bears, and lichens are its sole representatives, we see in the great southern portion of Asia a character of nature which increases in beauty, wealth, and luxuriantly glowing life, down to the pearl-abounding bays of India, where, upon its projecting promontories and volcanic islands, almost at boiling-heat, and around the summits of Indrapura, Simeni, and Tambora, its most subtle powers are brought out for evil and for good, in poison and healing, life-awakening plants which are produced by the earth, alternately bathed with torrents of rain and glowing sunshine.

Yet, let me leave the subject to the master whose steps I have here merely followed, who was as much at home in the great garden of the earth as I am in my room, who has only the one fault, of talking so long on each separate portion of the subject, that no one, and not even himself, has ever come to the end of his discourse. But it matters not! It was his pecu-

liar gift as a seer, to be able, at every point of nature and life to trace out some feature of the Creator's meaning with regard to the earth and the human race, and therefore a few words, a few glances of the master himself from his great sphere of vision are worth more than all the circumscriptions of others.

It is thus that Carl Ritter speaks in his Introduction to the *Erde und Völkerkunde* of Asia:—

"The great *lowland* of Asia lies in a circle around the common highland, and stretches itself out to a vast extent towards the coast. Its lesser plains are, however, only partially washed by the sea, because separate, insular highlands of a lower character rise on these southern peninsulas like satellites to the central highlands of Asia.

* * * * *

"Whilst Africa received only *one* such more independent, important plateau-formation of secondary order or of a lower kind, which lies like an island between the sand and water-sea, between Sahara and South Spain; namely, that extensive Atlas-plateau from Morocco to old Carthage,—South Asia was gifted with threefold more important forms and manifold secondary advantages of this plateau-kind which prepared its triple south peninsulas to become the three most distinguished civilized lands of this continent, and gave even to the circumjacent lowlands a peculiar character.

"We have already remarked that the divisions of the earth, like the structure of the plant in branches, from the ends of which leaves and fruit-buds come forth, belongs to the richest culture of the earth's surface, because to the form of the shore, and the encircling, rushing, ever-moving sea here is united the rigid land-nature. As the three southern limbs of

Europe, the peninsulas of Spain, Italy, and Greece, lying under the same degrees of latitude, under the same heaven, and with much resemblance in other respects, developed upon their soil the earliest seed of European culture, the rich harvest of which has since been diffused over central and northern Europe, so in the same manner did also South Asia receive its three great peninsulas washed by the Indian sea, the *Arabian-Indian*, and *Indo-Chinese*. These two groups of the eastern and western peninsula-countries are the richest formations of the whole earth; they are the most beautiful, most variously endowed, most developed members and organs of these continents, extending from the tenth and fortieth degrees of northern latitude, encompassing one-third of the earth from east to west, and stretching their tentaculæ towards the south. . .

"These peninsulas form six of the most dissimilar land-formations, each one with its respective inhabitants constituting a world in itself, and which, with more or less acquired independence, opened at an early period its bosom to the light of civilization, and each one in its turn developed, with its own peculiar brilliancy and splendour, a chapter in the history of humanity. These most remarkable peninsulas of the east and the west, composing two groups, are attached on the north to two different earth-formations, that of Europe and Asia; the dissimilar characteristics of which are dependent upon wholly different oceans, that of India on the east, and by the Mediterranean, upon the Atlantic western ocean. Both these groups of peninsulas have, in consequence, exhibited in themselves, during the progress of the world's history, wholly dissimilar systems of religion and epochs of civilization. The two are separated from each other by the Syrian isthmus and the desert, but again united by a mode wholly

advantageous to the popular condition, by the peninsula-bridge of Asia Minor, which extends towards Europe as the extreme branch of the high land of Asia. . .

"The western land-group of South Asia ascends somewhat higher within the temperate zone than its more tropical eastern group, which, nevertheless, reaches in no case by its most southern points to the equator. The progress of history, as regards both these groups, corresponds to the climatic position, as well in the burning regions of Arabia and India, as under the warm sky of Greece and Italy, where the fire of fancy blazed up in the shade of laurels and olives, whilst it did the same, consuming its own strength, in the palm and cocoa-nut groves of Asia.

"In the midst of the Asiatic eastern land-group lies India, like an Oriental Italy, the universal central-point for all powers and influences, which like radii proceeded thence, for the emigration and establishment of nations, the object of conquerors, the assembling place for the world's victors, the point of diffusion for a world's industry, for the richest and most universal exportation of precious stones and spices, for dealings of manifold kinds to all regions of the earth, through all times, for all mankind. . . .

"This India, however, consists precisely of those twofold natural formations of a separated highland region—the mild plateau of the Deccan in its southern triangle of land—from the straits of Ceylon to the river Nerbudda, and northward as far as the outposts of the Himalayas and the mountain-chain of Soliman, as well as of the richly-watered Hindostan lowland, also of a triangular form. In the East Indian peninsula also, and in Southern China the same thing prevails; from the central highland, highlands, more or less isolated, of a lower character, proceed, which we call Malayan and

South Chinese; behind which, also, väster lowlands extend, the boundaries and altitudes of which are not yet known with full precision. But in the same way as the plateau of the Deccan takes precedence of the eastern highland, as a wholly independent, isolated mountain region, so is it also with regard to the Arabian highland, in the Arabian peninsula of Western Asia, which occupies the greater part of this trapezium-formed peninsula, and which appears in situation, height, and extent nearly related to the plateau-land of Atlas. . . .

"The Syrian-Arabian lowland south of the Euphrates, lies below this Arabian highland (Nedsched) towards the north like an extensive plain, as the lowlying Hindostan between the Deccan and the region of the Ganges and Indus. South of this low-lying, so called Syrio-Arabian desert, with the hot Sahara and some groves of date-palms, rises the cooler, palmless Arabian highland, with its circumjacent, descending, well-watered terraces down to Arabia Felix, where alone, in all Arabia, the cultivation of coffee can be carried on.

* * * * *

"It is an unmistakable fact that the character and situation of countries, as well as their natural features, operate upon the inhabitants of those countries, influence their development and the functions which they have to fulfil. . .

"The Arabian peninsula, with its high and lowland, and a physical character which in a remarkable degree deviates from that of most Asiatic countries, for example, an extent of country fifty thousand square miles without any large river, the Arabian peninsula is an actual middle-link between the Asiatic and the African character of country. One can scarcely accustom oneself to the thought that Arabia was formerly

united with its neighbouring countries in the east and west, although now, in consequence of some great convulsion of the earth, it is separated from them by the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. . . .

"The peculiar products of Arabia, the coffee-shrub on the heights, and the date-palm in the lower regions, the camel, and the horse, &c., are also common to both continents. The ancient Arab is in form, language, and manners nearly related to the mountain people of Abyssinia. How unlike to them, on the contrary, are the Chinese in the eastern part of Asia, divided by the sea and almost insurmountable chains of mountains and snow-covered heights from the rest of the world, about which, however, he, in his self-love, does not think it worth while to trouble himself. How unlike, again, to the Hindoos, who, moulded alone by their Indian world, consider themselves as born only for it, and would not feel at home anywhere else. In the focus of all those natural powers and gifts which appertain to this portion of the world, these most ancient of the civilized people of Asia never overstepped the natural limits of their mother-country, whilst all other nations came thither as conquerors, colonists, or traders; and in a natural sense of their own wealth, the old inhabitants nowhere showed themselves behind the intrusive strangers.

"The Arab, on the contrary, in his isolated peninsula, situated between the two continents of Asia and Africa, appropriated them both to himself like no other Asiatic. He stretched over his dominion from Atlas in the west to the Chinese Wall on the east. His country, with its sparsely watered surface, enticed no strangers to settle there, and he himself extended the greatest number of his tribes beyond his own peninsula, beyond his own original home, and with

them extended his language, his religion, his manners, and his way of life, together with his inseparable companions the horse and the camel, and his articles of food, rice and dates. For he himself, born on a less richly gifted soil, under the most sunny heavens, knew how to establish colonies and a dominion in foreign countries the character of which was kindred to his own native land. Thus, on the Atlantic Atlas, on the Guadiana, on the Niger and the Nile, as well as on the terrace-fields of Shiraz, in Samarkand, on the Indus and the Oxus, and in every other cooler and waterless plateau of Middle Asia which were kindred to his own elevated land.

* * * * *

"If Asia, like America, had extended over the curvature of the earth and had occupied more than one-third of the earth's surface from north to south, from the Arctic to almost the Antarctic polar circle, with a smaller extent towards the east and west, it would not have been called upon to act that part in the history of the world and mankind which it has had to perform from the beginning. But Asia, in connexion with its natural western continuation, Europe, forms in this respect the greatest contrast to America, for, from its eastern to its western termination it occupies—almost from the first to the two-hundredth degree of east longitude—the whole half of the globe, whilst its extent from north to south is very much less. . .

"The consequences of this proportionment of dimensions are far too important for them to be ascribed to accidental causes dependent alone on physical convulsions of the earth. . . . . America extends through all zones, and is by that means infinitely richer in climate and natural formations than Asia; but, therefore, by no means better calculated for the con-

temporaneous commencement and development of the human race. . . . . Asia has, together with a great variety in its earth-formation, a greater coherence, as well in climate as internally, throughout its various parts. This difference between the two continents is infinitely great. . . . By this means the aborigines and the traditions of America in the north and the south are so different, that any union between them through a medium of communication is not conceivable, and could only be brought about through Europe. . . .

"In the old world, on the contrary, there existed, neither between east and west, south and north, any original difference, and Europe could and would become the continental continuation of Asia, even as America constitutes the maritime continuation of Europe, and even as—in the highest degree probable—the extreme east of Asia is destined to become the maritime continuation of Western America. . . .

"In this way, where nature and history offer to each other a hand for the realization of the great unity in the higher life development of the human race—in this way it is that the circle of universal civilization can at once become complete, and then attract into itself all other places and individual peoples on the earth. . . In the present condition of civilization, cultivated nations may everywhere acclimatize themselves, as well under the tropics as in the polar circles; but the earliest colonization of the nations in their condition of childhood had and still has the greatest difficulties to overcome in so doing. The races of Asia have, in the meantime never been subjected to so great a twofold segregation and dispersion as those of America, from the Pescheras and Patagonians of the southern extremity to the Esquimaux and Greenlander of the north; nor

yet to so great a restriction, nor to a uniformity so repressive to development, as those of Africa. . . .

"A greater variety, in connexion with a greater climatic uniformity throughout the extent of Asia, has also led to a greater internal uniformity, and a more harmonious development of its people, as well as a greater variety in the character and development of the country. By this means alone a many-sided all-embracing culture of a higher human and social character could proceed, as on classic ground, from the Ganges to the Tiber, from the Oxus to the Nile. Amongst the races of Asia this culture would, from the greater climatic uniformity, follow in the climatic variety of the earth—even though we may not be able everywhere to point out its course—and thus become the wealth of all its provinces, but not inversely so. Hence alone could this cultivation, with its natural productions, means of life, arts and handicraft trades, be carried over to kindred portions of the earth, and to kindred peoples. . . .

"*Asiatic descent was everywhere a rich portion.* Asia, and Central Asia alone, and no other country whatever, could be the great fostering home of the childhood of the human race, could have provided the most dissimilar races with their necessary household goods and furnished them with every kind of cereal growths, fruits, domestic animals, rules for life, patriarchal manners, primal forms of religion and traditions, songs and legends, which could not again have taken root excepting in countries and under circumstances of near kinship. Such countries, at the commencement, were only to be found in the East and in certain parts of Europe, until, by the progress of time and of cultivation, the north and the south and even the uttermost trans-Atlantic west entered into the circle. Thus, the old world opened an immeasurable scene of action for

history from the east to the west, and history has proceeded in this direction, from the root of the old world, for thousands of years, and long before the migration of the nations and their culture advanced in the same direction. . . .

"There exists in every western country a memory of an eastern country, as of its childhood and first youth, as well as a yearning towards it as to a primeval home, the vital influence of which extends through all time, whilst it gives birth to the hope of a future, which in every respect can alone be the development of one which preceded it."

Thus speaks the noble seer whose concluding thought I can, however, only accede to, if that "preceding" state of which he speaks be understood in a much higher sense as the prototype of the Highest, who "created man in His own image," and gave him the possession of a world which was "all very good."*

Let me now, on the foundation which the old master has laid, continue on my own account, guided alone by my love, by my longing to recognise even on a distant continent, my brethren and an all-good Father in His direction of our common destiny. I will visit these most ancient people in their oldest native land, and see what they have done with the portion which they received from the Father's house; I will see if, in their highest desires and endeavours, I can discover family features common to all—can discover anything to strengthen the anticipation which I cherish within me of a more beautiful future, a higher union for all the nations of the earth at a great family-feast!

I know it well; for the pious Christian needs no contemplation of the "God in history" to lead him

* In the perfect tree even, with all its branches, we see merely the development of the prototype which lay in its seed or kernel. —*Author's note.*

to a faith in the Creator's fatherly guidance of the destiny of man and the human race. For this purpose it is sufficient for him to know God in Christ and His Gospel. But it is of importance for many truth-loving souls to *see* something in order to believe, in order to obtain a clear-sighted belief founded on insight. I am one of these; I believe that there are many like me, and it is for these kindred souls that I have here collected what I found amongst these ancient, not Christian people, and which authorizes you and me, my R——, to style them brethren, beings equally called with us to a common object, nay, who enjoin us not to regard them otherwise, however dissimilar the rank of life or degree of civilization may be of which we find ourselves possessed. We shall not confound the lower and the higher; but it will be with a sentiment of love that we shall acknowledge that no honest labour, no noble affection, no higher seeking is without its value. This acknowledgment will be dear to us, because "we are human, and nothing which belongs to humanity can be indifferent to us." We shall not call the twilight day, but neither shall we separate the sunbeams from the sun. For God's ordination in the history of the human race seems to be that which is announced to us in every new day, "out of darkness, through the shades, into the light."

It is alone the fact, that from my earliest youth I have, with great predilection for these questions, occupied myself with them, and never rested until I obtained answers satisfactory to my own mind, which gives me the courage now, amongst the many opinions which are brought forward on these subjects, to present my own at this place—*my own*, in the same manner that the tree may claim the fruit which it produces by the nourishment of the earth, the light of heaven and

the powers of the air, through the strength of its own organic life-force.

I might quote several celebrated names as authorities for various statements I shall make during my hasty flight through thousands of years, men to whose scientific researches and labours I am infinitely indebted; but I shall not do so, partly because they are so numerous, partly because in naming them I yet should not name the one man to whom I am more indebted than all the others, the friend who unbound my spirit-wings, or, more correctly speaking, who taught me to use them. He has not inscribed his name on the folios of science, nor yet in the Pantheon of the learned; he has satisfied himself by inscribing it on one heart. May he be blessed!

But again to Asia and her people! And if my reader find that I have merely sketched a shadowy outline, he may be sure that no one knows this more profoundly than myself; but even a shadowy outline may give evidence of the light, and more than this I am not attempting.

Of the thousand millions of human beings who inhabit the large—or the small, just as people take it—caravansera which we call the earth, Asia alone contains between five and six hundred millions. When we contemplate the races into which these divide themselves, we are struck at the first glance by the great dissimilarities amongst them, in outer physiognomy, language, religion, and manners. And we speak here merely of the great civilized nations, not of the step-landers and the wild groups of peoples from the high mountain-valleys, which, like asteroids in our solar system, receive indeed light from the same central sun, but are not able to develope therefrom organic inde-

pendent life, or, as lichens in the Flora of the earth, can scarcely raise themselves above its surface. We can scarcely, as yet, discover their concealed blossom, and as little the nobler qualities by which they are connected with the great human family as organic limbs. We shall one day learn to know them better, and perhaps then discover in them—as we do in lichens —many hidden good properties.* We have now merely to do with the Phanerogamia of the great Asiatic human garden—the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Persians, the Arabs, the Hebrews, and also the Egyptians,† because the people of the Nile-valley have an Asiatic character.

The first generally prevailing family-feature which strikes me in these peoples is—the childish; for they all stand like incompetent children under strict guardianship; they are governed by despotic rulers, princes, and priests, whom they blindly obey. Asia is, in this respect, the great infant-school of the earth, where the peoples are disciplined and brought up for

* Amongst the latest inquiries into the races of Northern Asia, even as far as the shores of the Icy Sea, and to the frontiers of China, two Northern names are eminent—the Norwegian Hansten and the Finn Castrén.—*Author's note.*

† If I have not mentioned the Monguls, it is because this most remarkable nomadic race of Asia has distinguished itself, it is true, by bravery and a certain capacity for organization, as well as by producing great conquerors—such as Jenghis Khan and Tamerlane — but by no man of a legislative or religious character. The Monguls received religion, morality, literature, &c., from China, and were its disciples until by bravery and strength of character they became the masters of the Chinese. They compelled China to receive an emperor of their own race, and the Mongul-Mandschu dynasty is to this day the ruling power on the throne of the celestial empire. Nevertheless the Mongol people and tribes, Tartars and many others, have continued under obedience to China.—*Author's note.*

an object, which they only darkly understand, and of which their teachers give an intimation either more or less distinct.

At the time when the light of history, as regards the most ancient civilized nation of Asia, first dawns upon the glance of Europe—that is to say, about one thousand years before the Christian era—we see these nations already in possession of a high degree of cultivation, as well inner as outer. We will not here detain ourselves with Chinese porcelain or Indian shawls, or the splendid buildings of Persia, nor yet with the knowledge and artistic skill by which the leaders of the people induced them to make use of the luxuriantly rich gifts of nature; we will not dwell upon their agriculture and various branches of industry; but we have them to thank for many of our every-day earthly enjoyments, for much which beautifies or which sweetens existence. It is clear to me, that in various such ways our old mother-land cannot be surpassed; that we might yet learn something from its people, and that we have received, and still daily receive a great deal for which we can only make due acknowledgment by giving in exchange the best and the highest which we ourselves have acquired. It is not the tea and coffee-cultivating, however highly I may value those growths; it is not the earth-tilling, weaving, building, trading Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, Arabs, and many other nations, which I here contemplate; it is the thinking, knowing—in a higher degree, seeking: it is not so much their earthly, but much more, their religious life; that in which I, above everything else, recognise that we are brethren of the same origin, and called to the same fate and the same goal, although by different ways, and gifted with different talents.

I take it for granted, my R——, that you are tolerably well acquainted with the principal outward distinctive features of the Chinese, Indian, Persian, and Egyptian popular religions, as also that you must be familiar, by means of the Scriptures, with the religion of the Israelites, and, at least as far as the essentials, with those of the idolatrous nations the Canaanites, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and many others, amongst whom the Chosen people were educated in a miraculous manner for the true worship of the One God, for a pure monotheism. In the pantheon of our age it is rare not to find the principal idols of almost all nations, and thus to obtain some conception of them. You know, therefore, certainly something about the supreme being which is worshipped in the Celestial Empire under the name of heaven (Tien), and who seems in part to resemble a vacuum, partly a rigid mandarin who promulgated a great many strict rules for human life, manners, and morals, but who, for the rest, does not trouble himself much about their weal or their woe, because he is properly merely the god of the Chinese Emperor, not of the people; for which reason, also, the people of China have a great number of gods, whom they regard as being nearer to them. You know that the highest representative on earth of the Chinese supreme being is the Emperor of China, on whose wisdom or folly depends the happiness or misery of the people.

You have also most certainly heard speak of the supreme god of the Hindoos, the great Brahma, who allowed a portion of mankind to proceed out of his head, another portion out of his breast and his shoulders, another portion, again, out of his arms, and lastly, a fourth from his feet, whence has arisen in India an undeviating class or caste-distinction amongst mankind,

which makes the one portion the natural lords of the others, and degrades another portion to slaves, who have no rights as men. The Brahmins and Parias of India are well known. So also is the pomp of those religious festivals by which the people seek, through their priests, union or reconciliation with the divine, seek for its support or forgiveness, or also seek by sacrifice to disarm the dangerous powers of nature. The idol images which in China are represented as coarse caterpillar-forms, receive in India a number of limbs and fantastic shapes of combined human and animal bodies.

Neither can the popular worship in Western Asia of the light of heaven and the powers of nature, together with those sacrifices which were connected with the worship of Baal the god of the sun, with Astarte the goddess of the moon, and above all with Moloch the god of the earth, be wholly unknown to you; still less the nobler doctrine of fire and life, which, under the name of Zoroaster, more than two thousand years before Christ, subjected for a time the prevailing idolatry of Bactria and Media, and became the dominant popular religion of the great realm of Persia.

The mummies and paintings from Egypt which we meet with in all the museums of Europe, must also have told you many things about the old Egyptian worship of the dead, as well as the noble divine pair, Isis and Osiris, who in the morning of time arose from a lotus flower of the Nile, and went forth upon the earth to teach mankind agriculture, gentle manners, and to pass judgment on the dead. The worship of nature, with which the Egyptians mixed up their higher doctrine of life, and those great monuments the Pyramids, the rock temple, obelisks, and many others which bear witness to both, you ought also to know—better than I do.

All this is interesting; but it acquires for us a higher interest when we discern in these various forms of religion the expression of a yearning common to them all, views and presentiments common to all the various nations which acknowledged them. They are not discords but harmonies which satisfy us.

We have said something of the outward features of the popular religions of Asia. Let us now contemplate some chief feature of their interior meaning.

That which here is most striking to my mind, is not the differences, but the accordance in the answers which they give to the questions of humanity, as well as in the direction which they point out in its strivings. I will not speak of the corrupt or low doctrines which we find everywhere springing up amongst the higher, like weeds on the earth amongst the good corn, or which have attached themselves to the nobler doctrines, like tares to the wheat, like dross to the noble metals. "Where God builds a church, there the Evil One builds a chapel," is a proverb which verifies itself in all places and in all ages of the world. And that chapel we are not able to forget. It grows only too often above the church. But that which I would here take into consideration before anything else, is the Church of God in the temple of the ancient world, and still more so in the conscience of its people—that innermost sanctuary—together with the replies which this conscience returns to the highest questionings of humanity.

What are these questionings?

From the East, the land of the morning, to the West, that of the evening, from the rising to the going down of the sun, I find that they are principally the same for all peoples. In their songs, in their sacred writings, in those prayers and religious usages which

have come down to our knowledge, I find that they all have occupied themselves with these questions :—

What am I ?

What shall I do ?

Where shall I go ?

What is the cause of evil, of sin and sorrow—or suffering—on earth ?

How can I be delivered from them ?

Who and what is the Supreme Almighty Being who can preserve and deliver me ?

What is the relationship of this Being to me ? What is, and what ought to be, my relationship to this Being ?

Does life still continue after death ?

What is the human condition after death ?

Everywhere I find that man is considered not to be in the state in which he ought to be ; that he possesses within himself an ideal, as well of the inner as of the outer, to which the actual state of things does not correspond. Earth is everywhere seeking to attain to heaven, to comprehend its light, and to obtain its peace ; everywhere I find the better portion of all peoples seeking for the way, the truth, and the life, which lead to perfection.

How often, during this seeking, will anxiety increase into despair, or impel to the most extraordinary devices ! But there has never been a period, and never has there been a people, who have not obtained consolation and light on the way from the voice which responds to their questionings, and gives to them rest in the shelter of some higher teaching. The holy unrest which impelled, and ever impels all nobler minds, and prevents them from finding repose in the low or the imperfect, in egotistic enjoyment of

worldly life, or of anything temporal,—that holy unrest has led gifted spirits to the development of those great structures which constitute the religions of the Asiatic peoples. Great popular teachers, princes, priests, and lawgivers have, in these doctrines of religion, collected the highest light of the age, the sublimest traditions, all the soul's innermost, dim presentiments of higher truths, and reproduced them according to their own and the nation's peculiar genius; and thus, in the form of definite doctrines, laws, and usages, have given the people an answer to those great questions, and the means of achieving, in proportion to their attainments in life, a higher standpoint for life and happiness.

We recognise this fact distinctly when we listen to the great popular teachers and reformers whom we find making their appearance amongst the nations of Asia at that period which is to us the dawn of historical time. Their work seems to me to be everywhere, to be the elevation of the popular consciousness out of a state of embryonic slumber, or of a chaotic, elementary life, into a higher condition of order and moral clearness.

Let us listen to some of these great voices which sound over the earth from people to people, and which, in our emancipated age, spite of thousands of years and immense earthly distance, come to us ever purer, ever more distinctly, as everlasting tidings of the progress of the one eternal Truth on the earth.

The most ancient of these great voices raises itself above two thousand years before the Christian era. It proceeds from a lofty form, the name of which we have already mentioned. Zara Thustra, or Zoroaster, stands on the plateau of Central Asia, near the city which was then called "glorious," "the mother of cities," the

ancient *Bactria*, the rendezvous of the great caravans, surrounded by luxuriant gardens. Here he erected an altar to the pure spirit of Fire, as the representative of the Deity; and with its ascending flames he admonished the great and the mighty of the land, whom he had appointed to meet him, to turn from the worship of low gods and the powers of nature to the alone good spirit Ormuzd, who lives in the light, and whose symbol is the fire; he admonished them to abandon the sorcerers and magicians, who had hitherto misled them from the true doctrine of goodness and morality.

I here give the solemn address of the seer according to the German translation of the Orientalist Dr. Haug, from the Persian "Zend-Avesta;" but from the fear of maiming the sense in any way, I prefer giving the metrical strophes in prose.

It is Zoroaster who speaks:—

I.

To all you who draw near, I proclaim the wise teachings of the All-wise, songs of praise of the living, the divine-worship of the good spirit. I see from the spirit of fire glorious truth ascend.

II.

Listen to the sound of the earth-soul; piously behold the ascending flame. Man and woman shall each one establish themselves in the faith. Up! Awaken, ye heroes of antiquity! Approach, bear witness here with us!

III.

Two spirits, alike in being, twins from the beginning, the good and the evil, rule in the world over thoughts, words, and deeds. You must choose between the two. Choose the good, not the evil.

IV.

All life, all activity proceeds from these two, the first and the last, existence and non-existence. Misery becomes the lot of the liar, happiness that of the lover of truth.

V.

Choose ye! He-who chooses the liar, chooses for himself the worst lot. He who chooses Ormuzd, the alone holy and true, he honours him through truth and holy deeds.

VI.

You cannot serve both. He who hesitates is in the hand of the enemy. "Choose the lie!" exclaims Deva, and furiously speeds on the host of the demons to combat the life which the seer proclaims.

VII.

Armaiti, the mother of the world's body, protects the earthly life in alliance with power, truth, and the pious mind. But the spirit, the firstling of creation, is Ormuzd! alone by itself.

VIII.

Ormuzd! When the spirit on earth comes into a state of need, help thou it! Give to the pious earthly happiness, punish him who makes the lie!

IX.

Let us all faithfully labour to establish this law. Life's true promoters are the wise, the living. Seek only the light from him who has insight.

X.

Insight alone preserves from the evil and destroys the work of the destroyer. The perfect abides in the

home of the pious mind, in the mind of the truth-loving wise, who honour the fame of the good.

XI.

Follow the wise teachings of Ormuzd; by them he gives all liars to destruction; he gives salvation to every friend of truth. In these teachings rest your well-being!

Love of truth, wisdom, and the desire to do right are the powers which, according to Zoroaster, under the protection of the good spirit, assist mankind in the world's conflict with evil—later "Ahriman"—and conduct them to perfection and to the heaven of Ormuzd—Gorotman. For the good spirit Ormuzd must finally obtain the victory. He sends forth genii, which assist mankind in the conflict with the demons of evil. Fire and the light of heaven are not gods, but symbols and representatives of the Divinity, and ought as such to be honoured. The highest honour, however, which can be paid to Ormuzd, is through the love of truth and wisdom.

Such appear to be the principal features in the religion of Zoroaster. The followers of this religion increased and extended themselves in Central Asia; it became the established faith of the great kingdom of Persia. It educated its people into a high degree of civilization, wisdom, and power for that age. But whether it might be that Zoroaster was not himself quite free from the charge of sorcery with which he upbraids his predecessors—and so it would seem to me from his address—or that his disciples and successors perverted his doctrines whilst they elucidated them, —certain it is that they did not long remain pure. Ormuzd received a court which resembled that of

Persia, and seven counsellors in the seven "Amschads-pands," who very much resembled Persian satraps. The worship of the powers of fire and of nature soon increased beyond that of truth; wizards and idols returned.* The heart of the people was, in fact, unconverted, no vitalizing love gave it a higher life. The powerful monarchy of Persia forgot the heavenly for the earthly fire, and, sunk in sensuality, was finally trampled under foot by the Macedonian Alexander. The truth-worshipping people of Asia are now known as the most truthless and most deceitful. Some only of its most despised races, as the Guebre, the fire-worshippers and the Kurds, are said to preserve any sparks of the sacred fire which was kindled by Zoroaster.

Of the great reformer himself, of his life and fate, we know nothing. From the dark distance in which he stands, his name merely and his teaching of the light have found their way to us.

Another large figure stands forth before our gaze contemporary with Zoroaster, but in a more humble guise, and under a shepherd's tent. It is Abraham, who goes forth from the mystic centre of Asia, and, in consequence of a Divine command, directs his course towards the west. It is in Palestine that Abraham begins to preach "in the name of the Lord." Of the peculiar inspiration of Abraham, his conception of God, and of the prophecy of which he was the bearer, I have already spoken. It gave him power to combat with idolatry, which even his nearest relatives endeavoured to maintain, and to implant in his successors the faith which made his descendants the greatest light-bearers in the world. Abraham's relationship to God,

* Persia bears at this day, as the arms of the kingdom, a sun with a human face.—*Author's note.*

as an obedient son, and at the same time as the assertor of the freedom of conscience—as, for example, in the remarkable conversation, Genesis xviii. 22—33, when "he stood before the Lord," and argued against the doom passed upon Sodom—make him a worthy representative of a higher humanity, and cause him to be spoken of at this day by the people of Western Asia, both Mohammedans and Jews, as "God's friend."

At the time when Abraham's great successor, the divinely-inspired Moses, proclaimed from Mount Sinai the commands of God to the children of Israel, there arose in the most eastern part of Asia—in China—a man of great virtue and knowledge, who promulgated a doctrine regarding heaven and its Lawgiver of a more elevated character than had hitherto been current in the Celestial Empire.

It is thus that the wise Chinese Lao-Tseu speaks about six hundred years before Christ:—

"There is a being, one and self-existent, who was before heaven and earth. O! how quiet is that being, how silent! He alone exists without change. Thou mayst call him the mother of the world's totality. I know not what name to give him. I call him, as an indication of what he is, *the way*, 'Tao' [intelligence].

* * * * *

"Man imitates the earth, the earth heaven. Heaven is the way. The way is his own nature.

* * * * *

"The way brings forth existences, goodness nourishes them; both give them a bodily form, and lead them to completion through a secret mechanical power. Therefore all being reverences the way and honours the goodness. No one has given to the way his dignity nor to the goodness his nobility. They possess

them eternally in themselves. The way brings forth existences, nourishes them, and lets them increase and mature; he it is that preserves them. He produces them, and makes them not to be his own. He makes them to be that which they are, and does not take to himself the praise thereof; he directs them and leaves them free. This is the depth of goodness."

This is noble and grand, but it has a certain high-bred air about it which reminds one of a lofty mandarin. The ideal of Lao-Tseu is really such a one. It is the wise man, set up aloft, who needs nothing, desires nothing for himself, and who, through the purity and disinterestedness of his life, approaches the eternal Tao, and enters into its immortality; for in his own nature —so taught Lao-Tseu—man is not immortal. The sage has peace in the loftiness of his own consciousness, and has, by means of his elevated standpoint, a right to look down upon other human beings. He desires to elevate the rulers of the people to this ideal. They should be wise and noble, and the people should be happy through obedience to them. For the great mass of the population he had no higher ideal of life to offer than obedience to their rulers and adherence to the customs of their forefathers. This assumption of dignity made him austere and intolerant.

"If I had a kingdom," he was heard to say, "so small that the neighbours could hear everything that was said there, my subjects should then carry on all the same trade; I would take the people back to the old stagnation of mind."

It is not wonderful that the doctrine of Lao-Tseu did not find much approval amongst the mass, and that he himself fell in his old age into a state of gloomy misanthropy, and retired to a solitary pass of the mountain, saying that "Tao no longer ruled the

world." People saw him disappear, but not again return.

He was in his solitude visited one day by his younger contemporary, Confu-Tseu, or Confucius, a man as noble and patriotic as himself, but of a more practical turn of mind. Confucius had already begun his work of reformation in China, nor had this escaped the notice of the stern philosopher Lao-Tseu, who considered that the well-being of every nation depended upon the distance between the common people and their teacher. He therefore, as is related in the historical books of China, received the younger popular teacher of the people with austerity, upbraided him with seeking to win the popular favour, and with substituting, for the old lofty doctrines, stale everyday maxims, together with ceremonial observances. This is all that is known of the meeting of these two remarkable men.

Confucius seems also to have sought for the "eternal, infallible way," in the most ancient cloud-veiled heaven of Chinese philosophy, and appears to come down thence with some suspicion of its being a higher light. But he was a noble character, he loved his people, and desired their well-being. He collected and put into a comprehensive form the old doctrines of the renowned Chinese book, the "*Five* Kings," and produced a clear and comprehensible result in a system of life and duty, which met the requirements of the industrious and pious Chinese character. His chief work is a treatise on customs and ceremonies, which is at this day applicable to the whole Chinese empire. Confucius says:—

"That to honour the shades of our forefathers, to offer them the sacrifices of reverence and gratitude, as every good Chinese does, as well as to bear in mind whatever has been ordained by custom and law, that is

the religion of the people. The wise man endeavours to know and to do that which is right and good; that is his religion. The conscience is the fountain of the living consciousness of the Supreme Being."

Of the life beyond the grave he would not give any opinion. He did not find anything on that subject in the old books, neither in his own soul. "I do not yet know life," he replied, to some one who questioned him on the subject, "how then can I know death?" And farther he remarked:—

"If a man in the morning hears religious teaching, and in the evening dies, it is enough."* But Confucius,

* How little, in the meantime, this teaching was *enough*, even for the teacher himself, is shown by the evening of Confucius's life, and by the deep melancholy which, during it, ever more and more took possession of his soul. When he had lost by death his most beloved disciple, he exclaimed with bitter tears, "Heaven has died to me! Heaven has died to me!" And when, seven days before his own departure, he sang, supported against a bamboo, "The wise man is a withered plant."

One day, when accompanied by three of his disciples, he ascended a mound which had been raised by a Chinese general as a thank-offering for a victory, the Chinese philosopher became profoundly sad and thoughtful. His disciples inquired anxiously the cause of this dejection. In reply, Confucius had his gittern brought to him, and as he played he sang:—

"When the heat ceases, the cold approaches; when the spring is over, the winter comes with great strides; scarcely has the sun risen before it begins to descend, and the rivers come from the fountains of the east only to be swallowed up by the ocean. Yet the heat and the cold, the spring and the autumn return every year; the sun again rises, and fresh waters fill the rivers. But the great general who raised this mount, his fiery war-horse, and all which he had with him in his undertaking, what have they become? Alas! of all their glory nothing remains excepting this crumbling mound covered with wild plants!"

The little advance which his endeavours seemed to have made for the best interests of the people, the returning abuses and the decline of the old usages, caused him the deepest dejection

who desired to make his people happy, honoured for that reason, and established a faith which he considered would be conducive to their well-being, as well as to the stability of the empire—namely, faith in the continued life of the dead, and in the influence which their reward or punishment has on succeeding generations. And in the shadow of this faith have the Chinese millions continued to live their anonymous life, sacrificing in the temples which were erected to their great emperors, or worshipping in the hall of the forefathers, and faithfully performing those duties which these have prescribed.

The reverence of parents ranks very high amongst these duties, and may be classed as the national virtue of the Chinese. To their virtues may also be added reverence for wisdom and for those in authority over them, and that social disposition which has given occasion to the Chinese proverb, "When a man does not work, and a woman does not spin, most assuredly somebody is dying of hunger or cold in the kingdom."

of mind. When he was preparing himself for death, he nominated, with an expression at once of hopelessness and of affecting human love, his disciples to various offices in the State, as jurisprudence, morals, eloquence; he also admonished them to the study and inculcation of the old manners. He confided to his disciple Tseu-seu his book on the Reverence of Antiquity—*Jaoking*,—which he regarded as containing the fundamental doctrine for the happiness of the community and the stability of the realm. When he felt himself dying, he lamented that "the sapless tree is withered! Sound religion had disappeared and was forgotten; I endeavoured to give a new vitality to its sway; I have not succeeded in doing so. Will any one be found after my death who will subject himself to so fruitless a labour?"

With this painful question on his lips the Chinese sage departed his life in his sixty-third year, nine years before the birth of Socrates, and 479 before Christ.—*Author's note.* (From *Storia Universale af Ces. Canti.*)

China has had many wise and good emperors, many distinguished learned men and teachers. One cannot but admire the noble and prudent sentiment in many of their dogmas and maxims, as well as in many of their institutions. But the ideal of a kingdom in the Celestial Empire as one of eternal peace, and of the exalted duties of the emperor as the representative of Heaven, have not prevented the greater number of the emperors of China, like those of Rome, from falling into dissoluteness or hardening into cruelty when they had become possessed of the absolute authority of the throne; nor have they prevented murder and revolution from shaking the throne again and again, as we have seen in other despotic States. And, spite of all their wise teachings, there is perhaps not an empire in Asia where human life is held in such low esteem, where the laws of punishment are so cruel, and where those in power so mercilessly oppress the weak and the lowly.

China has had many distinguished women even as empresses. Nevertheless polygamy and the murder of female infants is a part of everyday usage, just as is the compression of women's feet.*

* A learned Chinese lady, of the name of Pan-oci-pan, sister to the historian Panku, and who continued his great work, wrote for the intended wife of the emperor, whose instructress she was, a treatise on the duties of Woman, in which she says:—

"To us belongs the last place in the human race, appointed to the most humble employments. In old times, when a female child was born, it was laid in the field and there left for three days without anybody troubling themselves about it. On the third day they went to look after the little new-born creature, and give her such attention as she needed. The father, with the female child in his arms, entered into the hall of the forefathers, and held it silently before the images of his ancestors, thus dedicating the child to them.

"If young girls reflected on their destination, they would never behave themselves proudly, but remain submissively in

From all this it is evident enough that the Chinese religion and moral teaching had been able in only a small degree to develope the higher consciousness of the people. No personal God inhabited their heaven, and even this heaven is not for them, but only for the emperor, and in a certain degree for the wise men or the learned; whilst the kingdom of heaven for the people is the kingdom of the dead. "Oh how, empty it is, how silent!" one may well exclaim with the wise Lao-Tseu. It is closely enveloped by the winding-sheet.

Beneath this heaven, and this winding-sheet have the Chinese people—nearly one-third of the whole human race—become what we see them to be at the present day, a people with some private virtues and many vices; a people who, with all their admirable skill in art and

their place, convinced that they can do nothing without the help of others, and they would fit themselves for their duties without regarding any of them as being hard."

Then follows a long list of such, which no little resemble Mrs. Lenngren's well-known "Advice to her Daughter," as well as exhortations to submission to husband, husband's mother and father, and brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, and *tutti quanti*, which exhortations are crowned by this ideal of life.

"The woman within the house must be only a shadow and an echo. The shadow has no visible form, other than that which it gives of the body; the echo says nothing but that which it is allowed to say. Such is perfect obedience towards the husband, the mother-in-law, &c., the only obedience which can preserve a woman from reproach."

I know not which is most to be pitied in this household, the wife who becomes, or the husband who marries such a cipher.

But such was the teaching given to a poor Chinese lady two hundred and sixty-four years after Christ, in the extreme east of Asia, at the same time when in the extreme west, woman, emancipated by the hand of Christ, was gloriously made free, and took her position in society as the man's half, and as the female servant of the Lord.—*Author's note.*

industry, yet stand at a low point of human and social civilization. But if we look into the teachings of the Chinese sages, or into the songs of their poets, collected in their sacred writings—if we contemplate traits from their life, either family life or the government of the state—we shall be convinced that they are devoid of all knowledge of that which is true and good; that they do not even stand upon, much less advance along the way to the Highest.*

* The great historic event just recorded, viz., the entrance of the Western Powers into the heart of China, has revealed the internal weakness and disorder of the kingdom. No wonder is it if the confidence of the Chinese in the protection of their ancestors and the government of Heaven is weakened, and if they intoxicate themselves with opium, the only consolation which heaven and earth offer them at the present time.—*Author's note.*

END OF VOL. I.



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